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HOUSEHOLD NUMBER COMFORT

*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*
Published at Augusta Maine

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Corsets

Lay corsets on kitchen table, dip brush in hot water, rub it over cake of naphtha soap and scrub them.



Laces

Pinning out lace after washing.



Make a thick suds of soap and water and rub towards the center of the spot.



Ribbon

Pin one end of the velvet ribbon to the ironing board and iron on the wrong side.



Feathers

Pass the knife several times under the flues to set the curl

Published at
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

Clothes Conservation See article page 8



CONCRETE EDITORIALS

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN.

Keep Hens, Produce Eggs, Raise Chickens, Other Poultry, too, if You Have a Place for Them

NEVER did Eggs and poultry command such high prices, and, with the demand for them increasing and the supply diminishing, there is every indication of higher prices with the sky the limit, especially for eggs. There is a prospect of good profit in keeping hens, both for egg production and for poultry, notwithstanding the high price of feed which has induced so many to reduce their flocks that there is danger of an egg and poultry famine. And this danger is so imminent that the U. S. Food Administration has prohibited the sale of hens and pullets for food during ten weeks beginning February 11, except birds shipped to market or put in cold storage before the order went into effect. The purpose is to prevent further scarcity of eggs and diminution of the flocks this spring.

This prohibition will cause a heavy drain and large depletion of the stock of poultry in cold storage. The demand for poultry has been given a further boost by the Food Administrator's ruling that fowl may be served and eaten on meatless days when the use of beef, lamb, mutton, pork and veal is forbidden. Everybody who has a back yard and shed should fit up and keep some hens, if possible, enough to provide the family with eggs, and raise poultry for the home table. Not much space is needed for that, and the farmers and others who have more land and larger accommodations should increase their flocks. Work your incubators and brooders to the limit of their capacity. Those wishing to start in a small way can do so by purchasing day-old chicks. For those favorably situated there will be good money in raising turkeys, ducks and geese. Help win the war and at the same time make a profit yourself by raising fowl for egg production and poultry.

More War Gardens Needed

ALTHOUGH, because of bad weather and an unusual prevalence of insect pests, the season was most unfavorable last year's war gardens as a whole were successful and did much to help supply the tables of their owners and to relieve the strain on our overtaxed national food supply. The food question is daily becoming more troublesome and the outlook is positively alarming. The world is facing famine, and if the wolf of hunger is to be kept from the door of the American home we must all, not only practice strict economy in the use of food, but also do our utmost to increase the production of food. The slogan has been "Food Will Win the War," but if we do not produce the food—which means more food than ever before—we shall lose the war and starve. Therefore the necessity for more and larger war gardens.

To the farmers we must look for increased production of wheat, corn, rice, field beans and other staple crops, and the Government must take effective measures at once to help them overcome the shortage of labor, seed and fertilizer, and to encourage them by guaranteeing remunerative prices for their products, as we pointed out in our February editorial. But there is urgent need that the utmost efforts of the farmers should be supplemented by back-yard gardens. In the cities, towns and villages everybody who has a back yard or can get the use of a plot of land should plant a vegetable garden. It will be an important saving in the cost of living by supplying fresh vegetables in season and, if the surplus is canned, through the winter also.

Because of the scarcity and high cost of labor the men on the farms will be so busy with the large crops that they may think they can not spare the time to bother with the home garden this year. It would be a great mistake to neglect the garden, and if the men are too busy or indifferent the women should see to it. Under the mother's supervision and with a little help the children can plant and care for a small but worthwhile garden. It need not be hard work, and

with proper encouragement they will take an interest in it. There is a scarcity of seed of all kinds this spring and those who do not buy early are likely to be disappointed in finding the supply exhausted. Some seed houses already are refusing to fill large orders.

Zone Rate Postage Hardship to People Living far from Publishing Centers

SOME Congressmen have sense enough to oppose, and courage enough to denounce the application of the zone rate system to second-class mail (magazine and newspaper) matter as a hardship and an injustice to the people who live far from the publishing centers. They also condemn it on the broader ground that it will be detrimental to the general welfare by promoting ignorance, impeding progress and standing as an obstacle in the path of national unity.

Miss Jeanette Rankin, member of Congress from Montana, who has the distinction of being the first and only woman elected to Congress, voted against the zone rate bill when it was adopted, last October, and is now aiding in the effort to get it repealed. In recent letters she gives her reasons as follows:

"I do not approve of the zone system and voted against it in Congress. * * * The fact is, that, coming from Montana, I understand perfectly what hardships the zone system imposes on people living far from the publishing centers. Furthermore, most of the magazines have an educational influence, in many instances constitute the only form of education, and this tax is likely to put them out of the reach of these people. * * * I know how unfair the zone system is when it is considered that the great publishing centers are mostly all in the East."

These zone rates of magazine postage were foisted on the country as one of the tax features of the War Revenue Bill for the purpose, as it was claimed, of increasing the war revenues. The hollowness of this pretense has been exposed in one of our previous editorials, and Miss Rankin's opinion that the zone rate system will not prove profitable to the Government is thus expressed: "I believe that this tax will be useless as a war tax, for it will defeat its own ends." In other words, the zone rates will put the magazines out of the reach of so many people as to cause a large reduction of circulation and a corresponding loss of postage income equal to or exceeding any gain through higher rates. •

Undoubtedly Miss Rankin is right in her prediction. Her opinion coincides with that of the publishers and others in a position to judge. She knows the people of her own State, how they are situated and how they will be affected. There are, in other States, millions of people similarly situated who will be affected in like manner. Take, for instance, the great State of Texas in which *COMFORT* has rising ninety-seven thousand subscribers. The line between the seventh and eighth zones divides Texas so that more than half the State comes within the eighth zone and the other part within the seventh zone from Augusta, Maine. All of New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, California, Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, and the larger part of Montana, Wyoming and Colorado are in the eighth zone. The rest of Montana, Wyoming and Colorado, all of Oklahoma and Louisiana, a part of Florida and Alabama, nearly half of Mississippi and Arkansas, and the most of Kansas, Nebraska and the two Dakotas come within the seventh zone. But look on the map in *February COMFORT* and see for yourself what zone you are in as a *COMFORT* subscriber.

Some other objectionable aspects of the zone rate proposition are concisely and forcibly stated in the following expressions of opinion by other

members of Congress. Hon. Henry Z. Osborn, of California, in addressing the House said: "I object to the zone system, because it tends to denationalize our governmental system." Congressman George R. Lunn, of New York State, writes: "The zone system, as completed, I consider absolutely dangerous. It will make the people provincial. * * * A great many people seem to think that a postal system is run as a money-making proposition. I do not so consider it. I think of it first as a public service agency. Cheap rates on periodicals do more to educate the masses of the people than any other one thing." Congressman Stuart F. Reed, of West Virginia, is for uniform, level rates, and he writes: "All American people should be treated as equal, and the burden should not be borne unequally by any particular class or classes." Congressman Martin D. Madden, of Chicago, says: "If there ever was a time when national thought was needed, this is the time. * * * The nation should be one in thought and action; it should not be divided into segments, and I know of no better way to force a division than to create zones within which literature must be distributed, if distributed at all." Hon. Frederick D. Gardner, Governor of Missouri, says: "I am in favor of low postal rates for newspapers and periodicals of all kinds, because they not only stimulate industry, which is so necessary at the present time, but they educate the masses of our people, which is also vital at this time."

These and a number of other Congressmen, who hold the same views, are laboring, with the aid of certain Senators, to get the zone rate system abolished before it goes into effect next July; but they are in a minority, and when it comes to a vote the cause will be lost, unless enough Congressmen can be won over, from the ranks of those who stand for zone rates, to turn the scale. If you are in favor of equal rights and postal privileges and uniform rates for all, write to your Congressman or cut out the petition printed on page 24, sign it, get your friends to sign it and then mail it to your Congressman at Washington. If he is already favorable, it will give him ammunition to fight with; and if he is now opposed, it may open his eyes to the light of reason and perhaps make a convert of him. The people's rights are at stake; it is the people's fight, it is your fight, and if you will not do your part to help those who are fighting your battle in Congress, how can you expect to win?

Worse and More of It.

ON the map which we printed on page 3 of *February COMFORT* and in our editorial which accompanied it, we stated that the postage rate on newspapers and magazines is *One-Half* cent per pound in Canada. We did this on information from a reputable and, as we believed, reliable source. But we have just now received a communication direct from the Deputy Postmaster General of Canada informing us that the rate on newspapers and magazines published in Canada is *A Quarter* of a cent per pound throughout Canada and to any place in Great Britain, Mexico and certain British Possessions.

The fact is that our statement that the new rates in the United States (recently adopted but not yet in effect) are "3 to 20 times the Canadian rate," should have read: 6 to 40 times the Canadian rate. With these corrections in mind, kindly take another look at our *February* editorial and map. We were too conservative in our previous claims. The truth doubles our statement of the difference between the Canadian rate and the rates in the United States, and makes the comparison still more startlingly impressive. *Will you stand for Magazine postage rates 6 to 40 times the Canadian rate?*

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

COMFORT PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY W. H. GANNETT, PUB., INC., AT AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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City of Dreams

By Maud Mary Brown

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PART I.

CURSE the luck!" Randolph Noble kicked his bags into place, settled himself in a corner of his seat, and for a half-hour after his train left Albany, quite frankly sulked.

The unusual experience of herding with the great unwashed—his own words—is an ordinary day coach made disagreeable conclusion to his tedious annual pilgrimage home, where his aging and disappointed father invariably discoursed at length on the desirability of a business career for his only son in the smoky, foggy factory town of his birth.

Noble was a personable youth, under thirty yet, but with lines already etching their way about his cynical mouth and eyes, and with a figure thickening from over-indulgence.

Presently, having turned from his gloomy observation of the darkening landscape, Noble's eyes fell and lingered upon the girl across the aisle. Precisely what attracted him he would have been at loss to have told, for her face, turned steadfastly to her window, was hidden from him, but whatever mysterious quality it was, it was affecting others also, as his hasty glance about him confirmed.

It might have been her absolute immobility as she sat braced against the jolting of the train; it might have been her youth—one could see youth in the dazzling whiteness of her slender throat and in the heaviness of her simply-coiled, dusky hair; it might even have been sympathy, for the simple black of her garments was the insignia of a recent bereavement.

Whatever it was, it successfully chained Noble's interest. Once he made a journey into the smoking compartment on the chance that on his return he might surprise a glimpse of her face. It was futile. To her absorbed mind, her fellow-javelers did not exist.

When, finally, the train neared the city, Noble fancied that the girl's figure became even more rigid, and that her hands, lying idle in her lap, clenched nervously, and obeying an impulse which he gave himself no time to ridicule, he crossed the aisle.

"I beg your pardon," he began, bending above her, "but we are approaching New York. It is rather late, you know. Can I be of any assistance to you?"

Cecily Alden did not turn her head. "Only by going away," she answered distinctly.

Noble paused only for one discomfited look over the girl's outraged shoulder, and then, feeling like a chidden schoolboy, he lifted his hat and left the car to avoid the amused and curious eyes of the witnesses of his rebuff.

"I deserve what I got," he mused ruefully: "of all the asinine things for a man to do! Well, she has demonstrated the fact that she can take care of herself."

When Noble stepped from the train at the Terminal, he discovered that Cecily had preceded him and had halted uncertainly, a slight confusion in her manner. He was not prepared for the elusive charm of the face which she turned toward him.

It was a colorless face, broad of brow and ending in a firm, small chin, and it was accented by smoldering gray eyes whose large, dark pupils deceived one into thinking them black. Her sensitive, scarlet mouth was slightly tremulous.

"I am going to disprove the popular belief that a burnt child dreads the fire," Noble approached her, bat in hand, to say. "You see, I am the presumptuous person whom you recently and reasonably scorned. However, I am a forgiving brute." He smiled disarmingly. "Please," he added in a more serious voice, "please don't think that I am trying to be offensive, but if, as I suspect, you are a stranger in the city and no one is meeting you—"

"I know precisely where to go," Cecily cut him short to say, but Noble felt that the serene assurance had left her voice.

"Of course. Perhaps you will permit me to take you to a taxicab."

"No, thank you." But she lingered uncertainly. "Wouldn't it be better to tell me just where you wish to go?" There was an edge of annoyance in Noble's voice which, perhaps, reassured Cecily, for she opened her bag and removed a slip of paper, handing it to him silently.

Noble plucked reflectively at his lip as he studied the address. "It's one of those working-girls' hang outs, isn't it?" he said. "Do you know how to get there?"

"I propose to inquire."

"You might, but I wouldn't if I were you. I will see that you get there safely."

He grinned at the frightened gesture with which she denied him.

"Warned—what? Well, don't worry. I hadn't a thought of offering to take you there myself. In fact, I'm due somewhere else at this very moment. I am going to call a messenger boy to pilot you to the Mary-Jane house. You wouldn't be frightened with a uniformed attendant, would you?" He quizzically smiled into her serious eyes.

"You are very good," she said breathlessly, as they made their way to the waiting-room. "Please forgive me for being so suspicious, but—"

"Oh, that is quite all right," Noble returned carelessly. "Now if you don't mind waiting right here, I will corral that boy," and before she had time to reply he had woven himself into the shifting pattern of the crowd.

In spite of herself, and angry because of it, Cecily was confused and troubled. She had not anticipated fright upon reaching the city of her dreams. To be sure, she came from a little Vermont town, but had she not had two enlightening years at college? She felt resentful because they had failed to prepare her for this—fortress her against this rushing indifferent throng.

Noble was back presently, a stalwart youth at his heels.

"Here we are, Miss—"

"My name is Cecily Alden."

"Corking! It makes me think instantly of spiced cookies and mignonette."

The merest suggestion of a twinkle lighted Cecily's eyes. "The flesh first. How distinctly masculine! And you look to me like a man whose knowledge of the fragrance of mignonette is purely academic."

Her grave audacity was irresistible, but Noble flushed uncontrollably. He suspected that this country girl was enjoying herself at his expense.

"I must be gone." The gravity had returned to her voice. Already she regretted her familiarity. "Thank you for making things so easy for a stranger."

Noble drew out a card and scribbled on it. "The boy's number," he explained, handing it to her. "He will have you there in twenty minutes."

"Thank you," she said again.

"I don't suppose there's a chance of my being able ever to see you at this Susan-Matilda place you're headed for?"

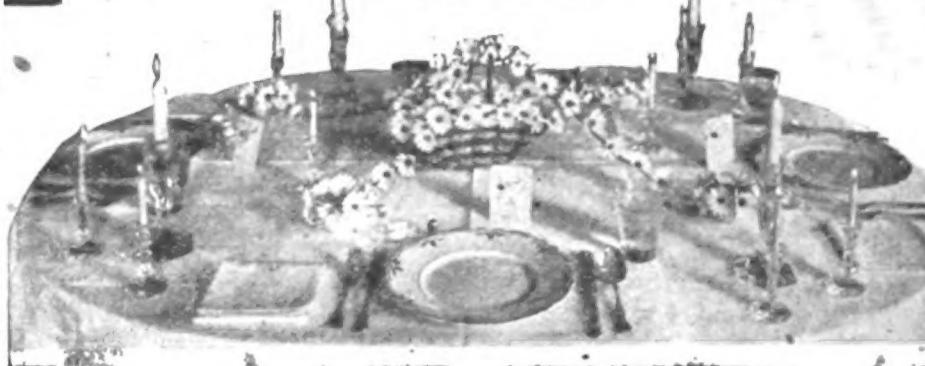
She shook her head, smiling. She was amazingly lovely when she smiled.

"It is good by, then? Well, I suppose I must bow to the inevitable. But if the time should come when you need a friend, will you remember me, Miss Alden? You won't lose my card? Good!"

He held her black-gloved hand for a moment before she followed the boy away—a slender, swinging figure in its somber garb.

With a little sigh, Noble sought a taxicab and shot down to the studio which he rented from a rich, young matron, whose greed for adventure had led her out of Bohemia into France as a Red Cross nurse.

EASTER SPIRIT OF SERVICE IN CONSERVATION OF FOOD



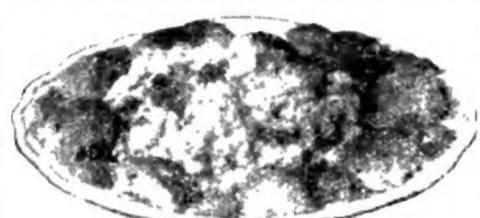
By Violet Marsh

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THOUSANDS of COMFORT Sisters have become members of the Food Administration. The Government has accepted our signatures as a guarantee that we will fulfill the requirements set forth on the home card. We are soldiering in our own kitchens, adjusting old stand-by recipes to a larger use of the cheaper and more plentiful foods, which is not a simple matter. Wherever women congregate, the subject under discussion is what we can do Over Here to help win the war. American women everywhere are eager for new suggestions that will "sugar coat" war dishes, and their cleverness in camouflaging left-overs does credit to their versatility. In order that we may do our bit, COMFORT has practically given over its cooking department columns to assist in the mighty task of food conservation.

The spirit of self-denial is abroad in the land and every day strengthening. It shows in the

then thrust the chair with its fair occupant into the air as high as they could reach, and upon its descent from the "lifting," each gallant claimed a kiss as his reward. In the Tower of



LEFT-OVER FISH COOKED WITH EGGS.

London there are accounts, both interesting and unique, of the young ladies and maids of honor "lifted" by King Edward I on an Easter Monday and of the payment made.



TURNIP AND PEAS.

general resentment toward men and women who in public eating places demand white bread on wheatless days, and beef or pork on meatless days.

In no lesser degree is the spirit of sacrifice developing among the young. The Boy Scout learning to handle a gun, and the small maid knitting socks, is nursing an ambition to be "in the service," and will not mind if their bread is spread with other than high-grade jellies. Today our boys and girls are following Abraham Lincoln, who said: "I will study and get ready, and maybe my chance will come."

As patriotism demands more and more retrenchment to make the ut-

most of our resources available to our Allies and our boys in khaki across the Atlantic, the pressure of necessity is causing the home fighter to become inventive and competent, humane and compassionate, to a degree that will fit her for the new order of things bound to come with the end of the world war.

With the dawn of Easter, may the light begin to break through this awful veil of darkness.

Easter Table Decorations

Artificial daisies are used in place of fresh flowers, for they may do duty on several occasions. Candles and Easter Greetings on home-made place cards complete the decorations. Arrange the flowers in a basket or bowl as a centerpiece, and from this extend the flowers on twine or ribbon to bonbon dishes made of cardboard and covered with the flowers (See illustrated heading).

Children adore the Glad Easter-Tide, and perhaps nothing modern has ever given the same enjoyment as the time-honored custom of an egg hunt for their Easter party. In medieval times, eggs were solemnly blessed by the priests before distribution. The joy and excitement of the children depend largely on the variety of the eggs and decorations. Hard boil and color the eggs brightly with varied decorations, or use china and candy eggs, and have a few of them gilded or silvered for prize eggs. Provide baskets for each little hunter, and to those finding the prize eggs, give a pretty Easter chicken.

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Sibyl's Influence

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



"Well, Judith, you concluded to come, then," said Miss Therwin.

With an effort the large dark eyes were raised to meet his.

"You have good taste, Miss Prescott!"

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lady Prescott, wife of Sir Athelstone Prescott, and her son Raymond, while traveling by coach, lose their way, and night overtaking them, they stop at a miserable inn, in a little fishing village on Flamborough Head. They are attracted to a little girl, Sibyl, who waits on them. Her winning ways, her admittance of the cruel blows given by Mistress Sloan, and that her own mother would not do it, convince them that the innkeeper is not her father, and they determine to take the child away. Seeking Mistress Sloan, they learn that a woman who had been in a railroad smash up and injured leaves the child, who for weeks lives for Nansie. Mistress Sloan, for the consideration of thirty pounds, consents to let the child go, muttering she will keep her secrets. That night Sibyl is awakened and overhears Jem and his wife talking over the terms of the bargain, and through a chink in the wall she sees the place where an invaluable trinket, belonging to her, is concealed. The next morning she secures it. To Lady Prescott she traces three letters "S. H. S." which she dimly remembers and which convinces Lady Prescott that the gem is Sibyl's, and by it she may be restored to her own people. Five years later, her nineteenth birthday, Lady Prescott introduces her to society. She clasps a beautiful chain, to which is suspended the trinket, around her neck, and with Raymond they seek the drawing-room, where with Lady Prescott Sibyl assists in receiving the guests. Raymond, watching and anxious, admits to his mother how beautiful Sibyl is, and that no one attracts him as she does, and that his mother has the first right to his confidence. She will like nothing better than to keep her children with her. Sibyl is introduced to Miss Ada Therwin, the adopted daughter of Count Egbert Shirley and the guest of General Maplewood. Seized with a sudden faintness, Miss Therwin is carried to a quiet room. Sibyl remains with her. Regaining consciousness, Miss Therwin refers to the ornaments Sibyl wears, and to her surprise discovers the letters "S. H. S." interwoven in the jewels. To the query if it is an heirloom, Sibyl says she supposes it belonged to her mother. Asking permission from Lady Prescott for Sibyl's friendship, Miss Therwin promises to call. Sibyl has a strange distrust for her. Scheming to estrange her from the Prescotts, she calls on Lady Prescott, Sibyl and Ray and invites Sibyl to ride with her.

CHAPTER X.

"SOME DAY."

MISS Therwin had played her cards very cleverly indeed, and when she bore Sibyl away on her drive she was jubilant indeed over her success. She meant to meet Raymond Prescott, and cast around him the glamour of her charms.

She meant to take Lady Prescott's heart by storm, and win the confidence of the proud but pure-hearted Sibyl.

She finally completed her *coup d'état*, and her conquest of the unsuspecting girl, by saying to her driver, as they were passing some forlorn-looking cottages:

"Robert, please stop at Widow Martin's; I have a package to leave there; the poor woman is in sad want."

Robert stopped as directed, but it was a pity that Sibyl could not see the expression upon his face—the lips drawn up as if for a whistle, and the eyes gleaming with the surprise he dare not express.

Miss Therwin excused herself for a moment, alighted, and entered the cottage, carrying in her own faultlessly gloved hands quite a good-sized package done up in brown paper. She was absent only a few moments, however, and entered the carriage again with a smiling apology upon her lips.

"I am sorry to annoy you with this little errand," she said, "but a poor woman lives here who has come a number of times to General Maplewood's to obtain work since I have been there. She cannot get enough to do to support herself, and, feeling sympathy for her, I have been employing her to make some underclothing for two little orphan girls whom I have under the shelter of my wing at home."

She spoke carelessly, as if what she was doing was of no moment; but from that hour she was to Sibyl a different woman from the gay, fashionable belle, to whom she had been introduced only three days ago.

She regarded her with an admiration almost amounting to reverence.

It was a work that she, out of the fullness and content of her own heart, had long been yearning to do, and her resolve was taken at once—she would ask the privilege of sharing Miss Therwin's charities while she remained in Dumfries, and assume them as her own, when she should return to her home.

"How happy you must be in doing such delightful deeds!" she said to Miss Therwin, while a beautiful earnestness shown in her lustrous eyes.

Her companion assented quietly, though the corners of her handsome mouth twitched just a trifle, as she saw how very satisfactorily her cunning plans were working.

"It is just what I have been longing to do for a great while, only—I did not quite know how or where to begin," Sibyl said, wistfully.

A lurid glare leaped into Ada Therwin's eyes at this remark.

"Perhaps," she said modestly, "I could put you in a way to do a little good, if you would like."

"If I 'would'—I should like it above all things!" Sibyl exclaimed, eagerly.

"It is not often that one so young as you cares to interest one's self in the poor and friendless," Miss Therwin remarked.

"I have always felt a deep interest in the poor and neglected."

"That is very good of you, and unusually thoughtful in one who has never known the rough side of life, but, on the contrary, has always been so tenderly shielded as you have been," said Miss Therwin, artfully.

Sibyl's face paled a trifle at this remark, but she simply said, in reply:

"Yes, auntie has been very kind to me."

"And you are very happy with her?"

"Yes, indeed; but—"

"But what, dear?" Ada said, sweetly, seeing the far-away, wistful look in the dusky eyes.

"But one longs for one's own mother," you know," Sibyl replied, won into this expression of confidence by her companion's sweetness and sympathy.

Ada reached out quickly and grasped Sibyl's little gloved hand, and turned a pair of pained, tearful eyes upon her.

"Dear Sibyl," she said, with a little quiver of her lips, "do I not also know what the longing is? I, too, am an orphan, and was adopted when I was ten years of age by a distant relative—the Countess of Shirley. She has ever been like a dear mother to me, but, as you say, the yearning for one's own is strong. How singular that we should be so similarly situated!"

"It is strange, Miss Therwin—"

"Call me Ada, please—I feel a new bond of sympathy uniting us now—the bond of a common sorrow—that of being motherless," Miss Therwin interrupted, feelingly, and she gave the hand she still held a warmer clasp.

"Thank you, Ada," Sibyl replied, with a little flush and smile.

"Were you very young, Sibyl, when you lost your mother?" Ada asked, softly, reading her thoughts in her expressive face, and feeling that she was getting on swimmingly.

"I believe I was about three years of age."

Miss Therwin started.

"So young! How sad!" she murmured, tenderly. "Can you remember her, Sibyl?"

"No; and yet there are times when I am haunted by a vision of a beautiful face, with deep, tender eyes, and such a fond, loving smile, which, it seems to me, must be a faint remembrance of my mother's countenance," Sibyl returned, sadly, a pained look in her dark eyes. A sigh of relief from Miss Therwin followed this reply; then she asked:

"Where did your mother die, dear?"

"I do—I am not sure—oh, Ada! I do not even know she is dead," cried the beautiful girl, trembling with excitement.

"Not dead!"

"No. There can be no harm in telling you, since you feel so deeply with me; but it is supposed by auntie and others that I was traveling with my mother and nurse, when a fearful railroad accident occurred. It was not known whether she lost her life or not, but my nurse was injured in such a way that she did not realize what she was about, and in the confusion wandered away to some distance from the scene of the disaster. Here she was sick for quite a while, getting no better all the time, and finally she left me and went away, no one knew whither."

"How very strange! And have you been with Lady Prescott ever since?"

"No," she answered, reluctantly. She could not bear to touch upon those first sad years of her life, even to one who appeared so sympathetic and interested. "No; some people cared for me until auntie found me, since then I have known nothing but happiness, except that one wild longing for my own dear mother. But I will not weary you further with my vain repinings," she concluded, trying to smile away her sadness, and anxious, too, to change the subject.

Miss Therwin longed to question her more closely, but her mother found her, but she dared not.

"Your story is more sad than mine," she said, as if frankly meeting confidence for confidence, "for my mother died in her home,—though very suddenly of heart disease—when I was ten years old. My father had died several years previously. I had no brother or sister, or relative, excepting the Countess of Shirley, who was a cousin of my father's. She had no children of her own, and took me into her heart and home at once. But you—"

Ada stopped suddenly, as if she were about to say something which she should not.

Sibyl turned an inquiring glance upon her, and thus encouraged, she continued:

"You may find your mother, even yet."

"That is what I am always hoping," she said, her face growing radiant for the moment with the renewal of the eager hope which she had always clung to. "Everywhere I go I find myself looking for that beautiful face which I sometimes see in my dreams, and I listen for a voice which it seems as if I must know if I could only hear it again. I pray for it every day, and—yes, Ada, I do—I believe that some day I shall find my mother."

She spoke so confidently, and there was such a look of faith in her glorious eyes, that, instinctively, Miss Therwin shuddered as with the cold.

If she could help it, she resolved Sibyl Prescott should never find her mother.

"You have one thing, at least, to guide you in your search—the beautiful jewel which you were showing me the other night," she said, craftily, to find out if Sibyl had entertained that hope also.

"Yes, the ornament probably belonged to a necklace or bracelet of my mother's, and I feel quite sure, that those letters, so strangely interwoven with the pearls, are the initials of her name. Sir Athelstone and Lady Prescott have never ceased to make inquiries, but, as yet, without success," Sibyl said, with a sigh.

"Poor child! 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick!" quoted Miss Therwin in her sweet tones, but with an evil light in her cold, gray eyes that, it was well for her plans, Sibyl could not see.

"No," Sibyl replied, with a steadfast faith, at which her companion marveled, though there was a look of unutterable yearning in her delicate face, "no, I do not get 'heart-sick,' though I think no one can realize how much I long for my mother; yet, if I am never permitted to see her dear face on earth, I feel that it is all right—I shall not murmur, for I have known more of happiness, and have more in prospect, than very many who have had their own parents to love them all their life."

Ada searched the fair face keenly as Sibyl said this, wondering if her words contained any hidden meaning—wondering if in her heart she was hoping some day to become Raymond Prescott's wife, and that was what she had in prospect.

The conversation was becoming irksome to her. Her gray eyes glittered and her lips were drawn into a firm, straight line. She shivered, and, turning to the driver, remarked:

"Robert, it is getting chilly, and I think we will return," and, turning the subject with the horses' heads, they chatted gayly during the remainder of the homeward drive.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PLOTTERS' CONFERENCE.

The morning following her drive with Sibyl, Miss Therwin excused herself to her hostess after breakfast, saying she had letters to write, and, repairing to her own rooms, several hours were devoted to assiduous work at her writing desk.

She arrayed herself in her street costume and went below. Dropping two letters in the silver salver which stood on the hall table for that purpose, she retained a third in her hand, and then passed quickly and noiselessly into the street.

She was closely veiled, but her keen eyes were nevertheless on the alert, noting every one whom she passed.

At length she paused before a letter box upon a street corner, and after glancing around as if fearful of observation, she quickly dropped the letter she had retained into it, when, turning, she hastily retraced her steps homeward.

She regained her own apartments without encountering any one, removed her street costume, and, replacing it with an elegant home robe, she then sat down to think and rest.

"I must manage so that Annie and the general will not have a suspicion as to who Judith is, for that would ruin all," she mused, and then fell into a deep study again.

Annie was the young wife of the distinguished general. She had been an intimate friend of Ada's while at school, and upon graduating had become acquainted with the military gentleman, who was a widower of about fifty.

Their mutual admiration had soon ripened into a warmer sentiment, which resulted in the general carrying off the young and charming Annie to his splendid Northern home, where she had insisted Ada should come to spend the winter with her, and share her society honors. Consequently, she was introduced wherever they went, and thus it happened that she was present at Sibyl's birthday reception.

Two days after the mailing of the letter, just as the family were leaving the dinner table, a servant entered the room, saying that there was a woman in the housekeeper's room who had some rich laces which she was desirous of displaying to the ladies.

Miss Therwin was betrayed into a little bit of a start at this intelligence, but she waited with apparent indifference for Mrs. Maplewood's reply. That lady said she was not in need of anything of the kind, and did not like to be annoyed by peddlers, anyway.

This reply seemed to suit Miss Therwin, for the expression of anxiety faded from her eyes, and she hastened to say:

"I would like to look at the laces, Annie, if you do not object, and if you will allow John to show her up to my room, I will make my purchases there, and you need not be troubled by her."

"Just like you, dear—I do not object, only these peddlers are such a nuisance; they will never let you off until you buy something, whether you want it or not," replied Mrs. Maplewood, laughing, and Ada went up to her boudoir to await her visitor.

She seemed strangely excited while waiting, walking the room with nervous tread, flushed cheeks and lowering brow.

Ere long a knock sounded upon her door.

At her "come in" it opened; a tall, dark woman, bearing a covered basket, entered, the servant shut the door, and the two women stood facing each other, a look of mutual recognition upon their faces.

"Well, Judith, you concluded to come, then," said Miss Therwin, sinking into a chair, with a long-drawn breath.

"Yes, Miss Ada, I could not refuse, considering the inducements which you offered. Will you examine my laces?"

"Pshaw! no; you know well enough that I do not care anything about the laces—you may leave a piece or two, just for the name of the thing, however."

"I hope, though," she added, sharply, with a glance at the good-sized basket, "that you did not spend all the money I sent you just to gain access here."

"Not I, Miss Ada. Trust me for knowing the best use to put gold to. Now, what is it you want of me?" she demanded.

"Take off your hat and cloak, and draw a chair close to me, and then I'll tell you. But first lock the door, so that no one can interrupt us," Ada continued, in low, eager tones.

The woman obeyed her as if accustomed to do so, and then sat down and fastened her eyes on the beautiful girl.

The stranger was as dark as Miss Therwin was fair.

She had the blackest of hair, eyes, and lashes; a dark, clear, though rather pale complexion, white, handsome teeth; regular features, and a tall, large, well-developed form.

She was apparently about forty years of age, and probably in her younger days was quite handsome, though, undoubtedly, with a rather coarse kind of beauty.

"It's a pity your children did not live to be a comfort to you as you grow old," Miss Therwin observed, with a keen glance into Judith's face.

"It would have been a greater pity if they had lived," cried the woman, sternly, her face assuming a ghastly look. "Ugh!" she added, with a shiver.

"I did not mean to pain you, Judith," Miss Therwin replied, with assumed gentleness; "but I was thinking how pleasant it would be for you if you only had a daughter to live with you now, and be a companion for you, as the years advance."

"What are you driving at, Miss Ada? Out and about?"

Miss Therwin colored, and then, with a nervous laugh, said:

"Of course, you are anxious to know why I sent for you in such peremptory haste, and I've a story to tell you which will make you open your eyes and prick up your ears, I assure you."

Then, dropping her voice, she talked in a quick, rapid manner for more than half an hour.

The woman was evidently greatly surprised and interested in her tale, and when she concluded, Miss Therwin watching her intently, and somewhat anxiously, all the while.



Comfort Sisters' Corner

This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

SOME months ago a sister, who signed herself "V. M.," wrote to this department asking whether she should leave a perfectly good husband, of the plain, garden variety, whom she did not love, for the soul mate she hoped to meet. Varied and many were the replies she received, and in case she has not solved the troublesome question, I am taking the liberty of quoting from the January number of Good Housekeeping, "Mirandy. On the One We Didn't Marry," by Dorothy Dix. I fear V. M. won't appreciate it, but it may help some one.

"I ain't a sayin' Thomas ain't a good man," goes on Sis Lamentation a pourin' herself out another cup of my black tea, an' her voice gittin' mournful an' mournful, "I ain't a sayin' he ain't a pretty average husband, as husband's go, for bring me home his pay envelope ev'ry Saturday, an' he don't never hand me no back talk, but he ain't my ideal, Sis Mirandy. He ain't my soul mate."

"Well," spon I, "betwixt a good provider an' a soul mate for a husband, give me de good provider ev'ry time. I'd a lot ruther be a hungerin' for sympathy an' understandin' dan for po'k chop an' potatoes."

"No," sighs Sis Lamentation, "when I married I didn't get de kind of a husband dat I thought I was gittin'."

"Nobody does," I spon, "dere ain't but one puffed husband an' wife in de world."

"Who's de day?" axes Sis Lamentation, "an' who's de lucky ones dat git 'em?"

"De only puffed husband's and wives," I says, "is de ones we didn't marry."

"Sis Mirandy," says Sis Lamentation, "how does you prognosticate dad maternomy would have been ef we had married de folks we didn't marry?"

"Jes lak hit is wid de ones we did marry," I spon.—Ed.

SPOKANE, WASH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

My mother has taken COMFORT as long as I can remember, and since I've had a home of my own I've never been without it. I read it from cover to cover and it is hard to say which part I like best for I enjoy it all immensely. I have always wanted to write a letter but felt that I had nothing of interest to write about, especially after reading some of the helpful letters the sisters wrote. I am between twenty and thirty years of age, have brown hair, grey eyes, fair complexion, five feet, six inches tall, and weigh one hundred and thirty-eight pounds.

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson, I feel that I can't keep quiet any longer, for I have so much to be thankful for, and with your kind permission, I will tell of my personal experience with that dreadful disease, tuberculosis, hoping that I can help some poor sufferer as I have been helped. One reads very little about this in the sisters' letters and yet there are many people afflicted with tuberculosis. Thirteen years ago this winter I was taken ill with pneumonia and as my lungs did not properly clear up I soon became affected with tuberculosis. Later they healed, but the germs still remained in the system and it was only a short time until it appeared in the abdomen, and as soon as I would get rid of it in one place it would appear in another. I've gone on the operating table seven times, fighting for my life, the last time last June. In the meantime I was taking serum treatment and was under a doctor's care, reporting to him every three days so that he could see if I were gaining or losing in weight and whether I was developing a temperature or not, for these are their two main guides. No one can fully realize it, only those who have gone through it, what it means to be told that to save your life you must go back to the hospital and take that never-to-be-forgotten anesthetic again, and endure the suffering afterwards. I've been discouraged many times and really wanted to die, but let me tell you, sisters, when that time comes and you are hanging on by a single thread, and you know it's a change coming over you and you will fight to live. And let me add here, that the hospital is the only place to be when one is really ill. I have always been in a Catholic hospital and the Sisters there are angels from heaven, and the nurses there are the sweetest and most patient girls on earth. They may feel miserable themselves, but never a word of complaint do you hear from them. I love each and every one for the good they are doing and for themselves alone. Now I want to tell you of my reward for going through those dreadful operations—thirteen all together—and I was terribly frightened when the last, and thirteenth, was advised, as that is always considered an unlucky number but I was to take my choice—that, or live but a short time longer, and life is very sweet when we realize that the end is near. So I decided to take the one big chance, and the unlucky number for most people was a lucky number for me, for now I have better health than I ever had in all my life before. At one time I weighed ninety-eight pounds and now I weigh one hundred and thirty-eight, with flesh as solid as can be, rosy cheeks and not a sign of a germ in my whole system. I'll tell you how I live, for it may help some one afflicted as I was. I sleep, nine or ten hours every night, in a room by myself with my windows wide open, summer and winter. Upon getting up in the morning I take a cold shower bath. I eat three, good, nutritious meals a day, consisting of fresh eggs, cream vegetables, bread, lots of butter, fruit and meat once a day. No tea or coffee, but I drink milk as often as I can during the day, which is many times, for I like it. I do all my own housework, but live out of doors as much as possible. I walk a great deal and skate during the winter. In summer I go swimming every day and in the spring and fall I take long hikes out into the country, hunting or fishing. Just after taking my cold shower in the morning, before dressing, I take five minutes' arm exercises and deep breathing, such as described by Katherine Booth in COMFORT each month, and within two years I have built up my chest expansion from one and one half inches to four and one half inches. The swimming and skating has helped wonderfully. I advise any one troubled with tuberculosis to go to a good doctor and follow his advice and live as I do, but this does not mean to do it one day and then miss a day or two but keep at it days, weeks, months and years for a cure cannot be effected in a short time. I always try to live up to the motto, "All things are for the

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

THE Comfort Sisters' Recipes' department belongs just as much to the women readers of COMFORT as does the letter department and is theirs for the exchange of recipes just as much as the other department is theirs for the exchange of helpful ideas, and it is surely as important. In these days of war times and high prices it is as much one's duty to share a money-saving recipe with others as it is to donate time and money toward any patriotic charity, so take time today to send in that pet recipe of yours, and be sure the right quantities are given instead of "a little," or "just enough."

HOT VEGETABLE SALAD.—Trim outside leaves from cabbage till perfect ones are reached, then remove the whole inside, leaving a shell which is trimmed in points. Set shell in bed of parsley. Boil beets till



HOT VEGETABLE SALAD.

soft, chop and season with salt and vinegar, and butter generously. Fill shell with chopped beets to top of points, keeping the center hollow, which is filled with boiled cabbage, seasoned with butter, salt, pepper and a little vinegar. Ornament the center with parsley. Put together just before serving.

BROWN STEW.—Two and one half pounds neck and shoulder of fresh beef. Wash it and cut into small pieces. If too fat, remove some of it. Put the meat in a good-sized kettle with two quarts or more of hot water, add two onions, sliced thin, two good-sized carrots cut into small pieces, and three medium-sized potatoes cut into small pieces. Stew should cook about three hours. Do not let it boil too hard. It should be quite thick when done and a dark, rich brown color. Put onions, carrots, salt and pepper in when you put the meat on to cook and add the potatoes about half an hour before the stew is done. Use a half cup of rice instead of potatoes if desired.

MARROW TOAST.—This is an appetizing dish. Cut marrow into bits, put into boiling, salted water and let boil a minute or two. Drain and put into a sauce pan, adding salt, pepper and lemon juice to suit the taste, and while still hot spread it on dry toast, freshly made.

CUPPED MEAT.—Chop scraps of meat very fine, adding any bits of corn, beans, or anything of that sort that is left over; season to taste and moisten with a little sweet milk. Put in baking cups, filling them half full, then fill to the brim with hot mashed potatoes and bake.

BAKED RABBITS.—After the rabbits are skinned, dress and hung over night, put them in a baking pan, sprinkle with salt and pepper and put a thin slice of bacon on each rabbit. Now pour boiling water into the bottom of the pan and cover pan with another of equal size, letting the rabbits steam twenty or thirty minutes. Take cover off, baste rabbits with a little butter and let them brown.

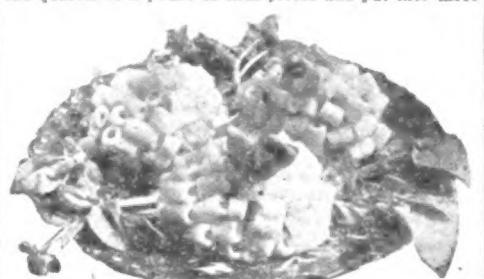
CABBAGE IN BOILING WATER.—Have plenty of boiling, salted water in which a teaspoon of soda has been dissolved. Take a small or medium-sized head of cabbage and plunge it into the boiling water, top downward; leave it uncovered and let it boil until tender, which will be from twenty minutes to half an hour. Take it out into a colander, drain well and put into hot dish and add bits of butter, salt and pepper; serve at once. It will be as delicate as cauliflower, the color will be retained and there will be no unpleasant odor in the house, such as always is associated with boiling cabbage.

MINNIE O. MACKINTOSH, San Diego, Cal.

PANNED RABBIT.—Cut the rabbit in halves. Place in a baking pan and dot with bits of butter and season with salt and pepper. Set in hot oven and baste frequently. When it has cooked nearly an hour, serve with brown gravy.—Ed.

MEAT LOAF.—Buy one and one half pound Hamburger steak, mix into it six common soda crackers, which have been soaked in hot water until soft enough to mash, add salt, pepper and sage to taste and mix well together. Put into deep baking dish and bake in moderate oven over three quarters of an hour.

MACARONI WITH SAUCE.—Macaroni is an economical dish, considering the amount of nourishment it contains, and should be eaten more than it is. Whatever form it is used in, it must first be boiled. Break one quarter of a pound in inch pieces and put into three



MACARONI WITH SAUCE.

parts of boiling salted water. Cook hard for twenty minutes, or until tender; drain, and plunge into cold water for an instant to prevent it becoming sticky.

SAUCE.—Cut one slice of bacon in small bits. Put in a sauce pan, and as soon as the fat begins to try out, add one teaspoon of chopped onion and two of sweet pepper. Fry to a light brown, add two tablespoons of dry flour, a little at a time, and when smooth add one cup of strained tomato. Simmer ten minutes. Arrange macaroni in nests, pour sauce over each, and on top grated cheese.

VEAL FRITTERS.—Cut left-over veal, or meat of any kind, into small pieces and put it in an earthen dish. Season with salt and pepper and a little lemon juice. Let stand half an hour. Make a fritter batter and stir the pieces into it. Drop by spoonfuls into deep, hot fat and fry brown. Drain on brown paper and serve immediately.—Ed.

CODFISH CROQUETTES.—Two cups of codfish, picked fine and freshened, two cups of mashed potatoes; mix well and form into small cakes. Brush with well-beaten egg and roll in crumbs. Fry in deep, hot fat.—Ed.

CHEESE RICE.—Boil a cup of rice in two quarts of salted water. When tender, turn into a colander and drain, shake well and set on back of stove ten minutes to dry. Now stir into the rice first a tablespoon of melted butter, then four tablespoons of grated cheese, with a dash of cayenne pepper. Serve very hot.

MISS D. K., Stockton, Calif.

ENTIRE WHEAT GINGERBREAD.—Cream one half cup shortening, half lard and half butter, with one cup brown sugar, one egg, two tablespoons sour milk, one quarter teaspoon each soda and cream of tartar and one quarter teaspoon each nutmeg and ginger. Add enough entire wheat flour to make a thick paste and bake in a large, flat pan. Cut into squares before it is entirely cool.—Ed.

CORN CUSTARD.—One pint boiled corn, or one can of corn, two tablespoons melted butter, two cups milk, salt and pepper to taste, and two eggs. Put the corn through the food chopper, add the eggs, slightly beaten, seasoning, butter and milk. Mix well, pour into buttered baking dish and bake in moderate oven until set and brown.

MRS. FEED ANDERSON, Rockford, Ill.

GINGER BUNS.—Beat to a smooth cream one half cup of brown sugar and one half cup shortening, lard or butter, or half of each; add two eggs, well beaten,

one cup of molasses, two teaspoons cinnamon, two teaspoons of ginger, half a cup of sour milk and three cups of flour into which a teaspoon of soda has been sifted. Bake in gem pans.—Ed.

GINGER COOKIES.—One pint lard, one cup cold water, one cup brown sugar, one cup white sugar, one heaping tablespoon ginger, more if preferred, one pint molasses and two heaping tablespoons soda beaten into molasses before adding the rest. Flour enough to make soft dough.—SCSCHLIER.

EGGLESS CAKE.—One cup sugar, one third cup butter or lard, one cup sweet milk, two and one quarter cups flour, with two teaspoons baking powder. Bake in loaf. Add nuts if desired, or by the addition of one tablespoon of chocolate you have a fine chocolate cake.

R. C. R., Greenville, Pa.

OATMEAL COOKIES.—One cup sugar, two and one half cups oatmeal, two and one quarter cups white flour, three quarters cup shortening, two eggs, four tablespoons sour milk, one teaspoon soda, and one teaspoon nutmeg. Keep in dry place.

MURDAUGH.

WAR CAKE.—Two cups brown sugar, two cups boiling water, one pound seeded raisins, one teaspoon cinnamon, one teaspoon allspice, one half teaspoon grated nutmeg, one half teaspoon cloves and one tablespoon of lard. Mix well and put over fire and boil five minutes after it reaches the boiling point. Remove from fire and add a level teaspoon of soda. Let cool and then add three and one half cups flour and two teaspoons baking powder. Bake about one hour in a slow oven.

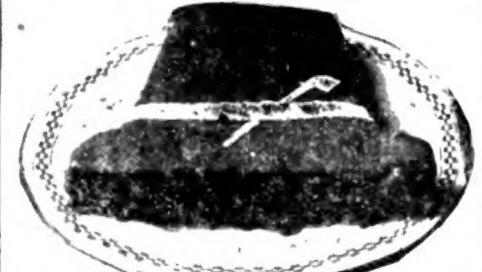
IDA SCHWARTZ, Spokane, Wash.

PLAYING CARD CAKES.—To make these cakes, use a recipe for any good, fine grained cake. A cookie instead of a cake mixture can be used. Bake in shallow pans so that when cut the pieces will be very thin. Cut in shape of playing cards and frost with white frosting. Use candied cherries to show spots on cards. Hearts and diamonds may be cut from the cherries to imitate the ace, two or three spots, as desired. These are very appropriate for refreshments at a card party.

LEMON BUTTER.—One cup white sugar, three eggs, butter size of half an egg and the juice and grated rind of one large lemon. After beating it well put into an agate basin and set into a pan of boiling water. Stir it constantly until it is thick. This makes a nice filling for tarts or layer cake and for small cakes if split and put together with this jelly.

MINNIE O. MACKINTOSH, San Diego, Cal.

SAINT PATRICK'S CAKE.—Cream together one cup of sugar and one third cup of butter, add three beaten eggs and stir till very light and creamy. Sift together one and one half cups of flour, five level tablespoons of coco and two tablespoons of baking powder and have ready three quarters of a cup of milk to which has been added one teaspoon of vanilla.



SAINT PATRICK'S CAKE.

Stir in a little of the flour, then a little milk, and keep alternating flour and milk till all are used, and beat till smooth. Bake in shallow pan in a moderately hot oven. Remove to cake board and when cold, with a thin, sharp knife cut into the shape of a hat as shown in picture. Frost with chocolate frosting and make the hat band of white frosting. From thin white cardboard cut to represent a clay pipe and press under band of white frosting.

APPLE PUDDING.—Peel and slice five medium-sized apples; make a batter of one half cup sugar, one tablespoon butter, one half cup sweet milk, one egg and one cup of flour in which put one teaspoon of baking powder. Stir the apples into this and bake in a moderate oven half an hour. Serve with sauce or cream and sugar.—Ed.

SWEET POTATO PUDDING.—Grate three medium-sized sweet potatoes, add one and one half cups of milk, one teaspoon salt, butter size of egg and flavor with nutmeg. Bake in pudding pan in oven over.

MRS. MELVIN LONG, Roxboro, N. C.

KISSES.—Beat stiffly the whites of four eggs, mix quickly with three quarters of a cup of powdered sugar. Drop from spoon on brown paper, place on baking tins and bake half an hour in moderate oven.

BEATRICE GILLIAM, Comanche, Okla.

LEFT-OVER RICE AND TOMATO.—To two cups of left-over rice, seasoned to taste, add a little butter, one half teaspoon of onion juice and one cup of tomatoes. Stir well together and bake in covered dish twenty-five minutes.

CARROT SOUP.—Two cups of thinly sliced carrots, five stalks of celery, one and one half quarts of water, boil one and one half hours. Add one half cup rice and boil an hour longer. Season with salt and pepper and add one cup of heated cream just before serving.

FRUIT COOKIES.—Rub one cup shortening, one half cup butter, one half cup lard, with one cup brown sugar together. Add one cup molasses, one cup cold water, one cup raisins, two level teaspoons soda, one of cinnamon, two of vanilla, one well-beaten egg, five cup flour. Drop from spoon.

DATE PUDDING.—One cup of dates, chopped fine, one cup nut meats, one cup white sugar, one tablespoon flour, one teaspoon baking powder and three eggs, beaten separately. Bake slowly. Serve with whipped cream.

MRS. E. L. B., Norwich, N. Dak.

FROSTING WITHOUT EGGS.—One cup of granulated sugar dissolved in one quarter cup of sweet milk and stirred over a slow fire until it boils, then let it boil five minutes without stirring. Remove from fire and place saucers in dish of cold water or on ice and stir the syrup to a thick cream. Spread it on the cake while it may run. Any preferred flavoring may be added. This makes a fine, smooth frosting.

TAPIOCA WITH WALNUTS.—Soak four level tablespoons of pearl tapioca in two and one half cups of cold milk, cook in double boiler till tapioca is transparent. Beat the yolks of two eggs till creamy; then

beat in three quarters of a cup of sugar and quarter of a teaspoon of salt. Pour the tapioca over the egg mixture and return to boiler and cook till it thickens. Cool very little and beat in the whites of two eggs stiffly beaten. Just before serving, decorate with half

peanut butter and olive sandwiches. Cut slices of bread very thin, remove crusts. To two tablespoons of peanut butter add a little tomato juice, strained from can of tomatoes, and six olives, chopped fine. Spread between the slices of bread.

BEATRICE GILLIAM, Comanche, Okla.

Bake a War Pie

You bake it with
NO TOP CRUST—
and you use

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

</div

The Girl He Loved

by Adelaide Stirling



Levallion stood paralyzed. Hester then had not lied.



Jacobs had flown straight at the man's legs.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lady Annesley, stepmother to Sir Thomas and Ravenel, disapproves of Adrian Gordon, who is in love with Ravenel. Receiving an appointment to India Adrian seals his proposal and Ravenel's promise for an early marriage, by giving her a beautiful ring of diamonds and opals. Not daring to wear it she slips it on a ribbon on her neck. Ravenel bids Adrian good by, unconscious that their conversation, held near the edge of a quarry is heard by Lady Annesley's confidential maid. Four days later Ravenel receives a letter from Adrian that he will go to the Duchess of Avonmore's party and names the following day for their marriage. Lady Annesley, apparently anxious for Ravenel to make a good appearance at the party provides her with a new dress. Ravenel is unsuspicious of intrigue, but Sir Thomas, only sixteen, suspects the scheming woman and her designs on Lord Levallion, a former suitor for her hand, as Ravenel's future husband. Going to the party and not meeting Adrian, Ravenel, with a sob in her throat, wanders through the garden, where she meets Lord Levallion, not knowing it is he. Weary and wanting to go home he offers to take her there. Arriving home she hunts for the lost ring but does not find it. The next day Ravenel prepares for her wedding and waits for Adrian, who fails to meet her. Going home she enters the drawing-room, where she finds Lady Annesley and Lord Levallion, the latter telling her of his cousin Adrian Gordon's departure for India. The Duchess of Avonmore, to Lord Levallion's delight, takes Ravenel and Sir Thomas to her home. Ravenel is invited to Hester Murray's to lunch and at the instigation of Lady Annesley she gives Ravenel the impression that there is a Mrs. Gordon. Believing Adrian false she marries Lord Levallion. Coming from the altar, the groom sees a woman in black with a child clinging to her hand and wonders if Ravenel notices her. Three months later Adrian Gordon is reported missing. Lord Levallion goes to the War Office to learn the truth. Sitting alone on the lawn Ravenel sees Adrian Gordon standing before her and she catches the glint of a ring on his hand. Suffering from a shattered arm Lady Levallion catches him as he falls in a faint. He is carried into the house and the doctor stays with him that night. A lady calls to inquire for Captain Gordon and Lord Levallion is unable to determine where she lives. Riding alone, a new bungalow attracts his attention; going inside, he confronts Hester Murray, and advises her to leave the place and never to call on his wife. Ravenel hears Adrian in his delirium; going to him, she tries to soothe him. The doctor cuts the ring from Adrian's hand and gives it to Lord Levallion. He requests Ravenel to see Adrian and to give him his ring. She asks him where he got it and to show the letter. It is in town, but he repeats it from memory, the letter Ravenel writes Lady Annesley, when she sends back a ring Lady Annesley gives her. The treachery is clear to both. At dinner, Lord Chayter compliments Lady Annesley on her cook and the delicate flavor the almonds give the chicken. Suddenly he calls attention to a face outside the window and for an instant Lady Annesley fancies she sees a white face and gleaming eyes. Hester Murray, cast aside, determines to poison Lord Levallion's mind, and with mad thoughts running riot results what a fool she is to imagine Levallion was ever in love with her.

CHAPTER XIX. (CONTINUED.)

SHE drew away into the scant shelter of an evergreen, and pushed her wet, uncurled hair out of her eyes. She had no motive for staying here shivering and drenched, but the air and the rain even were better than sitting alone by her solitary fireside, when no one of all the people she had ever asked to dinner would dream of coming to see her. Once start the truth about a woman who lives by her wits, and a hundred things true and untrue come up to confirm it. Hester Murray's pitcher had gone once too often to the well; it was broken for good and all now. And Levallion, who had once been her slave, had forbidden her to come within his gates.

"Well, he can do it," she thought defiantly, "but he can't make me obey him! I'll try one more window and then I'll go. I don't want to kill myself." And the sharp shiver that went through her made her move hastily through the darkness. It was odd, but the drip of the rain from the house made her think of earth falling into a grave. It was ghostly, terrifying to lurk outside in the dark, while women no better than she sat at their ease on the other side of a window-pane.

Stumbling, for all her slim grace; weary, for all the passion that burned in her, she made her way round the house in the pitchy darkness that had somehow got on her nerves. There was a little alcove in the drawing-room, whose modern French window reached the floor—it was odd how well Mrs. Murray knew the house—it would do no harm to glance in there, if the blind was up. They would be coming out from dinner soon; and she might as well see all she could before going back to that lonely house where no one ever came. And once more that pang at her heart sickened her. All this might have been her once, and had been thrown away.

There was no standing on tiptoe to reach the second window. Before she neared it she saw the square of light it flung on the grass, saw the convenient rose-bush which would shield her from any one inside. And if there had been

any one to see the fierce white face, so changed from that of the Hester Murray who had been all smiles and softness, they might have shrunk away as if they saw an evil spirit.

"Ah!" she drew in her breath sharply, for she had builded better than she knew.

Dinner was over; the men were coming into the drawing-room; one, with his arm in a sling, coming straight to this alcove, unconscious, though Hester did not know it, that it already held his hostess looking for a book for which the duchess had asked her. He had sat down wearily before he saw the gleam of orange and ivory the watcher outside had seen long ago, as she saw Lady Levallion drop the just-found book and turn to him quickly, breathlessly.

Yet her words might have been shouted on the house-top; there was no need for Mrs. Murray to strain her ears to catch those compromising utterances through the glass.

"Won't you go to bed? You look so tired!" He nodded. He could hardly bear to look at her whom once he had never wanted out of his sight.

"I'll go directly. I meant to go away tomorrow, but the doctor won't let me travel till the end of the week." His eyes on her wistfully, saying what his lips dared not— that it was not his fault that he was making things so hard for her.

"He's quite right," she answered, for the benefit of any one who might be outside the curtained recess. "We are very glad to have you," but the hard-held look of her face told Gordon what he knew—that the words were a mockery.

Mrs. Murray remembered suddenly that she had not seen Levallion come into the room. An unreasoning and instinctive terror caught her heart, and sent her noiselessly, invisibly in her dark dress, yards away from the lighted window. And just in time.

Levallion, sauntering with apparent aimlessness, an Inverness cape thrown over his shoulder, an unlit cigarette in his mouth, came round the corner of the house, Lord Chayter's seat of the half-seen face at the window having set him wondering if it were real or not. But he had seen no one, and in front of the window he stopped and lit his cigarette, deciding Chayter had looked upon more champagne than was good for him.

His unseen neighbor slipped behind him, paused for one second to look under his up-raised arm before she took to her heels. And both of them saw the same sight. A girl turning from a man with a curious, pitiful gesture, stopped half-way; and the man, left alone, covering his haggard eyes with his hand. Levallion turned like a flash and had Hester Murray by the elbow.

CHAPTER XX.

A WICKED WOMAN'S TONGUE.

"I heard you breathing," Levallion said composedly. "No, don't you struggle; I'll let you go! Only be kind enough to tell me what earthly pleasure it gives you to look in my windows."

"No pleasure," said Hester Murray after a minute, when her frightened heart had seemed to choke her, and the quick withdrawal of his contemptuous grasp to make her a thing of no moment. "Only misery. Oh, Levallion! Won't you be less hard on me? If you let me come here and be friendly with your wife it would set things right again. It kills me to be alone without a friend in the world."

"What things? What do you mean?" sharply. She dared not tell him. He would never help her if he knew.

"Nothing much," she said, shivering, only half-artificially. "I've lost all my money, and—people seem to have dropped me! To stay in your house with the duchess might help me."

"Has she dropped you, too?" he inquired, wondering if, after all his careful analysis, she was not such a fool as she seemed.

"I don't know. I haven't seen her lately," though she knew well enough.

Levallion's hawk eyes narrowed as he peered at her in the rainy darkness. Her wet hair strayed in lank locks down her face, that for once was not smiling. (How he had grown to loathe Hester's smile!) He put up a suspicious hand on her thin shoulder and recoiled. She was wet to the skin, her thin house-dress a sticky, soaping mass.

"Look here, Hester!" he said almost kindly. "Better give up this business and go home. You won't mend matters by being seen hanging about here after dark, merely get some very unpleasant illness."

"I wish I'd died long ago." There was something strained in her voice; even in the dark she did not look at him.

"I see what you mean about having no money. It was odd how that queer note in her utterance killed the pity in him. "You had plenty."

"There were debts—old debts," she gasped, eagerly grasping at this chance, at least. "Debts from ten years ago."

"You told me there were none," he shrugged his shoulders. "If there were, ten-year-old debts are outlawed."

"I had kept on paying a little on them. I didn't know that obviated any time-limit. They

sold me up for the principal and interest." Only desperate hope made her speak the truth. "I tell you, Levallion, I haven't a sou!"

"For an astute woman you haven't managed well," he said, after what seemed a long time. "If you had five hundred a year allowed you, quarterly, do you think you would be able to stay at home in the evenings?"

Five hundred a year to the woman who had had five times as many thousands spent on her! But she swallowed her rage, her contempt at his beggarly offer.

"I suppose—I could," she said slowly. "But—oh! it's not my poverty that hurts me, it's—"

"Do go home, I beg of you!" said Levallion, coldly. "You are not yourself. And, remember that you shall be supplied with what I consider an adequate income if you will leave this place and live elsewhere"—for, after all, he could not let the woman starve, dire and evil as had been her sins against him.

"I'll go—I'll do anything," she muttered, with a sudden exhaustion that made her clutch the dripping bushes beside her. "But listen to me first. In spite of everything, I care for you still. I'd do anything for you. I've no pride left. If you will come and see me sometimes, your marriage shall be as if it had never happened—"

"Have the goodness," interrupted Lord Levallion icily, "to leave my marriage out of the question. It concerns you in no way whatever."

"It concerns me, because it kills me to see you taken in, deceived!" she cried fiercely, and so quickly that he could not stop her. "You could have seen it for yourself, not ten minutes ago, if you had not been besotted about her. Ask your wife what she knows about Adrian Gordon, and why she did not marry him," utterly reckless now as to whether her lie about Adrian's wife were found out or not. "She was engaged to him fast enough; but he was poor and you were rich. It was better to marry you, and have him come and stay in your house. Ask Sylvia Annesley—but she'll lie to you! Ask that big-eyed brother of hers, who never lets his sister out of his sight. She never loved you, and she can love—in her girl's way! Not like me, for I'll love you till I die. Oh, Levallion!" panting, wild, she seized his arm, "don't throw me over! Think of the boy, think how I have no world but you!"

"Don't touch me," said Levallion, with a sudden acrid fury, as if he had waked from some bad dream in which he was bound and speechless. "Go!"

"Say that if you're ever miserable—unhappy—you'll come back to me!" She was pleading for her very life, as a fool does when death is certain. "Levallion!"

A curious stiffness came over the man from head to foot. When it broke he would have no power over tongue or hand; and this was a woman.

"Go away. Be quick!" he said hoarsely. "Because of what's past you shall have your money, but not if you stay in my village. Your lies—"

"They're truth," contemptuously. "Ask, ask, and you'll see. She was so close to him that he felt her breath on his face. "Then perhaps you'll come to me."

"If you were dying in the gutter I would not come to you," he spoke so evenly that she did not know that death stood closer to her than even Lord Levallion. "If you crawled after me on your knees, I would not change to you—or the boy! No matter what happened, neither you nor he shall ever get anything from me but the bread I would give to a beggar. Do you understand?" and in the dark she could not see his face.

"Oh! you think so now, I know. But when you find her out—"

That curious strained rigidity seemed to drop from him like a garment. A dreadful, fiery pain shot through his heart, ran in his blood, curving his fine hands.

"Go!" said Levallion thickly, "before I kill you with my hands." But as he turned on her she had seen his eye.

She shrank away and ran, madly, where she neither knew nor cared. She had gone too far with him! He would murder her out here in the dark. Her dry, shut throat could make no sound in the terror that would not let her scream.

Trembling, stumbling, falling and getting up again, Hester Murray fled through the darkness and rain. Her gown, that had been a soaked whip, was a mass of filthy mud, her hands were caked with the clay of the roads, but she ran still, round and round sometimes, but, by degrees, more in the right direction. It was not till her breath absolutely would not come to her aching lungs and the blood beat in her face, that she came to herself and realized where she was. Alone on a country road, nearly at her own house, with not a soul following her, not a sign of those devilish eyes that had gleamed murder at her through the dark.

"He would have killed me!" she said to herself as soon as her choking heart-beats would let her. "I'll never get anything from him but that five hundred a year that's no use. Does he—" but a noise startled her, and she ran again like a drunken woman, staggering from side to

side till she reached her own door.

Her wet hair down her back, her hands filthy, her black, gauzy gown an indescribable mass of mud and twigs and tatters, the blood purple in her pulsing face, she burst into her own drawing-room, where a lamp burned dimly, though there was no fire in the grate.

"Does he think I'm a fool? That I won't pay him out, if I have to break myself to do it? she cried fiercely, since her one maid went home at night, and there was no one to hear her.

But she was wrong, for a man's voice answered her from the depths of a high-backed chair that was turned away from her.

"A fool! No one could see you and think that," and the owner of the voice rose, looked at her, and recoiled with a quick word.

"But what is the matter with you? You are hurt—drowned—tell me quickly."

Hester Murray, in her wet, unspeakable gown, sat down on one of her clean chintz chairs and told him. Whether the exact truth, or not, does not matter; but crimson-faced, glittering-eyed, she was a dreadful sight as the quick words came from her lips.

What he said, what she answered, she could not remember half an hour later, as she dragged her exhausted body up to bed, with a curiously compounded drink in a tumbler, which was to counteract the effects of exposure and fright. She fell asleep as soon as she felt the comfort of her warm bed, only muttering now and again as sleep gained on her.

"I'll do it. He brought it on himself. It was his fault. I hate him. I hate him!" and the fury of the thought awakened her for one burning, choking instant till her queer potion took hold of her, and she fell fast asleep, as they say men have done in the rack.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHITE POPPIES OF OBLIVION.

Levallion, left alone on the wet grass, had never made one step after her.

Alone, in the night and the rain, he had fought down that dreadful passion, that loathing that had made him forget everything but the desire to be rid of a venomous thing. He fought down, too, a harder thing; that shame that comes after the breaking out of a devil's temper, whose leash has given way under the strain; and at last could turn and go into his house, join his party, as if nothing had happened.

"Well! Did you discover any one?" Lord Chayter inquired covertly.

Levallion looked at him.

"There was no one there," he said calmly, not knowing that to have told the truth would have been to put a bar in the way his young wife must travel. He could not tell Chayter what was none of his business, and might work round through the women to Ravenel.

His eyes passed his friend and found his wife.

"By—" said the man's mind heavily. "If ever I saw innocence, there it sits. What do I care if she was engaged to Adrian twenty times over, she did not marry me to be Lady Levallion! She married me because she was wretched, and if I would have listened to her, she would have told me the whole story. Ask Sylvia!" he smiled as he alone could smile when his heart ached. "I would as soon ask the devil for holy water! And if Tommy did not punch my head for impertinence if I asked him—gad! I'd kick him. I'm not in my dotation that I believe the statements of an angry, hysterical woman."

But, in spite of himself, Levallion saw every action of Ravenel's through a magnifying-glass all the next day. It rained, and there was no shooting to speak of; the men were at home by luncheon-time, and up to that Lady Levallion had been with them, chaperoning Mrs. Damerel, sick and against her will, since to kill birds for pleasure was to feel a crime. And all that afternoon she never spoke to Adrian Gordon, nor he to her. They might have been utter strangers with a preconceived dislike to one another. But Adrian looked like a haunted man, who deliberately turns his eyes from the sight he dare not see.

"Levallion," said a charming voice in his ear at tea-time, "I've an idea!"

It was Mrs. Damerel, who had for years cherished a platonic—and unreturned—affection for her handsome, sharp-tongued host.

Levallion repressed the obvious retort.

"Tell it," he drawled; "I never have any!"

"Let us have a fancy ball tonight—oh! I know there are only twenty of us, but it's enough. The men can wear evening dress," shrewdly. "But the women must all dress in their favorite flower, and wear masks. We're nearly all the same height, and it would be so amusing. Fancy," with a delighted laugh, "if you were to take me for your wife!"

"You never gave me a chance! You refused to poison Damerel," calmly. "Every woman her favorite flower—delicious! But what a revelation of character! What's yours? The flower of silence?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

Household Conveniences

Portable Writing Desk

This little secretaire may be taken out and placed on a table where the light is best whenever you wish to do some writing. It may be made from light boards obtained by taking box apart, and looks nice when stained brown and varnished. The size and shape of all parts are shown, and there is no reason why you should not be able to do the cutting and joining yourself. Use small finishing nails, one inch long, for nailing the pieces together. The bottom of the desk may be padded with carpet. A small box for holding writing paper is shown in the lower right corner. The greater part of the task of writing letters is getting proper

VERY USEFUL

ly started, but with this ever-ready convenience at hand you will find it a pleasure to keep up your correspondence. The one in our house is in great demand and has paid for itself many times over.

Repairing Chair

When a leather-seated chair begins to sag it presents a slovenly appearance no matter how strong the rest of the chair may be. The task of bringing the seat up to its original plumpness may be done in this way. Turn the chair upside down and fill under the leather with excelsior, moss or cotton. It must be packed tightly and held in place by boards screwed to the under side of the seat frame. Boards

EASY AND EFFECTIVE WAY TO REUPHOLSTER

from a soap box will do if cut to conform to the shape of the chair. Put one or two in place and you can then poke in the stuffing and make a good tight job of it. I have tried this plan many times and it is the best way to reupholster a sagging seat that I know of.

Tilting Crock

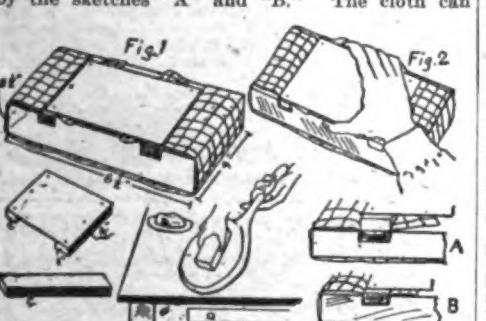
If you handle any considerable quantity of milk in the old-fashioned back-breaking way this scheme for easily managing heavy crocks will appeal to you. I have tried to make the picture tell the whole story of how the truck is made and used but a few words of explanation may not be amiss. Fig. 4 shows how the hoop is reinforced with a block at the point that receives the bolt. "B" is the block that is added to the hoop, "A" is the bolt, and between them is the top of the upright post. In nailing the lower ends of the posts to the square frame at the base use the joint illustrated by Fig. 3. The socket or rest for the crock is shown in Fig. 2. It is well to make it of metal. With one of those trucks a child can do the work of a man and a frail woman can do the milk handiwork of strength. I believe

ling with a great saving I could mention dozens of other uses for it but I leave that for you to think out for yourselves.

A Few Cleaning Ideas

The cleaning block marked Fig. 1 is patterned after the sandpaper block used by carpenters. On the top surface are two grooves running crosswise. When the cloth is wrapped around the block it is pressed into the grooves and held there by the small strips, which also bed into the grooves. This is made clear by Fig. 2 and by the sketches "A" and "B." The cloth can

be changed any time by simply pulling off the holding piece that carries the strips. It is a valuable house-cleaning aid and cleans the sooty surfaces of large cooking utensils nicely. The next Fig. 1 shows a common scrub brush cut



EASILY MADE

be changed any time by simply pulling off the holding piece that carries the strips. It is a valuable house-cleaning aid and cleans the sooty surfaces of large cooking utensils nicely. The next Fig. 1 shows a common scrub brush cut

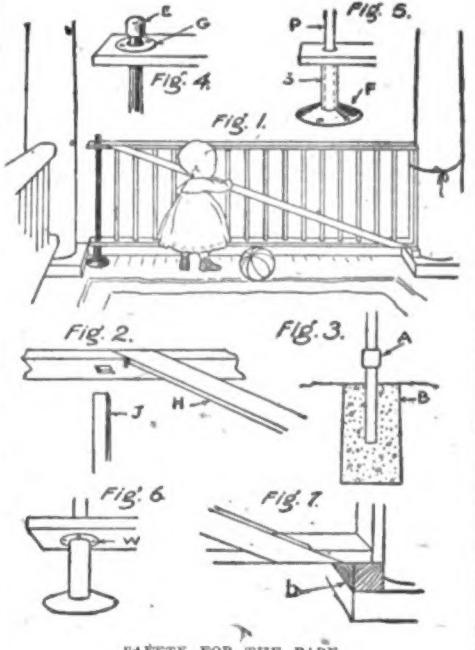
to a point to enable the worker more easily to clean corners with it. Following this is an idea for holding broom cloths on. It consists of tying the running strings to one or two hooks driven into the broom handle. The last sketch shows a wire hook fastened to the wall at a convenient point for holding open a refrigerator door. When not in use, it hangs down against the wall.

Winding Yarn

The sketch herewith published shows how a single person may conveniently wind a ball of yarn from the skein. Fig. 1 shows the simple wire frame which forms the main part of our arrangement. The wire should be about as thick as a match and rather springy for the best results. The bearings or mounting for it consists of two rolls of paper, "P," tied to the back of a chair, as in Fig. 1. The spools, "S," keep the wire from shifting back and forth. The wire device turns freely, making a half circle every time the top is slightly jerked downward. This keeps the coming-off strand always at the top. Fig. 3 shows practically the same plan, only the paper rolls are fixed so that the wire is entirely above the chair. I have no hesitancy in recommending the device to ladies who do knitting. It is my own invention and I have used it with much success.

Porch Gate for Baby

This gate is designed chiefly with the intention of making something extra strong and lasting that would not mar or scratch the porch pillars. The main part of the gate is made of an upper and lower rail filled in with spindles. Fig. 2 shows the detail of joining those parts. Instead of a hinge we use a straight piece of gas pipe for a pivot. The gate swings and the pipe is fixed. In Fig. 3 we see that part of the pipe that is under the porch. "B" is a bed of concrete to hold the iron rigid; "A" is a coupling just under the porch door. In Fig. 5, "F" is a



SAFETY FOR THE BABY

flange that is screwed to the floor, "S" is a sleeve or loose fitting piece of pipe that supports the gate, "P" is the three quarter inch pipe coming through the hole. In Fig. 6, "W" is a small flange screwed to the under side of the lower gate rail. It keeps the pipe sleeve from cutting into the wood. Fig. 4 is a view of the top side of the upper rail and the upper part of the pipe pivot. "G" is a flange and "E" a cap. The gate is fastened by tying to the pillar. It can be taken down any time and the only mar the porch will show is one round hole where the pipe came through. This can be neatly plugged.

Clothes-line Stretching

Clothes-lines are affected by changes in weather and shrink or stretch some every day. The strip in Fig. 2 is an excellent device for stretching a line to just the right degree of tautness. It is a pine strip one inch thick and three inches wide. The notches may be bored in with an auger or whittled with a knife. In either raising or lowering the line to the next notch a broom may be used as a lever. Place it between the line and the upright post and pull towards yourself. In lieu of the strip you can get the same effect by simply driving spikes or hooks into the rear of the post.

Shoes and Stockings Chair

A convenient and decorative bedroom chair to hold boots, shoes and stockings can be made by taking an old cane-seated chair, removing the cane and in its place inserting a bag about twelve inches deep made from colored drilling or other strong material. Make eight good-sized patch pockets and sew out onto side of bag to hold boots, shoes or slippers. The stockings are kept in the bag. Make a cover for the chair of thin wood (one can be bought for ten cents), and neatly cushioned with cretonne, and from the same material make a plaiting or frill that will fall nearly to the floor. Make a small loop of cretonne and attach to seat by which it is raised. The back of chair may be removed, making a stool effect if desired.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

Charlie and the cousins' corner again for I like to read your letters. I knew you when you were a little boy, just starting to school.

I will leave my address with Mrs. Wilkinson and should anyone care to write to me they can reach me by sending their letter to her. And now if you will forgive me for taking so much space I will say good by, with best wishes to you all.

SUNSHINE.

TALLAHASSEE, Fla.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

For years I have thought I would write to the Sisters' Corner but never had the courage until I read Mrs. Crystal Peterson's letter. I want to say just a few words concerning homes, husbands, wives and children. I most assuredly agree with Mrs. Peterson and I wish I could shake hands with her. Yes, indeed, I believe in trying to please your husband, to a certain extent, in all things but there is a limit. Does your husband really and truly try as hard to please you and work for your comfort and happiness as you do for him? Perhaps he may claim to you that he is doing all he can, and some of them may be, but there are just lots and lots of men who enjoy deceiving their wives. Most husbands go to their work in the morning and, of course, most of them work hard during the day but when they come home at night they usually say, "Well, I'm tired and worried and I think I'll lie down and read the paper. He reads and rests or sleeps while his wife who has worked hard all day, besides caring for from one to six children, maybe, must do her work and see that the children are undressed and put to bed and then when her work is done and she is about to sit down and rest, perhaps her husband, will ask for his pipe thinking that she doesn't mind waiting on him. In the night if the baby cries she must get up and quiet it and if baby wakes up earlier than usual she must get up and dress it and endeavor to keep it quiet so her husband can sleep little longer. Then, tired and broken of her rest, she must wait on her husband and get him started off to work.

I have read many articles in various papers and magazines about neglecting husbands for children or children for husbands. I say if either are to be neglected, let it be the husbands. The little ones should have a mother's attention. My children come ahead of anything. I don't care what it is. When I go out I take them with me; I never trust them in the hands of anyone else.

Another thing. Does your husband give you all his spare time, even a portion of it? Of course there are many husbands who, when their work is done, take their family for an outing of some sort, if that seems to be the thing agreed upon by all, but, on the other hand, some men, when their work is done turn to the billiard-room or card table or whiskey bottle, or all three, little caring what happens at home. If any of the family are taken sick or get hurt, he must be hunted for and then often when he is found he is intoxicated and worse than useless. Many men do not care how many children they have for then the wife must stay at home while they can go where they please and do as they please and the hoodwinked wife is none the wiser. No one will take the news to her for they feel that it is none of their business.

I wish I could say more but I am a very poor letter writer all over now and I'm afraid this will never be published. Will some one else write on this subject? With love and best wishes. MOTHER OF THREE.

Mother of Three.—Your letter brings up the Adam-odd question (if we are to believe Mark Twain), should husbands be neglected because of the children. What do the sisters think about it?—Ed.

EDEN, MISS.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have enjoyed the sisters' letters for many years but never thought myself competent to write a letter until I read Mrs. V. M.'s letter. I can't see wherein she needs any sympathy at all. My dear sister, I think you are richly blessed to have such a good husband, one that is good to you and provides well for you. Even if you don't love him you certainly ought to appreciate him for I think you were lucky to get such a good man. If you could only realize the prize

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CLOTHES CONSERVATION

10101

Easy Ways to Renovate Your Wardrobe

10101

By Leslie Gordon



(See front cover illustration)

Copyright, 1918, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

VEN those fortunate people who have anything left after paying the grocer's and butcher's bill do not feel much like buying new clothes this year, unless it is absolutely necessary, for there are so many ways in which money is needed to help the country or to care properly for war sufferers. But that is no reason why we should go about looking shabby. We can apply the principles of conservation to our clothes just as easily as to our food, and it is really the right and patriotic thing to do at the present time, when most of fabric mills are needed to make outfits for the soldiers and should not be kept busy making civilian vanities when the fate of the nation is in the balance.

Any woman who is clever enough to learn a few of the simple secrets of the dressmaker, the professional cleaner, the milliner, or the furrier, can take a spotted and shabby dress or coat, a draggled feather, or a hat with a crushed or matted velvet, or a fur stole or muff that looks discouraged and downtrodden, and if not too badly worn, make it appear like new again.

Very few women know that velvet ribbon which has been caught out in the rain can be ironed and made to look as if it had just come from the shop, no matter how much crushed it is. Dampen it carefully on the back, and then, pinning one end to your ironing board, iron on the wrong side as shown in the illustration. Velvet that is bought by the yard can be renovated in the same way, but if the piece is at all large it will be found easier to steam it. Heat a flat-iron on the stove, hot enough so that it will scorch a little. Dip a piece of clean muslin in water, wring it out and fold it in two or three folds. Turn the iron upside down and hold it in that position between the knees, first protecting the clothes from scorch by placing over them an old blanket or thick cloth of some kind, folded to make it heavy enough to keep the heat from the skin, and over this put a folded newspaper. The iron can be held securely in this sort of natural vice, and over its flat surface the wet cloth should be placed and tucked down firmly at the sides to make a smooth surface. Now hold the velvet stretched out smooth, a small portion at a time, and draw the wrong side across the steaming muslin over the iron. This will raise the pile and give a glossy look, even to velvet that is quite worn. When the velvet has been freshened it should be allowed to become perfectly dry again before it is used.

Still another way to freshen velvet is to hold each piece firmly over a pan of boiling water and iron it on the wrong side while the steam rises.

A whisk brush made of broom straw should never be used for velvet. Use a clothes brush of soft bristles.

By this time, perhaps, the set of furs which you have been wearing for a year or two, is looking a bit draggled. This is certain to be the case if it is made of any of the long-haired furs, like raccoon, white or black fox, lynx or skunk. Even beaver and Hudson seal—get this way if they have been caught out in the rain very often. But don't let this condition discourage you, for the chances are that the fur only needs cleaning to look like new. Get some white corn-meal if your furs are light colored; for dark furs you can use the yellow meal. Heat two cupfuls of this in the oven and when it is as hot as your hands can stand, rub it vigorously into the fur and then brush the fur with a soft, clean hair brush—the kind with bristles—and the fur will stand up again and look as soft and pretty as it did when you first bought it.

Some furriers use hot bran instead of the corn-meal.

White fox and other white furs can be cleansed by an occasional rubbing with powdered magnesia.

Black or dark brown furs, if they are the natural color of the animal and not dyed, can be freshened by rubbing them with a rag dipped in alcohol.

It is well to remember that the lining often makes a fur look shabby. Put in a new lining and turn in the worn edges of the skin all around and the fur set will be wonderfully improved.

This year, any quantity of lace is used on all really "dressy" costumes, in the form of collars, guimpes, sleeve ruffles, vests, jacket fronts, etc. The idea is a very pretty one if—and there is a great big "if" in the case—these laces are clean and fresh, for dirty lace is never anything else but revolting. It is possible to dry-clean ruffles and vests that are attached by only one side to the frock, or any sort of lace or net trimming that is not superimposed on the cloth or silk by laying the dress on a table and pulling out the ruffles or vest or whatever it is, putting white paper under it and sifting borax thickly over it. Then place another piece of paper on the top and put on a weight—an old flat-iron will do. Leave it for several hours. But be very careful in doing this that the borax does not touch the material of the frock, or it will fade it.

Old laces that are very much soiled can be made to look like new by steeping. Make a rather strong suds of white or naphtha soap and warm water. Pour this into an old preserve jar and put the lace in. Place it in a sauceman of boiling water and let it boil slowly for an hour.

When the lace is taken from the jar it should not be rubbed, but simply rinsed in cool water and then pinned out to dry. Real lace should never be ironed, as this always flattens the threads and takes away the new look. Squeeze out the water carefully with the hands and lay the lace face down on a board. An ironing board can be used for this purpose if you cover one end with a clean piece of old muslin, stretched very tight over it and pinned on the wrong side of the board. Now pin each point of the lace through to the board, taking care, in the case of collars or vests, that the proper shape is preserved, because as the lace is pinned so will it be when it is dry. The lace should be stretched just a little bit, but be careful not to strain it. If put in properly, the pins do not leave any mark and the lace will look as it did when it came from the shop. When quite dry, gently pull the points into shape.

Very old lace, brown with the stains of age,

can be brought back to its former beauty by steeping in milk in a preserve jar placed in a pan of boiling water. After the stains have been removed the lace should be gently squeezed through warm, soapy water.

Real lace seldom requires stiffening, but the imitations sometimes look better if a little starch is used.

To freshen dingy black lace it should be steeped with cold tea and then stiffened with a very thin solution of gum arabic and water. It can be pinned on a board or pressed under two layers of tissue paper with a warm iron.

If you have a black ostrich plume or tip on your hat, that needs recurling, first brush it lightly with a soft bonnet brush and shake it to remove the dust. Then put the teakettle on the fire and let it boil until the steam comes out of the spout. Hold the back of the feather in this steam until the plumes are nearly straight, but be careful to hold it far enough away from the spout so that it will not get wet. While the feather is still a little damp and flexible, run the hand along the back and press the plumes down very gently on either side and bend the tip of the feather a little bit. To curl it, hold the feather in the left hand with the outside or back of the feather toward you. With a silver table knife begin to curl from the base of the feather. Take about fifteen or twenty of the plumes, and, holding them with the forefinger, draw the ends over the edge of the knife toward you. By doing this you will cause them to curl back over your finger. Pass the knife several times under the plumes to "set" the curl. Start at the right side of the feather and curl up toward the tip; but make the curl looser and looser as you get nearer the tip. And at the extreme end of the tip curl only the ends of the plumes. When the tip is finished, start down the left side toward the base and try to keep the feather in perfect proportion on both sides. All this is very much easier than it sounds.

It is the fashion at present to have a very fluffy tip to a feather. Milliners make the tip look twice as big as it otherwise would be by making what they call "a pass." When curling the tip, take up with the end of the knife three or four plumes on the extreme point of the tip. Give them a sharp bend and twist by holding the edges of the knife at the root. This should make them fall across the stem toward the other end. Repeat the same thing on the opposite side of the feather. Two or three times on each side is enough.

A dirty white ostrich feather can be washed in soapsuds made of white soap, then rinsed in cold water and hung up to dry. Or it can be cleaned with salts of lemon, which you can buy at any druggist's. But in either case it should be steamed before curling in, exactly the same way as the black feather.

A spot of any kind on the front of a dress or waist spoils its appearance and worse still makes the wearer look untidy and sloppy. Yet, in spite of all our care, something is sure to be spilled on the very frock we like best. And the exasperating thing about a grease spot is the obstinacy with which it will reappear after apparently being successfully sponged off. The spot vanishes for a while, but at the first contact with the dust it is again in evidence. The trouble is, the grease has been there all the time,—only the dust has been removed. Now you can get

grease out of a woolen coat or frock in two ways,—by absorption or by dissolving the grease with a cleansing fluid, such as naphtha, alcohol, turpentine, etc. Grease spots caused by milk, butter, greasy foods, or almost anything except oil, should be treated in the following manner: Carefully brush all the dust from the material. If the grease spot is fresh it can be easily removed with a piece of blotting paper and a hot iron. Or if you have not any blotting paper handy you can use a piece of brown manilla paper such as bundles are wrapped in. Cut two pieces of paper a little larger than the spot and put one on the right and one on the wrong side of the material. Then iron this piece of paper until all the grease has been absorbed. If there is a great deal of grease it will be necessary to use several pieces of paper until it has all been absorbed. If the spot on the garment has been there a long time, it should be treated in exactly the same way. When all the grease that can be extracted by this method has been removed, cover the spot thickly with powdered French chalk. Let the powder remain on the place for four or five hours and then cover the whole with blotting paper, press with a warm iron and brush thoroughly.

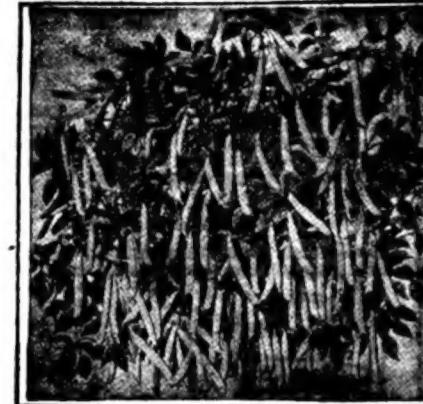
If you want to sponge a small spot off a dark serge or other woolen dress with soap and water, you can prevent the water forming a ring where the sponging stops, by drawing a chalk line on the cloth about one inch beyond the outer edge of the spot. Then make a thick suds of soap and water and rub towards the center of the spot. This will prevent the spreading of the grease, and the ring of chalk will absorb the water. Lay a piece of white cloth over the dampened place, press with a warm iron and when dry brush off the chalk. A grease spot caused by axle grease should first be rubbed with olive oil or lard until the grimy particles have been removed. Then take out the oil with blotting paper and a hot iron in the manner already described, and complete the process by rubbing with a cloth moistened with alcohol. Machine oil can be taken out with alcohol or turpentine. Vaseline can only be removed with turpentine. Pour the liquid into a saucer, immerse the soiled spot and let it remain there for several hours. Sometimes it may be necessary to change the turpentine two or three times

before a particularly stubborn spot can be eradicated. When all the grease has disappeared, cover with blotting paper and press with a warm iron.

Silks should be cleaned with gasoline or naphtha, but be careful not to use it near a light or a fire, or it will explode.

Ink stains can be removed with milk. If possible, dip the spotted portion of the dress in a small saucer of milk and place it in a warm room. By the time the milk has soured the stain will have disappeared. The action is quicker with sour milk than with sweet, because it is the lactic acid contained in the milk that removes the spot. The milk can then be removed like any other grease spot.

Never throw away old corsets until you are quite sure you cannot use them again. Many a pair has been given a new lease of life by careful washing and mending. Lay the corsets out on the kitchen table or any other smooth surface that will not be injured by water and then dip a nail brush or any small firm brush in hot water, rub it on a cake of naphtha soap and then scrub all over the corsets, paying particular attention to all spots and brown streaks. Rinse well and if not clean, scrub again. Dry quickly in the sun or before a fire to prevent the steels from rusting. Now go over the corsets carefully, mending every place that needs it and putting a small piece of muslin under any spots where the material seems very much worn. Corsets will shrink a little when washed in this way, but they will soon pull into shape again after they have been worn but a very short time.



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A beautiful treatment for the dining-room may be had by the use of a good quality of cretonne in Colonial design, showing roses in deep dull reds and soft greens. It will add a note of cheerfulness and brightness to any dining-room in which it is used. If double doors separate this room from another, portieres of plain old-rose homespun will finish the room most charmingly.

A beautiful effect can be created in a Colonial living-room by using one of the new English chintz patterns of cretonne which are printed on a black ground. Secure a pattern showing a delightful combination of flowers and birds in typical chintz colorings, and the dull black background by contrast makes it doubly charming.

The making of new furnishings in crochet and linen for the home means just so many additions to the housewife's store of durable things, since the materials will wear for years and yet preserve their beauty.

Modern reproductions of antique crochet in bird, animal and floral patterns are among the special favorites for chair-back pieces, tray covers and cushion tops, while conventional running patterns for insertions and edgings are combined with linens for bed and couch-covers, table-covers, scarfs and cushions. Coverlets and tides of a century ago are rich in quaint and beautiful designs for adaptation.

Cushion designs in all crochet are made more striking in effect when lined with silk or satin in a contrasting color. Linen thread or carpet warp should be used for a living-room cushion, with a lining of green or gold, and white thread in a bedroom nap pillow, over blue, pink or yellow.

Little Charms for the Home

By Pearl U. Dougherty

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It is surprising what a difference pretty candle shades make to the appearance of the dinner table. Candles are undoubtedly most becoming, and a very charming effect is produced if the candle lights are the only lights in the room.

Color has far more influence upon our feelings and tempers than we ever realize. Often have we felt a strange depression when we entered a room, while then again, another room will inspire one with cheerfulness and brightness. It is all a question of color, and color is an important point to be considered when you are choosing your candle shades.

Avoid blues, greens and mauves, as they shed a weird and sickly light. Pink, orange and red are good, and a pale lemon may also be used, but a medium shade of yellow with a brown tone in it, is to be avoided.

When your table is adorned with red, pink or yellow flowers, match them in silk or paper for your candle shades. When using violets, have candle shades of pale pink; and pale yellow shades for blue flowers. It is quite easy to make these candle shades, and far cheaper than buying them ready made.

For a foundation, use little wire frames, and always use an asbestos frame underneath. With regard to material, for economy's sake, paper can be used and very excellent results can be obtained; or one can often pick up cheap remnants of chiffon or silk that make charming shades.

A very attractive shade can be produced by purchasing a remnant of chiffon that shades from cream to deepest orange. Gather in full ruchings, the colors graduating from the cream at the base to the orange at the top, and with the aid of a few vases of flowers to match them, say poppies or roses, your dinner table will be a vision of beauty.

Empire shades are very easy to make and are very fashionable. Paper, chiffon or silk in any hue you may choose, is arranged on a round foundation in flat plait or folds. At the top and base of each shade a row of very tiny rosebuds or other small flowers is sewed. These flowers may be made of paper, or cloth and silk ones can be purchased at the millinery shops. The shades are finished with a narrow row of glass bead trimming. This trimming you can purchase by the yard, is not expensive, and is everlasting wear, and can be used for quite a number of different shades. It glistens and sparkles in the light like dewdrops.

Another shade is very easy to make and are very fashionable. Paper, chiffon or silk in any hue you may choose, is arranged on a round foundation in flat plait or folds. At the top and base of each shade a row of very tiny rosebuds or other small flowers is sewed. These flowers may be made of paper, or cloth and silk ones can be purchased at the millinery shops. The shades are finished with a narrow row of glass bead trimming. This trimming you can purchase by the yard, is not expensive, and is everlasting wear, and can be used for quite a number of different shades. It glistens and sparkles in the light like dewdrops.

A very pretty idea can be carried out in making the candle shades in the form of the flowers you are using upon the table. For a carnation table, make a number of tissue paper, chiffon, or silk petals to match the color of your carnations and stitch or paste rows of these petals round and round a foundation until it looks like one large carnation. Roses and chrysanthemums can be designed in the same manner. The single petal flowers may also be copied. The writer has some much-admired shades made of red silk in the form of a big single tulip, while a friend of mine had her table adorned with very charming pink chiffon shades representing the morning-glory blossom.

Another charm for the home is created in the attractive way in which a housewife curtains her windows. Glass doors are now very popular for the inside of the house, and when they open from the dining-room into the living-room a net or thin silk is often stretched from rods, top and bottom, to break the view while the dining table is being set. This treatment adds a charm and interest to the doors. A small figured pattern often looks well, but it should be unobtrusive in design.

A very charming bedroom can be produced by draping the windows in soft yellow linen, edged with a cream fringe. Arranged in box plait, it

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COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

I HAD planned this month to tell you about the various events that led up to, and caused the outbreak of this hideous war, but all that is in the past and can wait. What is most necessary at the present moment, in this, COMFORT's Home number, is to impress on you that if you want to retain your homes and keep the land you love from slavery, and save your wives, mothers, sisters and daughters being debauched by German soldiers, you've got to wake up and hustle as you never hustled before. You've got to save and sacrifice, plan and scheme as you never planned before, and you've got to fight the devil of despair, distrust and discouragement and meet every loss, even the loss of your beloved kin, as the Spartan mother of old met the loss of her hero son.

"Why send our young men to fight the battles of France and England in Europe? Why not keep our army at home to defend America when the Germans come over here to attack us?" These are questions that we frequently hear. The answers are simple and convincing.

First. We are not fighting the battles of France and England. For three and a half years they have been fighting our battles as much as their own. That world-conquest is the aim of Germany and that the Kaiser's plan from the first has been to attack America as soon as he's done with Europe, is proven beyond a doubt by his declarations quoted in recent bulletins issued by our Government.

Second. If we did not send our army over to help the Allies, we should have to fight Germany after this war is over, and make the fight all by ourselves without the help or sympathy of any other nation on earth.

Third. What suicidal idiocy it would be to have our homes ravaged with fire and sword by choosing America instead of Europe as the battle-ground of our war with Germany!

Some idea of what French and Belgian homes have suffered from the fiendish cruelty of the German invaders can be had from the following statement of a reliable eye-witness.

A prominent New York minister, who has spent some months on the battle-fronts of Europe, speaking from his pulpit recently said: "The traveler of whatsoever country who has lingered for two or three months in Belgium or France has gone away a permanently saddened man. German efficiency has chiefly manifested itself in the last three years in the discovery of the science of torturing your brothers and sisters and mine. The mere catalogue of the things my eyes have seen would take weeks. I have seen a tract of devastated territory as large as Long Island where the Germans left behind not one single apple tree, peach or pear, not one single house, not one single schoolhouse, not one tiny barn, poisoning wells and driving of the flocks. In a small village of 3,000 inhabitants the young and the middle-aged had gone. The Germans looked in vain for a man to kill. They sent word to every house that the old men must come out. There were men 70 to 90 years old. Here is (as he showed) a photograph of the dead men in heaps—thirty of them. Two of them have their pipes still in their mouths—simple aged peasants with garments telling how simple and innocent their lives were."

Consider the German philosophy of militarism. Just as a bitter spring gives forth bitter water, just so from a bitter philosophy comes forth the fruit of cruel deeds. What is German philosophy? I can take it out of the Kaiser's own documents. This war began in conference in the Potsdam Palace in 1892. A paper was laid in the hands of 500 Germans called to the palace. The pamphlet distributed by the Kaiser begins with these words:

"The Pan-German Empire: From Hamburg on the North Sea to the Persian Gulf. Our immediate goal, 250,000,000 of people; our ultimate goal the Germanization of all the world."

It is the necessary and logical result of German philosophy and her Pan-Germanic ambition that she has the right to win by whatever means she may. Don't you see the logical and inevitable result of this philosophy upon the German officer and the German soldier?

"On the morning that the Germans left the town of Gerbeville, the Prefect arrived with his three daughters and began work immediately. The Prefect said to a woman, the wife of the secretary to the Mayor: 'Tell us about the murder of your husband.' She began in a low voice, and told her story. 'It was about ten o'clock when they came. They asked for the young men and there were none. My husband was much older than I was. They lined up fifteen of the old men and shot them. They took all the rest of them, led them out into a large field and shot them too.' And the Prefect said, 'And your boy?' She replied: 'They found him in the garret. They took him down the road and I found him later hanging to a pear tree. I cut him down, took out his blackened tongue to ease his labored breath, and sprinkled his face with water. Back the Germans came, and while a lieutenant held my arms, another soldier poured oil on my boy's head and clothes. They set fire to him and while he staggered about, a flaming torch, they shrieked with laughter. There is one thing I regret. I made him die twice.'

"There was a little town of 275 people to which the Germans came in their retreat. In a little stone house a story and a half high, lived a young woman whose husband was at the front, and her baby. Her two sisters also tried to find a place of safety there. The Germans ordered them out. Twelve men were told off in squads of four. Each squad was directed to shoot one of the sisters. They shot the girl of sixteen, they shot the girl of seventeen and they shot the third. They had no guns, these women and children—nothing to defend themselves with. What if I should speak to you of the girl of fourteen who was nailed to the outside door of a cottage by her hands. What if I tell you of the hundreds and hundreds of young girls and women with mutilated breasts, and for this reason: Every German soldier is examined for syphilis by the surgeon of the regiment and only the healthy ones receive a card giving access to the camp women. If a syphilitic German contaminates a camp woman this disease is handed on to his brother and that means he will be shot. This syphilitic soldier therefore finds his only chance with the captured French girls, but having contaminated the girl he fears

that she in turn will contaminate the next German soldier, therefore he mutilates her body to warn others away. The girl's life weighs nothing against the German soldier's lust or the possibility of the brute handing his contamination to the next soldier."

Casper Whitney, who has just returned from France, writing in the New York Tribune, says: "Nine months ago we entered the war. Today we are giving no land aid to our Allies in a military sense, while we are drawing on them for our equipment." And what is our enemy doing? Behold the lines in that section of the country abandoned by the Italians, thanks to German intrigue and propaganda, which converted brave and victorious men into panic-stricken weaklings, causing them to run like rabbits, these same men who have now regained their sense and courage can hear the screams of their outraged women and can see the smoke ascending from their burning homes, from which every atom of furniture and everything of value has been removed by their conquerors. How the poor women and children, the sick and the aged, who were left behind in that mad retreat are faring, can be glimpsed from the following proclamation issued by the Austro-German authorities. Read this proclamation carefully, for the same medicine awaits you if the Hun is victorious and sets foot upon these shores:

"A house-to-house search will be made for all concealed arms, weapons and ammunition. All victuals remaining in a house must be delivered up. All workmen and children over fifteen years of age must work in the fields every day, Sunday included, from four o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock in the evening. (That's 16 hours a day.) Lazy workmen will be accompanied in their work and watched by Germans. After the harvest they will be imprisoned for six months, and every third day be given nothing but bread and water. Lazy women will be obliged to work and after the harvest will receive six months' imprisonment. Lazy children will be punished by beating. The commandant reserves to himself the right to punish lazy workmen with twenty lashes daily."

There you have the Hun, and now you know how he makes war. Remember you have got to live war, breathe war, think war day and night—sweat, toil, plan, scheme and sacrifice—for this is not merely a war of arms, but of nations. You are as much on the firing line as the boys in the trenches, and it is only as you put every pound of your hearts and souls into this awful and bloody struggle that you can save civilization from going to smash, your country being plunged hellward to destruction and the United States of America from becoming an annex and slave-pen of brutal, barbaric, diabolical Prussia.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers, and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems on the Story Book in ribbed silk covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best Christmas gifts in the world.

My picture book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter, is Maria her ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the picture book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie Books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

BUCKLIN, MO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I am a girl twelve years old. I have no sisters or no brothers. I have brown hair and brown eyes. I am going to school and am in the sixth grade. Teacher's name is Miss Olive Arbuckle. We gave an entertainment and pie supper and had a fine time. I was in two dialogues, pantomime, and ten songs. After the program the auctioneer sold the pies. They sold for \$43.41. Uncle Charlie, you should have been here to attend our pie supper. know you would have enjoyed it. We have bought \$13.21 worth of books, coal bed price \$1.00, water bucket price \$1.00 and a dipper price 25 cents. Our teacher is going to order a heavy wire and put over the windows so the tramps can't get into the schoolhouse. We are bothered with tramps considerably as our schoolhouse is so close to the railroad. I am janitor at school this year. My teacher says I can make such good fires, and that I always sweep and dust the classroom so nicely. There are 20 pupils in our school. We have a very nice school. We have taken COMFORT for three years. With good wishes to all, ROSA CHYRENKA.

Thank you, Rosa, for your delightful letter. I'm glad you have Miss Arbuckle for your teacher, for a lady with that name, even though she may be shy in classic lore, and be unable to impart to you the mysteries of the differential calculus and the puzzling problems of the fourth dimension, will surely at least be able to teach you how to make a cup of good coffee. I deeply regret that I could not have been present at that pie scramble. Fancy selling forty-three dollars worth of pies!!! It seems a crime to blow in all that money for concentrated indigestion and diversified dyspepsia when every available dollar is needed to fight the Kaiser. I'll bet some foxy pro-German doctor promoted that pie sale with a view to killing off some likely soldier material for any man who can fight a Missouri pie could lick a million Germans. Maybe an undertaker went halves with him on the profit derived from burying the victims. I'm glad to know however, Rosa, that you got something out of that pie supper besides indigestion. It takes genius to get thirteen dollars worth of books out of pies, and I'm wondering whether the coal bed and the water bucket came out of a mince or a pumpkin pie? I think it was a very wise, sensible idea to invest twenty-five cents in a dipper. A dipper is always handy to have around when a pie won't

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MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. R-3 CHICAGO

digest. It's not as scientific as a stomach pump, but it gets just as good results. I am delighted to know that a flag was evolved from the pie scramble. Take my advice and don't display that flag when La Follette and Bill Stone are around or they are liable to appropriate it and hand it over to the Kaiser. I think it is mean to use wire to keep the tramps out of the schoolhouse. In all probability the tramps just dropped in to finish their education or maybe to finish the pies. I am glad to know, Rosa, that you can make good fires. If you want, however, to make a real good fire, you'll have to get a few pointers from the Kaiser's spies and agents who are doing their best to burn up everything that is in the country. Nine boys and eleven girls does not seem quite fair to the girls. Why not steal a couple of those tramps and even up matters.

ATHEL, WASH.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I am a Swede without American schooling. You don't know how I am against this war. I don't think that what the countries are fighting for is worth the life of one of our boys. It is our rulers that are making the war. When they declare war why don't they go and fight each other and not force our boys to go and kill each other's boys, boys that are innocent. I am studying these things, but cannot see into them. Uncle Sam asks for healthier babies. It sounds like a farmer raising a bunch of pigs, feed them well until they are ready for the butcher. Believe me, the babies that die when they are born are better off than the ones that grow up. I am the mother of a big family of boys and girls but wish I had never married and never had any children. I have not any in the army now but one year from now I suppose they will take my son and I won't stand it. Very truly, MRS. GEO. OLDEREN.

During the last fifty years, and especially during the last quarter of a century, men and nations, or at least some men and nations, have been striving desperately to find some other way of settling national disputes than by war. The Hague Peace Palace built by Andrew Carnegie is evidence of that newer, better and more Christ-like spirit that was gradually spreading in many corners of the earth. Germany alone, stood in the way of arbitration and universal peace. All the differences between France and Great Britain and between Great Britain and America, that a century ago would have been settled only by the sword and frightful slaughter, were adjusted by Christian gentlemen seated around a conference table, settling and arranging those differences by mutual concessions instead of by slaughter. Just before this terrible war broke out, Great Britain and other peace-loving nations made desperate efforts to stave off the frightful world conflict in which we are now engaged. But all efforts at arbitration were utterly useless. Der Tag, that is the Day, for which Germany has been praying and preparing for nearly half a century had arrived. The mad ambitions of one degenerate king and the military robbers and murderers that surrounded him could not be restrained. All the efforts of good men and women, all the praying and preaching went overboard in a second. The German sword leaped from its scabbard and humanity had to protect itself or go down into the dust and be slaves to the worst military despotism the world has ever known. The German mothers did not attempt to restrain their sons. They scattered flowers in their path and urged their soldier boys to murder other mothers' sons, enslave other mothers' daughters and return victorious with the bloody trophies of conquest. And there lies the trouble. It is useless for the mothers of one nation to say, "My boy shall not fight," while the mothers of another and neighboring nations say, "My son shall fight whenever called upon, and I'll back him up and help him fight with all my strength and power." When all the mothers of all nations can rise as one and say, "We will bear no more children until the sword is put aside forever," then there will be no more war. We must however act together, otherwise the son of the peaceful mother will be killed or made a slave by the son of the war-like mother. A train packed with Allied wounded, mostly Canadians, drew up at a small town in

Germany. The men were loaded in cattle trucks reeking with filth; their wounds were festering, for nearly three days and nights they had been crowded on those cars without food or water, suffering the torments of hell. They were burning up with fever. They pleaded for water. German mothers brought water to the cars, held it within a few inches of the parched lips of the wounded, then dashed the water on the ground and cursed the wounded and spat in their faces. This is God's truth, and that is the spirit and the temper of the German woman today and the spirit of the German nation, and until you change the point of view of those women and their men, other mothers' sons must fight and die, for as long as that spirit exists in the world, there can be no peace or security, nothing on God's green earth that is worth while for any of us. If Sweden, your motherland, dear friend, were being attacked, you would send your boys to fight for her, but, alas, you have not the same feeling for the land of your adoption that you have for the land of your birth, and that is why so many other mothers situated as you are, care only for peace, even peace with dishonor, peace with national death, rather than the sacrifice which other mothers have made all down the ages, that liberty and freedom may live. To say that what this country is fighting for is not worth the life of one boy is not only absolutely false but shows a spirit of hostility to this your adopted land, unworthy the great race from which you spring, and ignorance that is appalling and terrible to contemplate. Never did a nation fight for a more glorious cause, a war upon war, and if every mother will be loyal and true to this, her country and her God, in this tremendous hour of world tribulation, we can capture and arraign at the bar of eternal justice the murderous wretches who planned, plotted and started this bloody conflict which has plunged millions of mothers' sons into eternity, and we can make war forever more impossible and bring peace upon earth. You, my dear woman, could not live in peace in Washington unless other mothers' sons had fought and bled to subdue savage tribes and made the country where you live habitable, and the strong arm of the law in the shape of other mothers' sons has to reach out and give you its protection or the lawless would soon take from you what you have and probably take the life of yourself and your children as well. This is still a world in which force and might rule. We are striving desperately to replace the rule of the brute with the higher standards of love, justice and righteousness. You must help in that fight if we would reach those higher heights where war shall be no more. If we fail in our duty now, other mothers' sons will have to fight on and on through unnumbered centuries, to regain what we by our cowardice would lose if we all adopted your attitude. Be brave, my dear woman, and if you have any complaints to make, vent your spleen upon Prussia and its rulers, for it is they and not Uncle Sam, who plunged the world into this bloody and awful war. Norway has had 600 of her ships sunk and 5,000 of her sailors drowned by Germany, and she is a neutral nation. Have you no pity for her? No condemnation for the wretches by whose orders such vile deeds are committed?

Somewhere in France.
Battery A, 7th Regiment, C. A. C.
American Expeditionary Force.
Via New York.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
As I haven't seen COMFORT for some time, nor heard from any of the cousins, I thought I would drop you a line to find out how you were all getting along. The part of France we are in is beautiful. The only fault I have to find is that it rains nearly every day here and it gets awfully muddy. I would like to tell you just what part of France we are in, but you know I'm not allowed to write about that, but will say I have seen thousands of German prisoners since I have been here. This is a good farming country, and they raise all kinds of vegetables, wheat and potatoes. We had a very nice voyage across, I only got seasick once, that was our twelfth day (CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

in January. I saw an orange grove that contained one thousand acres. From Florida we went to Alabama then to St. Charles, Louisiana, where there is an aviation camp. To say everything was interesting is putting it mildly and if I hadn't seen things with my own eyes I would have doubted that they could be done.

I think this war is awful. I wish it would cease. I have two cousins in the army but my husband has not been called yet. If it becomes necessary for him to go I will let him go willingly, even though it will be hard to see him go. We have two children, a little girl four years old and a baby boy two years old.

I am a blonde, five feet, six inches tall and weigh one hundred and twenty pounds. Am twenty-three years old.

Love to all the sisters.

MRS. J. E. POLK.

Mrs. Polk.—You didn't say how cold it had been in Alabama, but if it was any colder than the 36 degrees below zero that we enjoyed (?) here you have my sympathy. However, it isn't as cold as that usually and our Maine summers make up for a lot of unpleasant winter weather. Why don't you take a trip up this way some time?—Ed.

TRIBBET, OKLA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: In reply to A. B.'s inquiry about California beer seeds, they are started from sorghum that is made when the cane is in such a stage that it causes the molasses to clabber. Dissolve the molasses and there will be a yellow sediment left in the dish. Put fresh, sweetened water on this sediment every two or three days, first drain off the stale water and in a few days they will begin to grow. Then you have what is called California beer seed. It is used for a table beverage.

Wishing COMFORT and all its readers success,

JENNIE COON.

LAWLET, ALA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: In the November issue of COMFORT we read a letter from a "Soldier's Sweetheart" who said she thought it was a disgrace for a boy to be drafted into the army. We have brothers and sweethearts who were drafted but we don't think it is a disgrace. They loved us so well that they would not leave us until they had to. And we do not call them cowards because they were drafted for we know they will serve their country as well and fight as bravely as though they had enlisted. What do the sisters think about this?

Best wishes to all,

MAE AND ALICE BEARDEN.

MINN.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I am a young girl of sixteen, but many people think I am older because they say I have such "womanly ways." Well, it is not much to wonder at if I have as I am housekeeper for my Dad. My Mother died when I was ten years old. How I miss her! Many, yes, thousands of times, I have cried myself sick in my loneliness for her. When she died she left a ten days' old baby boy. He is still living and has as good a home as can be found. He is treated like one of the family. God bless the dear people that take care of him. I have four brothers older than myself and four younger and a sister eleven years old. Three of my brothers registered but have not been drafted at this writing. How I wish the war would end! But I suppose when our country calls, the call must be heeded. I would be proud to see my brothers wearing Uncle Sam's uniform and even to have them give their lives for the country we all love, but it would mean a vacant place that could never be filled.

I have a ten-room house to care for and keep clean and at present I am taking care of my fourteen-year-old brother. He was accidentally shot in the foot by my older brother so I am playing Red Cross Nurse now. Besides that I have the cooking to do and sometimes I am very tired but still I am proud of my position. We are poor people, my father is in debt and sometimes it is very hard to get along.

Some of you will be shocked when I tell you that I have had a boy friend and that we have kept steady company for two years. He is twenty-one years old. We have promised to be true to each other, and we have been. My brothers all like him and know him to be a "right sort of fellow." I want to ask the sisters something. Am I doing right in keeping company with him when I am so young? I don't care a snap for other boys.

God bless you every one, dear sisters, and think of me once in a while.

A MOTHERLESS GIRL.

COTZ, COLO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: Since my first letter appeared in COMFORT I have been nearly swamped with letters from all over the United States, most of them asking for information in regard to homesteading in this part of the country—some were thoughtful enough to enclose stamps and I have been glad to favor them with what information I could give. Several others have written, apparently anxious for replies, but neglected to enclose postage, consequently I must answer them through the columns of this paper. I hope they will not be offended, but homesteading is not very prosperous business the first year and I just can't afford it.

First, I wish to thank those who made suggestions as to breaking my twin's the dirt-eating habit and, I am glad to inform you that, as Mrs. Welsh of Kansas writes, "The habit just gradually wore off," and I did not have occasion to try the remedies suggested.

There is no more vacant land in this vicinity to be taken under the homestead law, as all parts of this valley were settled years ago. There are a great many homesteads taken up about thirty miles from here but I do not know whether there are any left or not. I cannot advise anyone with small means to try to make a living on a homestead. Unless you can clear, plow and fence your place, build your house and have enough to live on the first year, you'd better stay where you are until you can save enough to do so. I know whereof I speak for we are getting that experience right now and it is pretty hard scratching.

I want to inform all those who sent me the endless chain prayer, eight in all, that I have let it go unanswered, and broken the chain to smother them. I considered it a piece of foolishness. It might have been practiced in the days of the Salem witchcraft, when people were superstitious enough to do anything, but in these days when people are educated and know there is nothing to it—why poster people with a piece of nonsense gotten up by some one years ago. If you want to pray for the welfare of our soldiers and sailors, don't send these mimic prayers through the mail but go at it in the right way.

Sincerely a COMFORT sister.

MRS. FRANK VAUGHN.

HIGH POINT, 408 Willowbrook, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT many years and have enjoyed the Sisters' Corner very much.

Worried Mother, I have a little boy three years old that has acquired bad habits just as your little boy has. He learned his rude ways from some of the children with whom he played, and I cannot seem to break him of his saucy talk. He will strike at his father or me when we try to make him obey. I would like to have advice from the sisters, for punishing or talking does not do any good.

I have had two little boys but my baby was taken away when he was seven months old and oh, how I miss him. The outfit I made for my babies is as follows: Three shirts, three flannel petticoats, six bands (will send pattern for band to anyone wishing it and enclosing postage; it fits very nicely), twenty-four diapers, six everyday dresses, two fancy dresses, two blankets, 24x36 inches, and two muslin petticoats. I made all these myself. I think the sewing helps pass away the time. I use white material for everything for I think baby looks sweeter in white. As for the cap and coat, I did not make those until the baby came.

I am twenty-three years old, five feet, five and one half inches tall, have blue eyes and a fair skin. Have been married nearly five years to one of the best of Clydes.

With love and best wishes to all,

MRS. LILLIE ROUTH.

NORFOLK, R. R. 3, NEB.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON: I have received many helpful suggestions from the Sisters' Corner and am now going to ask a personal favor. Will some of the sisters, living in the corn belt of the Southern states, write to me. I want to know about the climate, how extreme, and the kind



By Elise Ward Morris

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THE screened end of the wide back porch was invitingly cool. The vines that clung to wire netting outside the screens made a protecting shade for the neatly set dinner table. The big kitchen, opening onto the porch, its bare floor scrubbed snowy white, was neat and orderly. The stove stood at one side, cold and neglected, though it was the dinner hour and already the men were coming in from the field. At breakfast time the fire had been allowed to go out, now the temperature of the entire house was cool despite the midsummer sun. The men, as they stepped onto the wide, unscreened end of the porch, called out a cheerful, "All ready," to the smiling woman who was busily removing smoking articles from a mysterious looking box.

As the little group seated itself to a well-prepared meal of hot roast and vegetables with ice cold milk fresh from the cellar, one of the group stared about him with interested eyes. The new help who had been hired that morning, had come from another farm in the same community. His last employer's wife had a reputation for good things to eat.

Mrs. Simpson, his present hostess, hesitatingly asked him if he liked some particular dish.

"Why, Mrs. Simpson, I would like anything when you serve it this way out here, cool and with no flies and no heat. How in the world did you happen to think of it, and how did you cook a meal without a fire in the stove? How did you do it all?"

Mrs. Simpson smiled and nodded at the young woman who sat at her left.

"When she came here seven years ago to teach the rural school, we were all pretty ignorant, but we knew we wanted to learn. One day I asked her advice about some questions not taught in schools. I asked her how to make the children satisfied so they would not want to go away. I asked her how to make them all happier, and this is what she told me:

"Make your home more comfortable and happy. Have a bright sitting-room for them, even though there may be two beds in the room. Give them what they will like to eat, even though it may be the same old articles of food prepared in a different way. Make a home for them if you would give them a right vision of living."

To Mrs. Simpson these words had meant almost nothing. How was she to know how an attractive sitting-room looked; how was she to know ways of cooking the homely every-day foods, other than what she had always done? She realized that these things were possible, but how was she to know?

When, several years later, this same young school teacher, Mrs. Myra Tandy, was made secretary of the Middle Tennessee Home Makers' Association, she saw the necessity of more than advice to improve home conditions in the country. The rural world is filled with women who are eager to learn, but, like Mrs. Simpson, they do not know the very opening sentence in this book of home science. The Home Makers' Association is not only telling the farm women in Tennessee that perfectly baked bread will keep the family better satisfied, but it is showing the most simple and scientific methods of baking.

The majority of the wives of prosperous farmers are excellent housekeepers by inheritance and by training; but the other percent have homes and families too. The woman who has the knowledge and efficiency to make home comfortable frequently lacks the opportunity to put her knowledge into execution. When she must walk a quarter of a mile down a steep hill to the spring for every bucket of water, she does not feel encouraged to use it very frequently in scrubbing. When she must go out in bad weather for every piece of wood she burns, she is not tempted to cook those articles of food that require long baking, but substitutes the easier method of frying over a quick fire.

I chanced one day on a boy down South, who was working industriously in a half-acre tobacco patch.

"I have to work lots longer than other folks," he explained, "because I ain't got but a half a hoe."

The same plucky spirit is being shown by the farmer's wife. The farmer considers it a good business proposition to buy a wheat binder on the installment plan, but would he consider a fireless cooker bought on the same terms a good investment, too?

The farmer cannot harvest a crop of wheat without first of all putting his field in condition through systematic ploughing and sowing. He must have the proper implements, too, to work with. And so the farmer's wife is waking to the need of better preparation and better implements for her work.

Only by organizing the women of each community into clubs with a regular plan of work mapped out, can real results be accomplished. This is what the Home Makers' Association did first of all. Because the women have recognized a need of better training for home work on the farm, the Home Makers' Association is sending out trained workers to lecture on home economics and to tell the women in the country of the new labor-saving devices.

One woman, who had always kept one servant to help her and who, even with assistance, found the work overtaxing, discharged her help one desperate day and made a reckless plunge for freedom. She borrowed two hundred dollars from the bank at six percent, giving a mortgage on a tract of land, to which she held the deed, as security. She used every cent of the money in the house, every cent in the kitchen, I might

almost say. A fireless cooker, a washing machine, a bread mixer, a cream separator, a vacuum cleaner, a kitchen cabinet,—every article that saved time, steps and labor were purchased and put to use. Some of the articles were ordered through agents, some through the teacher sent out by the Home Makers' Association, but all were practical and easily obtained. In one year she had repaid her debt to the bank and had the household conveniences in perfect condition, and as there was no more need of a servant, she had that amount of money to spend in any manner she chose—on clothes or on an occasional trip.

It cannot be estimated in dollars and cents what has been saved the bread-winner of the family by the little food-chopper that clamps to the kitchen table. The kitchen cabinet that holds a miniature grocery store, protects the foods from dust, mice and germs, but this is one of the least of its advantages. By concentrating all the most used articles in one spot, miles of walking are saved the housewife. Each step saved means just that much energy stored up.

By using a fireless cooker, the mother and housewife can prepare her Sunday dinner and place it in the cooker before church hour. In place of remaining in the kitchen to labor all Sunday morning to have dinner ready when the rest of the family return from church, she, too, enjoys the service and comes home to a well-cooked dinner.

"This is a business proposition," explained Mrs. Stratton, president of the organization,—a farmer's wife. "We farmers' wives are as justified in buying implements to save labor in the house as our husbands are in buying modern implements to use on the farm. The treasury is never too low to buy the sulky plow that's needed; why should it be for the washing machine or the fireless cooker?"

When one particular community suffered a siege of typhoid, one woman, who had become familiar with the rules of sanitation and home hygiene through hearing talks given by the Home Makers' Association, at once recognized the cause. The trouble was corrected before further harm was done.

These are just a few of the things the Home Makers are trying to do and are really doing.

"But," said Mrs. Taylor Stratton, the moving spirit of the organization, "the real work to be done in the home is in keeping the young people satisfied. Ask any farmer's wife if she wants her daughter to marry a farmer. Of course she will say 'No!'"

There are two reasons why the women on the farm do not want their daughters subjected to a similar life. These are the unfair apportionment of the family income and the lack of modern conveniences. These two difficulties the Home Makers are trying to remedy.

Because the young people have no means of earning money of their own on the farm, they move to the city. By doing less work with shorter hours in factories or department stores, a definite amount of money can be made each week. What have they, they think, on the farm—board, clothes and a job they can't lose.

If the workman is worthy of his tools, so the woman who does, or is to do, her share of the work is worthy of remuneration. By simplifying home duties the women are allowed more time to themselves for congenial occupations or money-earning activities. If she has time to plant and cultivate violets, she can get a ready sale for them. So with mushrooms. If chickens are raised by scientific methods, they will bring much greater returns.

The girl who moves to the city to earn money does not realize that after board and necessities are met she does not have as much as could be made at home off one hundred fowl. The Home Makers' Association is telling the young girls of the country just how to raise chickens by the latest methods. The Home Makers are also working in co-operation with the Department of Agriculture in promoting an interest in the Girls' Tomato Club.

The Home Makers' Club was organized several years ago, in direct affiliation with the Farmers' Institute, for the purpose of giving to the women on the farm the same opportunities their husbands have so long enjoyed in coming together each year. The railroads have been very liberal in making rates that have enabled a great many country women to come to the state fair in the early fall when farm activities are dull. There for three days they meet together to hear useful lectures on every practical subject, from the care of the baby to a simplified system of water-works.

There is an Institute fee of one dollar that also entitles the members to the privileges of the printed matter on household subjects sent out during the year and to these yearly gatherings for an exchange of ideas. The aim is to organize community clubs and let each arrange its programs to be adaptable to its own conditions. Each club will know its own needs, and by a friendly exchange of ideas the burdens of daily life may be lightened. To bring housekeeping up to date, books on cooking and domestic science are purchased jointly by the club members, or may be borrowed free from the state library and kept out for several months.

As an auxiliary to the Farmers' Institute, the Home Makers' Club hopes to have a local club in each community with headquarters in the county seat. Improving home conditions for the farm woman cannot be accomplished in a few days, but by slow, steady growth and enlightenment. Only by the co-operation of women working together to appreciate the value of their own services and demanding fit compensation, can the world of farm folks be made more comfortable, more prosperous, and so more happy and contented.

and amount of crops raised, the price of land and healthfulness of climate. Will return postage and favor in any way I can.

Yours truly,

Mrs. JOY L. RANGE

DEAR EDITOR:

I am much interested in cooking and when I have some good recipes I like to pass them on, so I enclose some that I have tested and found good. I hope you will find space for them in our Corner.

I think the sentiment is very good. Surely we must try to do our best in whatever we do. I do not know the name of the author.

Yours for success,

MINNIE O. MACKINTOSH.

Do Your Best

"Do your best and not be troubled. Should some others better do, If your work should fail to please you, Don't give up, but strive anew."

"Do your best, for slighted labor Ne'er can satisfaction bring, Do it quickly, time is passing, You must seize it on the wing."

"Many duties lie before you, Trials oft your strength shall test, But you need not fret nor worry If you only do your best."

MINNIE MACKINTOSH.—Thanks for the recipes I tried some of them and found them all that you said. I know the COMFORT sisters are good cooks, most of them, and sometimes wonder why they don't send more recipes.—Ed.

MISSOURI

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: Will you admit a lonely Missouri sister into your cheerful circle? I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for many years and have read and enjoyed it since the days of Aunt Minerva and her owls.

Mrs. R. S. Shippe, your letter interested me very much and I am convinced there are many cases like yours, more the pity.

Brown Eyes, you are a sweet, brave little woman to win your husband away from his bad habits as you did and acted wisely and well. Many a woman in your place would have taken "father's" advice and left him, spoiling both your lives. Now your letter makes me feel that life is bright and happy to those who love and I believe it is the most glorious thing in the world. But my life has been pretty much of a failure because I refused the one I loved and would not listen to the pleadings of my heart but rushed blindly into marriage with another whom my parents favored and I thought if I were pleasing them I was doing my duty, regardless of my own feelings, but I found it was all a sad mistake and happiness is not always found in doing what you consider your duty. There is nothing, in my estimation, that causes more unhappiness than a mismatched marriage. And now I want your advice, sisters. For ten years I have tried to be a helpful, cheerful wife, so far as circumstances would permit and though in very poor health most of the time, I have often got my own

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

\$1 A Week
buys the
Black Beauty
Our plan puts this high-grade 1918 wheel in your hands at once. Easy payments; no need to "save up." We ship
On Approval Factory freight prepaid. Keep it if you like it—pay small deposit, then \$1 a

Sibyl's Influence

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

you, but you made me so angry, and you know I never could bear to be refused anything. Be good, now, and say you will help me; you would not like to see me driven from my present position, after holding it so many years," Ada said, striving to conciliate her companion, though such a fury of anger raged within her that she would have been glad to annihilate her on the spot could she have done so.

"No, Miss Ada, it has been a source of pride to me to know you were so well off, and I should grieve sorely should you have to lose all now. I will agree to help you in this thing until you marry and are settled in life; I will promise for nothing longer than that. Will that satisfy you?"

"I suppose it will have to, but having been brought up to expect everything, I am not going to lightly yield my claims at this late day."

"You are greedy, Miss Ada—as greedy as your poor father was, and, mark my words, you will yet over-reach yourself some fine day, and come to grief, as he did."

"Hold your tongue, Judith, and, once for all, it is decided that you will do as I want you to do!" Miss Therwin cried, almost beside herself with anger and impatience.

"I don't know whether it is or not," Madam Judith said, sullenly.

"Judith, you must—I will give you any amount that you have a mind to name, when once I can finger the gold in the Shirley coffers," she pleaded.

"You seem to have some doubt about the matter, it seems," Judith replied, with a leer, adding, as if she enjoyed tormenting for the moment her companion; "and taking all things into consideration your chance does look mighty slim."

"I was a fool to put any confidence in you, Jude; but I've done it now, and it can't be helped—only I have not quite committed myself beyond redemption yet, seeing I have not told you who the parties are. I would be willing to promise you five thousand pounds, though, if you would carry my plans out as I want you to."

"Well, well, Miss Ada, I don't pretend to any great amount of goodness, as you very well know, and I'm as glad to earn a handsome sum as any one I ever saw, only you've made me mad by throwing out so many slurs regarding the past, and I felt like kind of paying you back. I'll do your dirty work this time, if you'll agree to pay me well, but what's going to support me meantime?"

"Oh, I will take care that you have everything to make you comfortable; and now I want this thing accomplished just as soon as possible. You can take this, find yourself some comfortable rooms, and furnish them well, but not showily, and prepare yourself for the campaign before you. Just as soon as you are ready let me know," concluded Miss Therwin, handing her at the same time a folded bill.

Judith took it, deliberately unfolded it, and seemed satisfied with the result, for she said, more brightly than she had yet spoken:

"Well, I think you may expect to hear from me in the course of three or four days, at the earliest."

"All right, but be very cautious about making acquaintances or letting any one know aught of your business or past life."

"Never fear; I learned how to keep mum before even you were born, Miss Ada," she chuckled.

"Very well; but there is one other thing I wish you to speak about. I want you to dress in black, wear nice-looking though common caps, and lace kerchief; in fact, make yourself look just as attractive on very limited means as you possibly can."

"All right; but how are you going to manage the proofs? They will have to be pretty strong, in order to win all parties over to your side of the house."

"I will attend to that; the proofs that you will have in your possession will be incontestable," Miss Therwin replied, with a light in her eye which made her companion regard her in wonder.

"Good gracious, Miss Ada!" she said, "you look just as if there was a volcano inside of you, just ready to burst out at your eyes."

"Look out, then, that you don't arouse its slumbering fires," Ada said, striving to speak lightly, yet really feeling as if the woman's companion was not inapt.

"You will remember that henceforth your name is Sylvia Henrietta Stillman," Miss Therwin remarked, with a peculiar look and emphasis.

"Oh, yes, I shall not forget, since it is nothing new for me to change my name, you know." Judith returned, with a bitter laugh, while a bright spot settled upon either cheek. "I suppose," she added, a moment after, "that you will allow me to prefix the Mrs. before it for propriety's sake?"

"Certainly, it will be advisable for you to do so, at least, until you are ready to make your revelations and claim your long-lost comfort," responded Miss Therwin, coolly, and she saw her guest depart with a feeling of infinite relief and satisfaction.

"That thing is settled," she said. "Judith will not go back on her word, and there is no reason now why my plans should not succeed, if I can only make them believe it all. I must write to her ladyship, the Countess of Shirley, tonight, and if she is only as obliging as I have reason to hope she will be, all will go well."

CHAPTER XII.

HOLDING THE FORT.

Count Egbert Shirley, of Shirley Court, Lancaster, England, was a peer, descended from an old, illustrious and very wealthy family.

His country-seat was in Lancashire County, where he spent most of his time when Parliament was not in session, while at that time he was, of course, in London.

Very beautiful was the Countess Hortense, and a very queen in the brilliant circles in which she moved, both before and after her marriage.

Four lovely children had been born to them, every one of whom they had been deprived of, and at last, in their loneliness, they had adopted Ada Therwin, the only child of a distant relative of the countess.

The child was bright and promising, and the Lady Hortense, whose childless heart yearned for the motherless girl, resolved to take and care for her as her own, thinking thus to brighten in some degree her own desolate home.

She was proud of the girl's cleverness, her beauty and accomplishments, as she grew toward womanhood, but bitterly disappointed in the position which she manifested. She was cold and selfish beyond description; seeking only her pleasure and amusement, without a spark of gratitude for all the kind care which she had received for so many years.

She never displayed an atom of love for either the countess or her husband, and often exhibited impatience and irritability under their caresses which annoyed and distressed them beyond measure.

As Ada grew older, however, she began to realize more the necessity of yielding her will, and appearing to appreciate the care bestowed on her, if she cared to retain through life the position which they had given her as a child—that of a daughter. She began to realize what the daughter of Count Shirley would inherit—what vast possessions would be hers, as there was no one to whom they would descend by right—and gradually a change came over her. She was rather more submissive and gentle outwardly, though at heart she grew, if possible, more cold and selfish than ever.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

The Dandruff That Will Not Go

If someone were to line up all the women of the United States in a row, and say, "Now, all who have never had the slightest trouble with dandruff, please step forward." I wonder if there would be even one lone, lone woman who could truthfully respond.

Could you? I thought not.

Dandruff is the easiest thing in the world to acquire, and the hardest to get rid of. If we let the scalp get dusty, and do not shampoo it quite often enough, presto, here comes dandruff. If we use somebody's else brush and comb thoughtlessly, dandruff may result. If we are very particular about regular shampoos, but neglect to rinse the hair with painstaking thoroughness, behold dandruff beginning to show itself. And if we use too strong soap, or too sharp a comb, and so break or roughen the scalp, dandruff is the inevitable result.

So let's consider what to do with it when we have it.

First, we must all remember, girls, that the scalp has to have plenty of air or it can't be healthy. So, each night, we should take down the hair, loosen and shake it, then brush with

almost an answer to your plea that I should talk to girls of your age. Probably, before long, I shall do so again, on some other subject. In the meantime, I shall talk just to you. How will that do, my dear? About that neck, for instance, I should not put any coconut oil on it to develop it—it might make hair grow! Indeed, at twelve years old, I would not worry about my neck, because it is just getting formed. Your whole figure will change in the next four years, probably even in the next two, and your neck will fill up on its own account without any efforts on your part. The thing you should do is to live just exactly right to make yourself healthy and good to look at. Bathe daily, all over, except on days when you are not feeling well, and then you have to be careful not to get chilled and cause yourself a lot of trouble. Eat plenty of good, nourishing food, potatoes boiled or baked, or mashed, milk, bread and butter, rice, vegetables, fruits of all kinds, especially apples, and drink plenty of water. Don't eat between meals, and chew all your food thoroughly. Exercise every day vigorously, and be sure to get at least one good walk into the day in addition. Go to bed early and sleep with your window wide open, no matter how cool the room gets. You will be covered up warm, and the colder the air the healthier it is to breathe so long as your body is warm and cozy. Jump up in the morning and close the window as soon as you open your eyes, and crawl back into bed again to warm up—this is in winter weather; in summer, of course, it can stay open. Keep your hair shampooed once in three weeks, brush it regularly every night fifty strokes at least, but not too hard; shake it well and always sleep with it loosely braided or hanging free. See that your bowels move every day, and twice a day is better. If you will do these things, your neck will fill out, you will have a good figure, a beautiful complexion and a healthy body, which is the best of all. For twelve years old, one hundred and twenty pounds is not bad; you will gain more as time goes on, and you will probably add another inch or two to your height. A good deal of this depends upon what you eat, how you exercise and how sensibly you live.

B. H.—Probably typhoid fever has something to do with the condition of your hair. Massage the scalp nightly with the finger-tips, as directed in the last issue of *COMFORT*, and use the tonic prescribed there for "Mrs. E. M. G." But remember that it is your whole body which determines whether or not your hair is healthy, and so go to work to make your body entirely well and strong, and thoroughly nourished. See my directions to "Mamie," and follow them. Never use water on your hair in combing or brushing it—only when you shampoo.

GENEVIEVE.—You are certainly very fortunate in the wonderful hair you possess. Possibly the dandruff is caused by your braids covering the head so completely as to make the scalp hot and moist. Whenever you get an opportunity, let your hair down and air it, shaking it in the sun. You say it is beginning to turn gray, though you are only twenty-three. This may be because you are working rather hard and your body may not be getting enough nourishment to take care of all this mass of hair. Remember, it is a great drain upon the body. You need a great deal of nourishing food, milk and butter, and meats, potatoes and rice, and practically all vegetables and fruit. Be careful about chewing your air. Get all the sleep you can, and plenty of fresh air. Try massaging the scalp at night. See answer to "B. H."

SYLVESTER.—At fifteen, the weight varies, for you have not arrived at your real weight. You should begin now, however, to gain considerably, and by the time you are twenty you should weigh one hundred and forty. Probably your waist measure will increase by that time; bust and hips should each be ten inches larger than the waist measure when that has reached normal.

G. R. L.—Yes, my dear, you are below weight. For your height, five feet, five inches, you ought to weigh about one hundred and thirty at your age, and could weigh one hundred and forty when older, so get to work and gain those necessary pounds. I have given lots of advice in the recent issues of *COMFORT* about gaining weight and I presume you have read and are following them. That's what you should be doing. I can't tell how long it will take to kill the hair on your hip by the peroxide and ammonia, but since you say it has already lightened in color until it can scarcely be seen, I should say you are getting good results and before long the hair will fall out.

A good exercise to develop the calves of the legs is this:

To Develop the Legs.

Standing with heels together, rise on the tips of the toes, keeping the back straight. Now, without bending the back, sink into a squatting position, keeping the heels off the floor. Rise to a standing position again without touching the hands to the floor; they should be on the hips. Practice this for ten or fifteen times twice a day and the calves of your legs will soon show results. What do you do in the way of outdoor exercise? Tennis, rowing, walking, swimming, or what? Do something!

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care *COMFORT*, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

United States is now an exporter of dyes. In three months to Sept. 30, \$1,173,439 of aniline colors was exported to 21 foreign countries, England taking \$195,195 worth.

Organ
Violin
Cornet
Guitar
Banjo
Mandolin
Harp



'Cello
Trombone
Flute
Clarinet
Piccolo
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Music no longer difficult! New plan makes it easy to learn by home study. Positively easier than with private teacher. Faster progress. You will be able to play your favorite instrument in a few short months. Read the letters in our free book. More than 200,000 men, women and children have learned by our method. You, too, can learn. We give you all lessons free. Write for particulars.

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Mail the Coupon NOW

Mail coupon or postal for free book telling how we teach by mail. Act quick, while offer of free lessons is open. Write today—NOW.

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Spiral Spats For Women

Comfortable and sensible combination Garter Spiral Puttee—New and Different. For Skating, Walking, Riding, Golfing, Tobogganing and all outdoor activities. All Wool Knit Material. In Olive Drab, Dark Blue, Burgundy, Dark Green, Heather, Black, White, Taupe, Gray.

Dark Blue and Fawn.

Ask your Dealer. If he cannot supply, send your order to us giving his name, and we will forward by parcel post delivered, on receipt of 13.75 per pair.

THE WILEY-BICKFORD-SWEET CO.
Hartford, Conn. Worcester, Mass.
 Mention where you saw our ad.

Nadine Face Powder
(In Green Boxes Only)

Keeps The Complexion Beautiful

Soft and velvety. Money back if not entirely pleased. Nadine is pure and harmless. Adheres until washed off. Prevents sunburn and return of discolorations. A million delighted users prove its value. Popular tints: Flesh, Pink, Brunette, White. 50c. by toilet counters or mail. Dept. A. C.

National Toilet Company, Paris, Tenn., U. S. A.

Gray Hair Restored to Original Color

Kolor-Bak positively guaranteed to restore your gray hair to its original color. Not a dye or stain. Cures dandruff in two applications, stops falling hair. Harmless, colorless, stainless. Pay nothing if it fails. Write for free book and positive proof.

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BEAUTIFUL Learn how immensely refreshing Primrose BEAUTIFUL Cream really is. See how it improves your complexion—causes the skin to be velvety, smooth and glow with the bloom of youth. Primrose has satisfied particular women for ten years. Sold only by mail. Trial jar 10c. Full size jar 60c. P. P. for \$1. for 25c. cake of Nail Polish Free. Agents Wanted.

Alfalfa Co., Lake & Wells, Chicago.

WANTED WOMEN and GIRLS in every city and town in the United States to sell THE MYSTIC MIT, the MAGIC POT CLOTH, Dish Washing made easy. Pots and pans cleaned with less labor; and no soap. Every MYSTIC MIT saves a dollar's worth of soap. Price 10c. Send for our proposition.

THE MYSTIC MIT COMPANY, INC., 240 MAIN STREET, ORANGE, N. J.

Pink Cameo Ring FREE
Cameo crest in fine gold filled ring. Guaranteed for three years. To introduce new ring-bearers, will pay postage. Your ad upon receipt of 10c to pay advertising.

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KILL THE HAIR ROOT
My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 2 stamps. We teach beauty culture.

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SELL "America, We Love You" Great new patriotic picture. Make \$10 daily. Beautiful 16x20 sample prepaid 10c. Sells for 25c. EDUCATIONAL BUREAU, P. O. BOX 800, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Rival for Samson

"And you, my good fellow," said the lady visitor at the convict prison to No. 48, "what are you here for?"

"They said I stole a piano, mum."

"And did you?" "Well, mum," said No. 48, thinking that the benevolent woman might exercise some influence on his behalf if he told her the truth, "to be quite honest, I did. But there were extravagant circumstances. I was hungry. I did it in a moment of weakness, mum, and—

"Weakness!" gasped the visitor. "My goodness! What would you have stolen in a moment of strength?"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

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OILING THE SCALP WITH A MEDICINE DROPPER.

and with the hands rub and manipulate until a heavy lather covers the head. Rinse. Apply the jelly again, and wash

Advance Styles for Spring & Summer



Pattern Descriptions

ALL PATTERNS 12c. EACH

Unless Other Price Is Stated.

2168—A Practical Apron Model. Drill, linen, khaki, alpaca, lawn, cambric, gingham, seersucker, and chambray are nice for this style. Cut in four sizes; small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires six and one eighth yards of 36-inch material.



2344—A New and Attractive Waist Model. This style is lovely for the new silks, for satin, crepe, crepe de chine, linen, madras and flannel. Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires three and three quarters yards of 36-inch material.

2093—A Smart Style Good for Many Occasions. One could make this model up in chalile, embroidered batiste, shantung, linen or tub silk.



Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and one eighth yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

TIME has brought us into another season, and despite the worry and thought of war and food conservation, we must take heed that we and ours require new clothes.

We may find relief in the thought that prevailing fashions are following the lines of the past season, with of course some pleasing changes and new features.

It is well that the coming season is one for which cotton goods, silks and materials of light weight are desirable, for wool fabrics are very scarce and expensive.

It is advisable in choosing a dress for early spring to try to combine silk or satin with wool, or omit the wool entirely.

Tunic draperies, blouses and waists with vests, lend themselves nicely to alterations and remodeling of garments that will admit of combining silk and wool, or satin and cloth.

You will find coats shorter this season, excepting those for motoring and general utility wear.

Skirt-lines will be narrow and

straight, but, with all, graceful and not uncomfortable.

The conservative woman will have her skirts in ankle length and of a width that will not hamper her movements, but yet be not so wide as to be out of fashion. Some gowns are finished at normal waistline, but the slightly raised line is more comfortable and becoming.

Some advanced styles show bustle effects, but manufacturers of ready-made garments are hesitating about putting them on the market, and when one considers comfort, grace and crowded conveyances, it is a question whether bustles will be popular.

High collars, chemisettes and jabots will be much in vogue. Lace, especially in fillet patterns, will be used on waists and gowns. Fleches and broad collars in every conceivable outline are very fashionable.

The ever-ready shirt-waist and the sports blouse are still with us.

Batiste, voile and crepe are used for lovely attractive shirt-waists, and sports blouses are shown in linen, Jersey cloth, satin and taffeta.

coat, and the cap may be of the same material, or of silk, batiste, lawn or muslin.

Cut in four sizes; six months, one, two and four years. Size two will require three and three quarters yards of 27-inch material for the coat and three quarters yard for the cap.



2369—A Pretty Frock for Slender Figures. The model here shown is lovely for velvet, serge or satin. It may also be made of velour, gabardine or voile.

Cut in three sizes; 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material.



2005—Ladies' Shirt-waist, with or without yoke, and with collar rolled high or low. Linen, taffeta, satin, batiste, lawn or flannel are good for this model.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires three and three eighths yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.



2122—Ladies' One-piece Dress. This popular design is easy to develop and suitable for silk or wash fabrics. The tucks could be omitted.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires eight yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

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An advance of 10 cents in COMFORT'S yearly subscription rate will take effect April 30; on and after that date the price will be 35 cents a year.

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So that is another reason for getting all the subscriptions you can in March and April, before the subscription rate goes up and while the present advantageous club offers hold good.

Home Dressmaking & Fashion Forecasts for Spring

Fashion Hints by Geneva Gladding



2366

COMFORT should be the key-note for all dresses for growing girls, and surely this season's array of styles provides comfort most attractively.

Plaited or gathered at the skirt lines may be, the waist whether short or long is to be loose fitting. Collars are cut in all varieties of shape and form and the sleeves may be in wrist or elbow length.

Now that wool fabrics are becoming scarce, satins, taffetas and other silks are permissible for dresses for young misses.

Pattern Descriptions

ALL PATTERNS 12c. EACH
Unless Other Price Is Stated.

1922—A Charmingly Attractive Frock for Mother's Girl. Blue serge and blue and green plaid suiting were combined to make this natty.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three and three quarters yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size.

1977—A Smart and Practical Ladies' Apron—This style is especially nice for ginghams, percale, alpaca and brilliantine.

Cut in four sizes; 34, 38, 42 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires seven and one fourth yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size. Price 10 cents.

2022—A Practical Ladies' Apron. Checked or striped ginghams are nice for this model, but percale, sateen, brilliantine, denim are also desirable.

Cut in four sizes; small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. It requires for a medium size, four and three eighths yards of 36-inch material.

2029—A Pretty Night Dress in "Slip-On Style." Batiste, nainsook, lawn, dimity, crossbar muslin, dotted swiss, crepe, silk, washable satin, flannel or flannelette, are all good for this style.

Cut in four sizes; small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. A medium size will require six yards of 36-inch material.

2054—A Practical and Simple Style. Gingham, chambray, linen, percale and lawn are good for this style. The sleeve is in wrist or elbow length.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires five and three fourths yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2074—Ladies' "Cover All" Apron. Striped seersucker was used in this instance; checked ginghams, drill, percale, linen or alpaca are equally attractive.

Cut in four sizes; small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. It requires five and one half yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

2082—One-piece Dress for Misses and Small Women. There is hardly any style that is so well adapted to slender figures as this one. It is easy to develop and good for any of the materials now in vogue.

Cut in three sizes; 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires five and three fourths yards of 44-inch material for an 18-year size.

2083—A Practical Undergarment. This model is suitable for cambric, muslin, lawn, satin, silk, and nainsook. The brassieres may be of drill or jeans and may be boned like any corset.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires three and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

2154—A Pretty Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths. Serge, gabardine, linen, shantung, and foulard are nice for this model.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires six yards of 44-inch material for a 38-inch size.

2174—A Simple Dress for School or Play. For the guimpe, one could use crepe, batiste, lawn or dimity. The dress could be of the same material, or of gingham, chambray, poplin, repp, linen or pique.

Cut in four sizes; two, four, six and eight years. It requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for the dress and one and one half yard for the guimpe, for a four-year size.

2200—A Pretty and Practical Set. This comprises a little yoke dress, a petticoat slip, and comfortable drawers.

Cut in four sizes; one, two, three and four years. The dress requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material, the slip requires one and one half yard, and the drawers require one and one eighth yard for a three-year size.

2228—Dress with Bolero and with Sleeve in either of two lengths. For Misses and Small Women. This is nice for sports materials, for combinations, for silk, velvet, serge, gabardine, voile and crepe.

Cut in three sizes; 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires six and one fourth yards for the skirt and bolero, and two and five eighths yards for the waist, of 24-inch material.

2241—A Practical House Dress with Long or Short Sleeves. This style is good for percale, gingham, chambray, seersucker, serge, repp, voile, flannelette, drill, linen and gabardine.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires five and five eighths yards of 44-inch material.

2250—A Stylish and Servicable Skirt Model. Here is a practical design, with smart pocket sections and belt portions.

Cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires three and one half yards of 36-inch material.

2232—A Stylish Dress for the Growing Girl. This model is good for serge, satin, silk, cashmere, gabardine, for any of the pretty plaids or mixed suiting, as well as for wash materials.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires four and one fourth yards of 44-inch material.

2239—A Stylish Gown. Satin, serge or velvet will be good for this model. The vest, cuffs and collar could be of contrasting material, or embroidered in pretty colors.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires seven and one quarter yards of 36-inch material.

2245—A Smart One-piece Model. Velvet or satin, serge or gabardine may be selected for this style. It will require little trimming—a touch of color or a bit of wool embroidery.

Cut in three sizes; 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires seven and one quarter yards of 36-inch material.

2248—A Good Style for the Growing Girl. This style is fine for all wash goods, for silk, satin, serge, gabardine or velvet. The right front overlaps the left at the closing.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires four yards of 44-inch material.

2250—A Practical, Comfortable Model. For the waist, cambric, muslin, drill, jeans or canton

flannel may be used. The bloomers may be of serge, sateen, alpaca, or of material to match the dress with which they are worn.

Cut in five sizes; four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires two and three eighths yards of 36-inch material for the bloomers and one and three eighths yard for the waist.

2259—A Simple, Practical Model. The dress is a one-piece model, with the fullness confined under the belt.

Cut in seven sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires six yards of 36-inch material.

yards of 36 inch material.

2360—A Stylish Model Suitable for Many Occasions. Serge, satin or velvet would be good for this style. The pockets may be omitted.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires eight yards of 36-inch material.

2363—A Good Style for School or Play. Waist and trousers may be of the same material, or the waist may be of madras, cambric, percale and linen, and the trousers of khaki, serge, cheviot or corduroy.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years. Size four will require two and three eighths yards of 40-inch material.

2366—A Stylish Dress for the Growing Girl. This attractive model will develop well in blue serge, with a trimming of soutache braid.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires four and seven eighths yards of 36 inch material.

2368—A Neat, Practical Apron Model. Very attractive in brown checked gingham, with facings of brown or white, or in blue chambray, with white braid for trimming, or in khaki or galatine, with piping, of red or white.

Cut in four sizes; small, medium, 32-34; large, 40-42; and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires six and one quarter yards of 36 inch material.

2370—A Splendid Dress for School or General Wear. This model provides for sleeves in two different styles. The fullness is held over the sides and back at the waistline, under a straight belt.

Cut in five sizes; six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 will require four and three eighths yards of 36-inch material.

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Cut in five sizes; six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 will require four and three eighths yards of 36-inch material.

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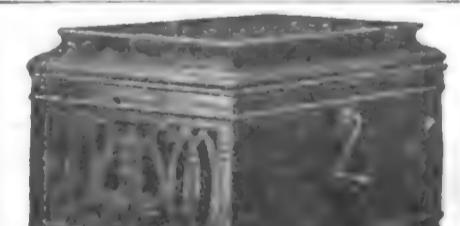
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Sugar Beets—A Profitable Crop

AMERICAN farmers have given far less attention to sugar beet culture than have those across the water. Our sugar supply comes from two sources—sugar cane grown in warm climates, and sugar beets, which grow well under cool, moist conditions. When the war started, Central Europe was the principal source of our beet sugar supply. This supply has been entirely cut off and the European industry seriously crippled. It is to the destruction of the beet sugar industry that the present sugar shortage and consequent high prices are due.

At present prices of raw beets it will pay American farmers who have a factory near at hand to grow sugar beets. The average price the past season has been around \$8.00 a ton and the average yield about eleven tons per acre. The labor cost under present conditions amounts to about \$30 to \$50 per acre. This leaves a good margin for the farmer's profit. The world-scarcity of sugar insures a good price for sugar beets the coming season.

THE DISTANCE FROM MARKET IS IMPORTANT.—Most sugar beets are now grown in this country within a radius of one hundred miles of sugar beet factories. A longer haul than this makes too high a freight rate. Farmers living more than three miles from a loading station find that it takes too much time to haul the beets to the cars, so that it seldom pays the farmer living more than one hundred miles from a beet sugar factory and over three miles from a railroad station to grow beets.

SUGAR BEETS REQUIRE MUCH LABOR.—It must always be remembered that sugar beets require much hand labor. They are not a "lazy man's crop." The beets must be thinned and carefully hoed by hand. This takes time. The sugar factories, however, often contract to furnish the labor at so much per acre. During the past summer the gang price for this hand work has been around \$20 per acre in the Middle West. In the Upper Mississippi Valley much of this work has been done by Belgians, and on the Pacific coast by Japanese. They usually live in tents and migrate from place to place.

SOIL BEST FOR BEETS.—Any good rich soil will grow good beets, but the farmer needs to remember that the beets must be delivered to the factory in a reasonably clean condition. This means that a sticky soil, like clay, besides being hard to work sticks to the beets, and the price may be cut on account of the dirt. A loose, sandy loam soil that frees itself easily from the roots is therefore much to be preferred.

HOW MANY BEETS TO GROW.—No farmer who doesn't "know the game" should try more than an acre or two to begin with, increasing his acreage as he learns the business. Beets are comparatively easy to grow and are seldom injured by disease or insect pests. A rich soil and good cultivation are the chief factors in success.

Supply of Seed Corn Short

The late spring, the cold, wet summer and the early frosts destroyed the supply of seed corn throughout the corn-growing states of the Upper Mississippi Valley, where the bulk of the corn is grown. In many of these states there is not a quarter enough ripe corn for seed. Every farmer in this section will need to do one or both of two things: Test his own seed corn to be sure whether it will grow or not, and if his own will not grow he must purchase seed that will, and the only way to make sure is to test the seed he proposes to purchase. Don't plant untested seed.

Testing Seed Corn

Never before was testing seed corn so important as this year. Ripe corn that looks good may not grow. In many cases not a single kernel taken from ripe and well-cared-for ears has sprouted. The early freeze, followed by warm, damp weather, was very favorable to the growth of molds, which have completely destroyed the vitality of the corn. No farmer should plant a single acre of corn this year without first giving the seed a thorough test. No one can tell by the looks of an ear whether it will grow or not. The only way is to test it.

The Ear Test

The best way is to test each individual ear. This is a slow process, but it can be done by taking a few kernels from each ear and keeping them separate from each other, marking each ear and each set of kernels with the same number. This necessitates a test box, made as described in *Modern Farmer* last year, but such a test is worth both the bother and the expense.

A Simpler Test

A much simpler test is made by taking a few kernels each from fifteen or twenty ears selected at random from the entire supply. These kernels are placed in moist sand, or sawdust that has been previously scalded with boiling water to kill the molds. This should be kept in a warm place for five or six days—under the kitchen stove, or in some other place where the sand will not get either too warm or too cold. The sand or sawdust must be watched and not allowed to dry out.

If the number of kernels that refuse to grow exceeds 20 per cent, the corn is too low in vitality to be used for seed. By the use of this test, large batches of corn can be examined, and if it is impossible to get another supply, poor seed may be sorted over by the use of the ear test, the bad ears rejected and the best ones saved for seed.

Every farmer throughout the northern half of the Corn Belt should satisfy himself at once of the value of his seed corn by testing his seed now!

Increased Small Grain Production

The tendency this season will, we think, be to reduce the areas seeded to corn. That crop needs constant cultivation to keep weeds down and the surface soil loose and fine. To accomplish this, steady help is necessary, and that is going to be sorely lacking, therefore concentration of effort will lead farmers to seed greater areas to oats, barley, or spring wheat, according to the adaptability of their soil and district. This seems inevitable, and cannot seriously be criticized as a policy of the hour, seeing that these small grains, more than corn, are used for the feeding of man.

Let it not be thought, however, that crop fields can only be increased by employing greater areas of land, for it should be remembered that

pedigreed seed may give a yield of many additional bushels per acre, and without additional work or fertilizing. Field work cannot be too well done, nor the fertility excessive on worn lands, but the possibility of production will be greatly lessened by employing common "run out" seed of low germinating powers, or that which is contaminated with weed seeds.

It is a fact that in practically every state the experiment stations, and men interested in crop improvement, have created and disseminated high yielding, fine quality seed of the different cereals, and that acreage yields may be greatly enhanced by their use. So far as possible, these seeds should everywhere be employed. Other available grain should be sold on the market and the cash used for the buying of pedigreed seed. It is wrong to use any other in these days of a nation's need and world-demand for foodstuffs. The seed used also should be well cleaned, and treated to prevent plant disease.

Consult the experiment station officers about this, and rest assured that the employment of better seeds, and treated against smut, will pay an increased profit, if given a suitable seed bed at the right time of year. The farmer must "do his bit," and this plainly is one of the duties expected of him by the nation and the world.

Sow Spring Wheat

The nation needs wheat. Do our best, we can barely squeeze through next year without going "hungry for bread." According to the government estimate, the United States needs to grow 73,000,000 acres of wheat next year. We have already sown 48,000,000 acres, so we are still 25,000,000 acres short. Our only chance is to make it up with spring wheat.

WHERE WHEAT CAN BE GROWN.—Spring wheat can be grown anywhere throughout the two Northern tiers of states, but not on all kinds of land. Clay soils, clay loams and rich loams are best for wheat. Sandy or marsh soils are not good for wheat. Good corn land is usually fairly good wheat land, but as a rule rich clay or loam soils are best for wheat.

THE KIND OF WHEAT TO GROW.—One of the worst enemies of spring wheat is the rust. This usually comes on late in the season, about the time the wheat begins to ripen, and does great damage. The remedy is to sow early a variety of wheat that will ripen early. This will get it out of the way before the "rusty" weather comes on.

The variety best for this purpose is the "Marquis," a kind of wheat developed in Canada and a very early maturing wheat, requiring only about ninety or a hundred days from sowing to maturity. If this is sown as early in the spring as the ground can be worked, it will ripen about the time of the oat harvest, which is usually a few days before the heat of the summer begins. In this way the grain escapes the rust.

Tankage for Hogs

Many have asked in what proportion tankage should be fed to hogs along with corn, and to these it may be said that experiments, notably those made at the Ohio station, showed that when the ration contained as much as ten per cent. of tankage, there was no marked advantage in feeding a larger proportion of tankage in the early than in the later part of the test. When as low as five per cent. of the ration consisted of tankage, it was advisable to feed a larger proportion during the early part of the experiment. For dry-feeding of pigs three to eight months old, an average of one part of tankage to nine to 13 parts of a lower ordinarily produced, greater gains with a lower feed requirement per unit of gain than rations containing larger or smaller percentages of tankage. Skim milk when fed in combination with corn, according to Bulletin 316 of the Ohio Station, has a much higher feeding value than when fed alone. There is strong evidence to indicate that as a supplement to corn, skim milk has a distinct advantage over tankage, particularly for young pigs.

Tankage is best fed dry from a self-feeder and shelled corn is well fed in the same way. If tankage is mixed in slop, the mixture must be fed at once. Poisonous substances may develop in slop that is allowed to sour or ferment. The high price of tankage prevents its general use, but it is such a concentrated form of protein that it may usually be fed at a profit as a small part of the ration. It cannot cause contagious disease, all germs having been killed by exposure to great heat.

Community Organization to Meet the Labor Problem

So scarce is help going to be for pressing spring work that the old customs of pioneer days will have to be resurrected. Then the neighbors used to "chip in" and hold a "husking bee" or "plowing day" to help out the widow and the orphan, and whenever anything went wrong in a farm district all of the folk were ready and willing to work.

This pioneer spirit of Christianity largely has been forgotten. Possibly it but lies slumbering and needs only the exigency of the hour to kindle it afresh. Anyhow, we must get together for community effort this spring, else much fertile land will go uncropped.

"Changing work" is still the order of the day as regards threshing, shredding and woodswelling, and this practice should be extended to include spring work. Many a farmer whose boys or hired hands have joined the colors has had all the work he could possibly manage during the past winter in feeding his stock, milking the cows and doing the ordinary chores of the farm. Much important work remains undone as a result. A great pile of rich manure fills the cattle-yard, and will stay there unless extra help can be obtained.

We cannot depend upon city help for such work, and the available supply of middle-aged men will not suffice, so it will be best to call community meetings in the schoolhouses and town halls and arrange for concentration of help for special, pressing jobs, such as manure hauling and spring plowing.

The plowing problem is going to be a serious one. Scarcity of help and unsuitable weather last fall made it impossible in many districts to get the usual amount of fall plowing done. So early did the frost come in the northern tier of states that almost every field of corn was more or less "nipped" and many were practically ruined. Corn so injured had to remain in the shock to dry out. Had it been hauled and husked, it would have moulded in the crib, and so the shocks stayed out and made it impossible to plow the corn stubbles. On clean farms, oats probably will be cultivated on such fields, and

some barley and spring wheat, no doubt, will go in the same way; but it would be better to plow every field on old farms and where manure has been spread or where noxious weeds abound.

As teams and plowmen may not suffice for this work, and time will be short in which to get it done, it would be well to consider the practicability of community ownership, or leasing of large tractor plows. It pays men to invest in threshing outfits for neighborhood work, and we are wondering whether tractors might not be employed in the same way to do plowing and other farm work by the day, hour or job. These matters should be taken up with councils of defense, county agricultural agents, experiment stations, and implement dealers, and manufacturers, for we honestly believe that in many districts such outfits would this spring find plenty of work to do at profitable figures.

Meanwhile let us not selfishly believe that charity begins—and ends—at home, or that "every man for himself" is a good working policy in these times of stress and peril, but let every community of farmers work in unison for the good of all concerned. Such work requires leadership, and that should be arranged for at once at neighborhood meetings.

Beware Slovenly Work

The temptation this year will be great to "smear over" the work in preparation of the soil for crops. Where the land was fall-plowed—and lucky is the man who got a considerable area of the farm plowed in fall before the boys went to war—a single disking may suffice, if the dragging then is done thoroughly. When it is impossible to plow the corn stubbles, however, and the land is heavy and weeds so thick that disking is necessary, a single disking rarely gives a sufficiently fine "tilth" for small grain, especially wheat or barley. We believe in double disking such land, if it is possible to get the work done, and then to drag (harrow) often enough to obtain a fine, mellow, porous seed bed.

It scarcely will pay to rush the crop in "any old way," because help is scarce. Indeed, we think that a small area, well prepared and seeded to the best of seed, will be likely to pay better than a greater area carelessly prepared and seeded to weedy, poor quality seed.

Corn, tobacco and cotton particularly need thorough preparation of the soil if they are to do well. Patriotic farmers will be less concerned about the tobacco crop this year, and we hope that much land previously devoted to that crop will this year be seeded to grain; but it behoves every farmer to give necessary crops as good care and cultivation as possible. To that end we strongly advise against drilling in corn this year. We must keep our farms clean, now that help is scarce, and the better prepared corn and cotton land is, the cleaner will it prove during the growing season. If the corn land is well prepared, and the harrows are kept going until the plants are up a few inches, after cultivation will be easy. Such harrowing is more necessary where corn is drilled, but no matter how well it is done, the drilled corn will become foul with rag weed and foxtail later on, despite constant use of the horse-cultivator. Checkrowing means clean corn, and a maximum yield of matured ears, and on clean, thoroughly dragged land the work is light until the crops can be "laid by."

If all the family is willing to hoe, drilled corn may be a safe proposition, despite weeds, but checkrowing is preferable, all things considered. Drilled corn may yield more bulk for the silo, but in the long run it will mean dirty land and increasingly small ears.

Applying Manure in Spring

On the average farm, manure hauled and spread on the hay and grass land during winter will prove most economical and valuable and it should be spread thin, with a manure spreader, not put on thickly by hand. In many instances where help has been scarce and the winter long and intensely cold, it has been impossible to haul out the manure daily before the spring season set in and on such farms disposal of the manure to the best advantage is sometimes a puzzle. The tobacco and cotton grower, or producer of any special crop, usually concentrates all of the manure upon the field where his special crop is to be grown. He puts it on thick, plows it under and works the land to a fine tilth before seeding. On the average farm the land is so wet and soggy when the frost is coming out that manure spreading is rendered impossible. On such farms and under such conditions it then is best to get the oat crop into the ground just as soon as possible, and without manure, cultivating it in off-clean corn-stalk ground by preference, and then top-dress barley land with rotted manure, if such is on hand, and either plow it under or disk it thoroughly before seeding. Disking in rank manure is a poor plan, as the seeder cannot work properly on such land and the harrows also clog badly. All rank manure should be plowed under on fall plowed sod or stubble or on fields where fall plowing was not done. It should be spread as perfectly as possible before plowing and all manure that cannot be plowed under should be turned and rotted to get it into short condition and then should quickly be thinly spread upon hay and pasture land, but this should not be done after the grass is well up, nor is it well to delay spring plowing of sod until the grass has got a good start. All manure that is found impossible to haul and spread or plow under in spring should be collected in a compact heap, spread out four or five feet deep, to be covered with straw or earth, turned once or twice and used as top dressing immediately a hay or grain crop is harvested, or brushed into permanent pasture just before fall rains come on.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address *Modern Farmer*, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

SALT BUSH SEED.—I read in *COMFORT* that some poultrymen recommend Australian salt bush for poultry. Please tell me where I can buy the seed and what it will cost. My good wife and I have been on the farm nearly two years and we are getting on fine. We started with almost nothing, and now have sixteen head of horses and mules, twelve head of cattle, sixteen hogs and a nice lot of chickens and turkeys.

A.—All large seed establishments carry the Australian salt bush seed. The price is about \$1.25 a pound, and it takes three pounds to seed an acre. Send to the agricultural department of the University of California, at Berkeley, for their Bulletin No. 125, and to the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., for their Farmers' Bulletin 108. They both deal with the growth of salt bush in this country.

8. W. S., Carter, Okla.



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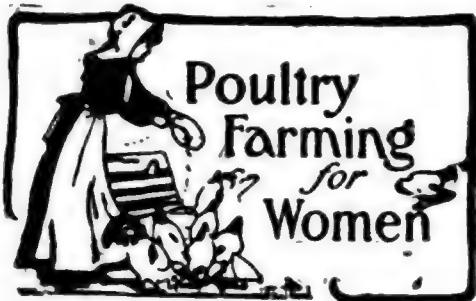
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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Pigeons for Profit

WHEN pigeons are kept for squab raising, it is one of the most profitable ventures in which suburbanites or real country folks can embark. The young are ready for market when four weeks old; the average wholesale price is three dollars a dozen. Private customers will pay forty cents a pair all through the winter months, and a good pair of mature birds will raise two squabs every four weeks for nine months in the year, which means that each pair of old birds should provide one and one half dozen squabs, which will market for four dollars and fifty cents. The cost of keep is supposed to be fifty cents a year, but even allowing one dollar a year, there should be three dollars and fifty cents clear profit. These estimates are made on good home pigeons, well housed and cared for; not common nondescript birds, leading half wild existence, with only old-fashioned shelter behind a row of holes high up in the barn, where the nests are exposed to every storm; besides which, the young of mongrel pigeons only weigh five or six ounces when four weeks old, and are so scrawny and unappetizing that they are difficult to market at any price, whilst homers at any age weigh from twelve to twenty ounces, and are white-skinned and plump. The mature homers will cost about two dollars a pair from any of the recognized lots, but it is no use buying elsewhere, for unless birds are mated pairs, you may have another season wasted. Pigeons are faithful creatures and remain in pairs for years, and if an accident happens to one of them it will frequently refuse to mate a second time the same season. Young birds which are only paired at the time of sale are likely to object to the mates chosen for them, and proceed to exercise personal choice when liberated among a flock of strange birds. So be wise, and buy only from reliable, experienced breeders.

The most convenient house for squab raising is built like a chicken-coop, about 12 feet wide, eight feet high in front, sloping to six feet at the back, and any length, according to the number of birds kept. Have plenty of windows in front of the house, and openings six inches square, three feet apart, all along the back of the house, about a foot from the roof. Run a nine-inch board the entire length of the house, as a platform for the birds to alight on as they go in and out, and it is just as well to have a similar board just under the holes on the inside of the house. Put up three or four perches near the front windows, so that the birds can fly from side to side of the house on wet days for exercise.

The number of birds which can be kept in each house can be easiest estimated by the nests. Each pair of brooders must be divided with nest boxes divided into two compartments 12 inches square. They can be arranged in tiers all along the side, back and front walls, and from floor to ceiling. Put the first tier about 18 inches above the floor, as the birds don't seem to like the lower nests. Fasten small perches about a foot long to the partition of each box, for the convenience of the birds as they fly back and forth, and when feeding their young.

Before the house is occupied, it should be thoroughly whitewashed, the floor covered with sand or ground plaster, and earthenware dishes known as "nappies," which cost one dollar a dozen, must be put in, one into each compartment. Suspend a bundle of cut hay in one corner of the house, as some birds like to make their own nests, though others seem to think that handful of tobacco stems, which it is well to place in each nappy as a check to vermin, is quite nest enough.

Drinking fountains and feeding boxes into which the birds can only get their beaks are imperative for pigeons, for they are most particular, and will not take denied food or drink unless positively starved into it. Yet, if they have open food and water boxes, they will scatter the contents all over the floor. There is a galvanized iron feeding box costing one dollar on the market, which has seven openings, so that many birds can feed at the same time. Water fountains of the same material are virtually indestructible, and cost only fifty cents.

The yard and fly must of course be entirely closed for pigeons, and should be four feet higher than the front of the house, so that the birds can use the roof for a sun parlor. We use four-by-four joists, cut into twelve-foot lengths, for the front of the house, as they can be nailed to the house and need not be sunk into the ground as those at the side and far end must be. The joice for the sides and end are cut into thirteen and one half foot lengths, which allows a foot and a half to go into the ground. These measurements allow the use of four-foot netting without any waste. For a house twelve feet long, I think the yard should be at least fifty feet. Erect several perches at the far end of the yard, a platform about two feet wide and four feet long on legs three feet high in the center of the yard for the bath tubs to stand on. Pigeons must have a bath, for cleanliness is a necessity; a pan about two feet square and four inches deep is the best size, and they can be bought in galvanized iron for one dollar each.

Red wheat, Kaffir corn, cracked corn, Canadian field peas, German millet and hemp seed are all appropriate for pigeons. They should be alternated, or one or two mixed together. Of course, sometimes one grain is cheaper than another, or easier to get in certain districts, but don't use any one grain exclusively. Pigeons must have water.

We follow the rations recommended by W. E. Rice, a very experienced pigeon raiser. Morning: Equal parts of cracked corn, Kaffir corn and wheat. Evening: Cracked corn, and Canadian peas. These regular meals are put into the feed boxes in quantity sufficient to insure the birds having a constant supply. Treats which we feed at odd times, such as millet, hemp and rice, are thrown on the ground, for, as they are only fed in comparatively small quantities, they are eaten up at once, and so there is no danger of their being spoiled. Remember always to buy red, not white, wheat, for the latter is very apt to cause diarrhea.

Once a week we give them a meal of stale bread which has been steeped in skim milk and squeezed almost dry again, for we have lots of skim milk, and the bread we get from a baker in town for twenty-five cents a barrel. Freight costs another twenty-five cents, but even at fifty

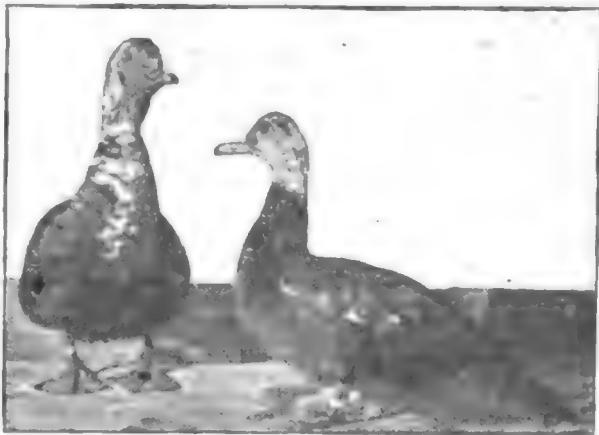
cents a barrel we find it an economical feed when there are a lot of squabs to be fattened for the market.

The parent birds take all the responsibility of feeding and raising the young right up to the time when they are ready for market. The hen bird lays two eggs, with one day intervening, which take eighteen days to incubate. After the eggs are hatched, both birds devote their entire energies to feeding the youngsters for about two weeks, for both have the power to secrete the predigested substance often called pigeon's milk, on which nestlings are exclusively fed for the first few days. At the end of two weeks the hen has usually laid two more eggs in the second nest, so that by the time the squabs in the first nest are ready for market, the second eggs are ready to hatch. It is this double family which necessitates two nests for each pair of birds.

Cleanliness is even more imperative in the pigeon house than in the henhouse. Never neglect to scald out the earthenware nest and whitewash the compartment it stands in, every time squabs are removed for market, for it is only by such rigid system that the place can be kept in sanitary condition. Pigeons must have shell, salt and charcoal to be healthy, so there should be a self-feeder with three compartments in each house. When ordering, specify that the oyster shell is for pigeons, as it is to be broken up smaller than for the hens. The rock salt and charcoal should be ground to about the size of rice. During the heavy breeding season we crush most of the grain, and always peas, for when the parent birds are rushed for time between their two nests they are very liable to pick up whole grain and feed to the young birds before they are able to digest it. Before we discovered this carelessness, we often had a dead squab in the nest. The feed boxes can be kept filled up, as pigeons never overeat, and must have access to food at all times when they have young ones to feed.

If you start with a few pairs of birds, the best way to increase the number is to sell the squabs and use the money to buy mature birds, for it takes pigeons six months to reach maturity, and it is necessary to have two extra houses in which to keep the growing birds, as they should not be allowed to remain in the regular brood pen. If, however, you have specially mated birds and desire to raise their progeny, you must watch the nests and as soon as the young ones get out on the floor (the old ones generally push them out when the eggs in the second nest hatch), they can find for themselves, and should be removed to a nursery house, where all food must be cracked to the size of rice for several weeks. When one desires to build up size and good points, it is necessary to have two nursery houses, and so be in a position to select the best birds from different parentage to mate.

To illustrate: The nestlings from one side of



PRIZE BLACK MUSCOVY DUCKS.

the house should go into Nursery No. 1, nestlings from the other side into Nursery No. 2. Our nurseries are only seven by ten feet, so we never have more than twenty birds in each, and they can be taken within a few days of each other, in this way making very little difference in age when it comes to mating time. When the younger ones in the nurseries are between six and seven months old, we take a bird from each and put them into a mating cage, which is really a coop, four feet long, two and one half feet deep and two feet high, which is fastened up in a corner of the feed house. The coop is divided into two compartments by a wire netting door. A bird is put into each compartment. If they are male and female, they will commence within a week or two to coo and talk to each other through the wire, at which time the compartment is fastened up to the top of the cage, and they are allowed to have the run of the coop for three or four days, after which they are put into a regular breeding house, where they will soon take possession of the nest. If, however, the birds chosen simply ignore each other after they are put into the mating cage, one of them is removed to another cage, and two more birds are taken from the nursery house and put into the two compartments. In this way we go through the nests until we have them all paired.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

G. G.—There are several small incubators on the market which hold about sixty eggs. The prices range from \$5 to \$7. You could operate such a machine quite satisfactorily in your living room.

J. D. C.—COMFORT issues no catalogues of poultry or eggs. Look through the advertising columns and write to people who have the stocks you are interested in.

K. MACN.—I cannot recommend special makes of machines in this column. Look through the advertisements and send for the price-lists of the different makers.

C. A. O.—As the hatch was good and the chicks strong and healthy when taken from the incubator, I don't think the machine caused the trouble, especially as you had disinfected it before using. You don't say what sort of a brooder you are using, but I note that you do say "chicks were kept in a brooder at night." Does that mean that you only put them into a brooder at night? Little chicks must have access to a brooder all day, so that they can run in and get warm, and take rest when tired. A brooder must be kept warm and well ventilated, otherwise the chicks are sure to get sick. If you are using a fireless box-brooder, be sure and take out the cotton batting, or whatever batting is used at the top, and dry it every day, for there is a great deal of moisture from the birds' breath, and it all collects in the batting. If you have a lamp or stove brooder the heat should be 95 degrees when the chicks are first put in, and kept at about 90 degrees for the first seven days. Then it can be gradually decreased to 85. Thousands of chicks are lost every year from bowel trouble caused by want of warmth.

W. C. S.—I don't know of any one breeding Chinese geese in the South, but of course there must be plenty of people doing so. Better look through the local papers. Please read answer to J. D. C. in this issue.

L. B. N.—Each hen should have at least three square feet of space in the henhouse, and a flock of 25 ought to have yard room of 25 feet. The Philo system was arranged specially for small suburban lots, where only a few hens could be kept. I think their headquarters is at Elmira, N. Y.

J. N. H.—As the pullets were from strong, well-matured hens, there will be no danger in using them in the breeding pens this season, even if mated to cockerels, though mature roosters would be preferable.

The Girl He Loved

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

"Then we may!" cried Mrs. Damerel, and hoped she blushed, though it would have taken sharper eyes than Levallion's to see it. "I'll tell Lady Levallion. My flower, indeed! We will all be quite secret, and you can guess when you see us," abandoning her choice of the rose of silence for the more exciting mistletoe of kisses. "Oh, Levallion! don't you think the duchess would be lovely as a cauliflower?" in a wicked whisper. "She is so like one."

"I'll inquire," said Levallion briskly, and he did, with Mrs. Damerel's compliments, perfectly aware the duchess detested her.

Ravenel jumped at the proposal, since it would be better than nothing, would pass the time, of which she yet grudged every hopeless, useless minute, since they only brought the day nearer when Adrian would be gone. She looked at the tea-gowned women around her with some interest, though before they had been to her little more than moving shadows who yet must be entertained and amused.

There were only seven, counting herself and the Duchess of Avonmore; for Levallion had no opinion of people who asked ten ordinary husbands and wives to their houses and expected it to be a cheerful gathering. Thirteen men, of whom only two were husbands, kept things stirring. It was no business of Levallion's where the three uninvited husbands had betaken themselves.

"I believe," she said to herself, "that I know what flower each one of those women will choose!" and she laughed as she sent an order to the greenhouse that every one was to have exactly what their maids asked for.

The thought of her own favorite flower took the color from her cheek. Oh, the white may that had filled the whole world that day that she and Adrian parted—forever—without knowing it. Never again would Lady Levallion smell of her own free will. She looked up almost guiltily as Levallion spoke to her under cover of getting Mrs. Damerel's second cup of tea.

"You look tired; slip away and rest," he advised, with a look of coldness that was not like him—to her. "And be wise in time, Ravenel; don't wear real flowers tonight, unless you want to resemble the sweepings of Convent Garden!"

Lady Levallion nodded.

"It was that shooting; it made me feel sick," hastily; and if he did not believe her, seeing Adrian's face and hers, he liked her courage. If she had come to him and cried and confided, he would have despised her even while he dried her tears. To ease your own soul by piling your

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

Mating with kindred blood for one year will not weaken the stock at all, so you can safely use the pullets next year with new male birds, as you suggest.

M. L.—COMFORT does not publish any free books on poultry, but we are always glad to give our readers all the information we can in this column.

L. L.—If the birds have always shown the same erratic condition in their droppings, I should imagine they were overfed as youngsters, and have chronic indigestion, but the dry mash which you say is always before them, may cause the irregularities. Notice if the yellow relaxed condition appears each time the hopper is freshly filled. It may contain dried beef scraps which the hens can pick out and eat to excess. It is safer to use meat meal in dry mash that is always before birds, unless you have an automatic hopper that only allows a very small quantity to come within the birds' reach. Better try a different mash, or feed moist once a day just what the birds would eat up clean in ten minutes.

WILL SAVE YOUR CHICKS.

Any reader of this paper who writes P. J. Kelly, the Poultryman, at 19 N. 2nd St., Minneapolis, Minn., will receive a Free Copy of his new booklet "White Diarrhoea in Baby Chicks." It tells how to prevent, remedy and save the whole hatch. It's free—and this paper urges you to write for it at once.

The English government has so curtailed the manufacture of "stainless" steel, a rustless metal used for cutlery, that its production is no longer practical. It is predicted that American "stainless" steel will dominate the market in the future. South American countries offer good markets for this product.

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Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl; meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b. slip and bind; k. p. knit plain; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. st., chain stitch, simply a series of loops or stitches each drawn with the hook through the preceding one; s. c., single crochet, having a loop on hook, insert hook in work as indicated, draw loop through thread over, and draw through both loops; d. c., double crochet, thread over hook, insert hook in work, draw loop through, thread over draw through two loops, thread over, draw through two loops; tr. c., treble crochet, thread over hook twice, then work off as in double crochet, there being three groups of two loops to work off instead of two; h. tr., half treble, same as tr. c., only work off two loops, thread over and then through three loops; d. tr., double treble crochet, thread over three times, hook through work, thread over and draw through one loop, giving five on hook, thread over and work off by twos; sl. st., slip stitch, insert hook in work, draw loop through work and loop on hook at the same time; p., picot, a picot is formed on a chain by catching back in the fourth st., or as indicated and working sl. st. r. st., roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o. over, thread over hook the number of times indicated; k. st., knot stitch, draw out loop about one quarter inch, catch thread and pull through, then put the hook between the drawn loop and the thread just pulled through, catch the thread, draw through these two stitches to form the knot; blk. block, st. in each of a given number of sts., preceded and followed by a space; sp., space, a space is formed by making a chain of 3 or 4 sts. and omitting the same number of sts. in preceding row; sk., skip, to miss or omit number of stitches indicated in preceding row; p. c., padding cord; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Garments to Meet Individual Needs

AFTER explaining the stitches used in knitting, last month, in this article the desire is to give workers who have mastered the actual manner of working, a clear idea how this knowledge can be used to make garments to meet their individual needs.

It is most usual to find in new, as well as in experienced knitters, that they are absolutely incapable of making just what they wish to, unless exact directions for proceeding can be obtained.

This difficulty can be easily remedied if one will put their mind on the matter, and bear in mind that in knitting any garment or article, one is making a piece of fabric knit to a special size and shape.

If one has a clear idea of what this should be and its relation to the whole garment, then both novice and experienced knitter should be able to originate, or at least modify patterns obtainable, to suit their particular needs. A comprehensive view of the laws governing the shaping of knitted garments will prove of much more value to the earnest worker than any definite set of directions; therefore the question which naturally arises, is, just how should one proceed to make a garment of a certain kind and size without accurate directions?

Upon deciding on the best sort of material to use and the right sized needle for the particular article in mind, cast on a couple of dozen stitches and knit or rib until one has a couple of inches, measure this work, counting the number of stitches to the inch, then measure the back front, sleeve, collar or whatever one desires to make, multiply the number of stitches by the number of inches required and cast on the needed number of stitches. For instance, if one is to make the back of a sweater measuring 20 inches and one's sample gives an average of four stitches to the inch, cast on 80 stitches and the finished work will measure 20 inches.

In proving one's work in this way, if the needle used makes the knitting either too loose or too tight, use a different size to remedy this. In knitting for a baby the easiest garment to practice on is a knitted band as this is perfectly straight. For summer wear use two-fold Saxony and for winter three-fold Saxony. In purchasing this yarn it is wise to select a soft but well twisted make, as it is to stand constant association with the washtub.

As to needles, a loose knitter should use a No. 18 steel and a tight knitter a No. 16 or perhaps larger.

Before finally deciding make a test square of knitting as suggested above.

This little garment or an infant's shirt should never be knitted too tightly. With the best of care

Infant's Band

As to shape this little garment is always straight up and down, with shoulder straps and a little flap which is attached to the lower edge of the front in the center.

If of Saxony and the proper needles, cast 60 stitches on each of three needles and knit in rounds of k. 2, p. 2, until work measures nine inches, make inch and a quarter wide shoulder straps and a two-inch wide flap which can be rounded off to a point by decreasing one stitch each end of needle, every other row after having knit an inch and one half. This garment can also be made on two needles and sewed together if one prefers.

Infant's Shirt

This little garment as shown in our illustration should give one a very clear idea of the manner of making it, for which directions are given below. The work is commenced by casting on the stitches for the lower edge of the back; ribbing is begun immediately and continued until the back is long enough, then the stitches are divided into three portions for the neck and shoulders. The first third is worked, slipped on safety pin the second portion or number of stitches are bound off for the neck and upon the last portion is worked the first side of the front, followed by the other front and the sleeves.

To make a shirt for a larger child one proceeds in the same manner but knitting to measurements of the length and size of the child's body. A length of ten inches for the first sized shirt provides for a high neck. If a low-necked shirt is preferred the back should be an inch shorter. Two skeins three-fold white Saxony, one pair No. 10 and one pair No. 11 steel knitting needles are required. This little garment is ribbed in both body and sleeves and buttons in the front.

On No 10 needles cast 92 stitches for lower edge of back. K. 2, p. 2 until work measures a full 10 inches, then divide for shoulders and neck as follows, rib 24 stitches as usual, knit and bind off 44 stitches for neck, run the 24 stitches last knitted on safety pin, and work on 24 remaining stitches ribbing 20 rows, increasing one stitch at the inside of neck end of each row.

At end of 20th row at neck end, cast on eight stitches; there should now be 52 stitches upon needle. Turn, knit 8, rib balance as usual. Always knit the eight stitches which form band down the front. Knit until front measures eight inches, 52 stitches wide.

Bind off loosely.

Knit on 24 stitches on opposite shoulder in the same way. On this side make buttonholes in strip down the center. Knit 12 rows after casting on 8 stitches.

13th row.—Beginning at front end, k. 2, k. and bind off 3, k. 2 and rib across as usual.

14th row.—Rib as usual, then k. 2, cast on 3, k. 2. Make a buttonhole in every 13th row down the front.

For the Sleeves

Fold bottoms of shirt together and pick up, stitches on one side for three inches on either side of the shoulder. This will give sleeve six inches in width. Pick up 92 stitches and work in ribbing of depth of one inch. On next row and at end of every third row narrow one stitch until 72 stitches remain. Work without decreasing until sleeve is four and one half inches long. Change to finer needles and knit one and one half inches for the cuff. Make other sleeve to match.

With finer needles pick up stitches around neck and knit a row of holes as follows; k. 1, * over, k. 2, tog., and repeat from * to end, k. 4 rows in ribbing and bind off.

Sew up from wrist to bottom on each side making a flat seam, add small pearl buttons and run linen bobbing or narrow ribbon through holes of neck.

Baby's Stockings

These will require two skeins three-fold Saxony and pair No. 14 steel needles.

Cast on 52 stitches and knit ten rows for the top.

11th row.—K. 2, o., k. 2, * tog., and repeat to end of row. Knit 11 rows plain. This forms top band through which ribbon is run.

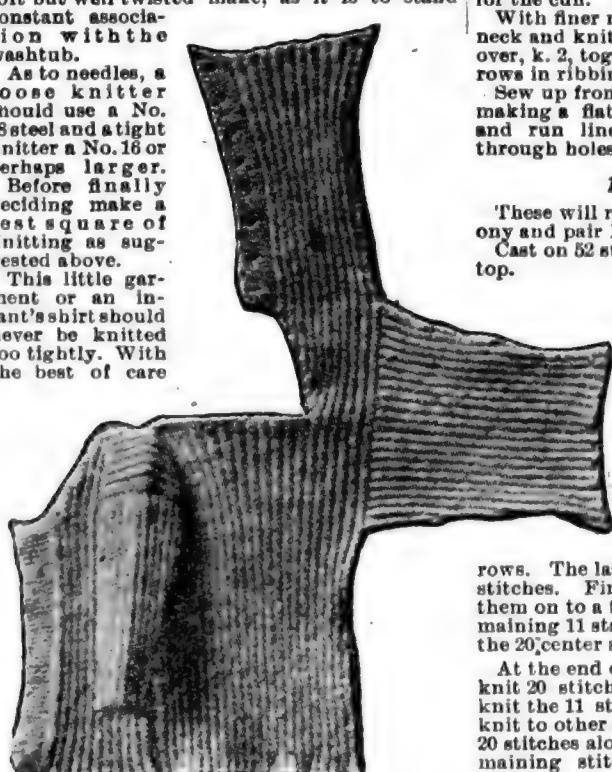
23rd row.—K. 31, turn, k. 11, turn, k. 12. Continue in this way, always knitting 1 extra stitch until all the side stitches have been taken up. K. 36 rows.

Next row narrow 1 st., 2 sts. in from end.

K. 5 rows and again make a narrowed row. Repeat last six rows three times, then knit six rows. The last row should contain forty-two stitches. First instep row.—K. 11, and run them on to a thread. K. 20, then run the remaining 11 sts., on to another thread. Upon the 20 center stitches k. 40 rows for instep tab.

At the end of the last row turn, pick up and knit 20 stitches along that side of tab, then knit the 11 stitches held on the cord. Turn, knit to other corner of tab, pick up and knit 20 stitches along that side, then take the remaining stitches from the cord, making 82 stitches upon needles.

Knit ten rows, then ten rows more, and in every second row of the last ten rows, narrow after knitting five stitches each side of the center, and in the final four rows narrow one stitch at each end of every other row. Bind off and sew the stocking up. Finish the top with small crochet scallop.



INFANT'S SHIRT WITH SIDE SEWED UP.

The wool is certain to shrink somewhat and this should be allowed for. Another reason why too tight knitting should be avoided is because a garment which clings too closely is apt to irritate a baby's skin.

Infant's Sweater

This garment may be very easily made to fit any sized child if one will first prove their work with the yarn and needles to be used and then make to required measurements as previously explained on this page. Cast on the stitches and work from the bottom of back up to armpits, then cast on stitches for one sleeve, knit on these across back and cast on for other

Made of four-ply Scotch and No. 5 needle proceed as follows. Cast on 80 stitches, rib for nine inches knitting four and purling four then plain knitting for 18 or more ribs or until the work measures to armpit, placing top of ribbing at one's high waistline.

Cast on 55 stitches for medium length arm or measure and count for actual number needed as explained, knit 30 ribs, count stitches on needle, subtract 24 for neck, divide remaining stitches from the wrist knitting one half the number, slip these on extra needle, cord or pin.

Bind off neck stitches, knit to other wrist, turn. For example starting back with 80 stitches, adding 55 for each sleeve totals 190 stitches less 24 for neck gives 166, half of which is 83.

Knit two ribs from wrist to neck, at neck end of next row, cast on 12 or 16 stitches according to whether model is flat or full chested, knit 30 ribs. Bind off loosely the same number of stitches which were cast on for sleeves.

Knit on remaining stitches until length from neck is as long as one wishes the opening in the front. Make the other sleeves and side to correspond; then complete front to match back in length and bind off loosely.

To make an open front sweater finish the fronts each separately without joining.

Baby's First Bootie

Of split Zephyr on fine steel needles, these directions will result in small boots suitable for the first month or six weeks. A larger pair may be made by using three or four-fold Saxony and a suitable needle or in making, one may easily follow these directions in a general way, but enlarge as desired by casting on more stitches and then in making the leg longer before turning the heel and the foot longer before narrowing for the toe.

Cast on 17 stitches of Zephyr on each of three needles, knit plain 1 row, k. 2, p. 2, for 8 rows, next 8 rows thread over needle, narrow by knitting 2 together, knit plain for 16 rows, narrowing twice in every 4th row to reduce for ankle, divide, with the narrowed sts. on needle for the heel, k. and p. back and forth on these sts. for 8 rows.

Turn the Cap of Heel

Divide the stitches evenly, half on one needle for the instep and dividing the other half so as to knit two thirds of stitches plain and narrow one stitch on the other needle, turn purl across and narrow the first stitch of the one third of stitches on the other needle, work back and forth, narrowing each row till every stitch is knitted and the cap formed.

Pick up selvedge stitches down one side of heel, k. plain, pick up six stitches on the other side and k. back plain, now narrow one stitch, every other round until instep is exactly the same number of stitches as the ankle, k. plain 16 rows, narrow one stitch at each end of the needles every other round till but two stitches remain. Bind off.

Crocheted Coin Purse

Materials required: Blue, green, rose, yellow, and black Crochet Silk. No. 9 steel hook.

Using blue silk, ch. 5, join.

1st row.—8 s. c.

2nd row.—2 s. c. in each stitch.

3rd row.—2 s. c. in every 3rd stitch.

This makes six sections.

Make six rows, always making 2 s. c. in the 2nd s. c. of the widening of previous row.

Now make 1 row of black.

1 row of green.

1 row of black.

6 rows of yellow.

1 row of black.

6 rows of rose.

1 row of black.

1 row of blue.

1 row of black.

1 row of yellow.

1 row of black.



BABY'S FIRST BOOTEES.

For the joining of the two purse ends, with green silk, ch. 3 and 1 s. c. in every 3rd stitch.

2nd row.—Ch. 3, 1 s. c. around ch. 3. Repeat this row 3 times.

Next row.—Make a d. c. at end of row and turn. This makes the opening.

Make 20 rows like this and then 3 rows like 2nd row.

Now cover two 1 or 1 1/2 inch rings with s. c. in green silk and crochet a strap by chaining 4, 4 d. c. turn 4 d. c. repeating until it is 12 inches long. Sew to rings and slip the rings into position before going on with the second purse end, which is made exactly as the first and joined to the center by making 1 s. c., ch. 1 and 1 s. c. around ch. 3 of the end already made.

Finish with cords and cover buttons with a.



SLIP-ON SWEATER OF ROSE AND PLATINUM GREY.

To determine the length of sleeves, take the lower edge of the back of the sweater and measure from arm pit out to within five or six inches of hand if one is to finish the sleeve with a cuff, then count the stitches and one will have the number required. This is the only way to make a sleeve of just the proper length for a particular individual as arms vary as much as people do in all other ways.

A strip of linen eight inches long and two and a half wide with buttonholed edges and snap fastener makes a convenient holder to snap about papers to keep together.

For the Home & the Boys in Kahki

Lady's Lobster Bed Sock

MATERIAL: Two skeins blue or pink threefold Saxon, two skeins white threefold Saxon, one pair No. 10 steel and one pair No. 12 steel needles, small bone crochet hook, two yards ribbon.

With coarser needles and colored wool cast on 54 stitches.

First four rows.—Knit plain, join in white and knit as follows.

5th row.—Knit plain.

6th row.—Purl.

7th row.—Knit plain.

8th row.—Purl, with color and white repeat from 1st to 8th rows until there are 19 ribs of color and 19 ribs of white. Next with color k. 1 row, p. 1 row, k. 1 row, p. 1 row, k. next row, narrowing every 4th st., p. 1 row, k. 1 row, p. 1 row, k. next row, narrowing every 3rd st., p. 1 row, k. 1 row, p. 1 row, k. next row, narrowing every 2nd st., p. 1 row, k. 1 row, p. 1 row, k. next row, narrowing every 2nd st., p. 1 row, k. next row, narrowing every st., then bind off.

With fine steel needles pick up stitches on side and toe with white, picking three stitches in colored ribs and two in white, knit one row narrow in every other row to shape toe, p. 1 row, k. 1 row, p. 1 row.

Next row * k. 3 sts. in white then 3 with color. Repeat from * to end of row, p. back with both colors, k. back with both colors to form blocks. Leaving stitches on the needle, pick up the same number of stitches on other side with white and knit in same way and when you begin to make blocks, commence in order to alternate the colors, with white wool bind off the stitches, taking one stitch off each needle.

Finish top with white wool scallop, first crochet row of doubles, one in every other stitch with a chain between each.

2nd row.—With colored wool make a shell of 5 d. c. in every other hole and fasten with a s. c.

3rd row.—With white wool make picot edge. Draw ribbon through the holes and tie.

Gentleman's Knitted Glove

Scotch knitting yarn will give the most wear for either gloves or mittens, knit tightly on No. 12 steel needle.

Cast on 60 stitches and work on three needles in rounds of 2, p. 2, for length desired for wrist. Then knit nine rounds plain, before beginning to increase for the thumb.

10th round.—K. plain until 3 sts. remain, k. 2 in next st., k. 1, k. 2 in last st., these extra sts. are made by knitting front and back of a st. before slipping it off needle. Next 4 rounds plain knitting.

16th round.—Knit to within 5 sts. of end, k. 2 in next st., k. 3, k. 2 in last st.

Increase in this way every fifth round, until there are 13 sts. between increasing points or 72 sts. in all on the needles. Knit 10 rounds without increasing, run the 15 thumb sts. onto a safety pin or thread.

Upon the 57 sts. now remaining on needles, work one round and at the end of it cast on five stitches next to the thumb, work 14 rounds plain.

GENTLEMAN'S KNITTED GLOVE.

For first finger, k. 9, run all the sts. of the hand excepting the last seven onto a thread, cast four stitches on needle next to the nine stitches just knit and knit the seven stitches. Work for 38 rounds then decrease as follows.

1st round.—K. 3, decrease by k. 2 tog. and repeat around three rounds plain.

5th round.—K. 2, decrease, repeat around.

6th round.—Plain.

7th round.—Same as 5th. Eight sts. will remain. Draw these together and fasten securely on wrong side.

For second finger take the next seven stitches from the inside of the hand, cast three stitches onto another needle, take the last eight stitches off the thread and pick up two stitches where the four stitches were cast on for the first finger, 20 stitches in all.

Work as with first finger but making it six rounds longer. For third finger take seven stitches from inside of hand, cast on two stitches take the last eight stitches from the thread, pick up three stitches on second finger, and knit as before, making this finger three rounds longer than the first.

For the little finger take remaining 16 stitches and pick up two stitches on third finger, k. 32 rounds, then decrease. For the thumb take up 15 stitches, pick up five stitches on those cast on for hand, work 30 rounds and decrease as for fingers.

In making the second glove care must be taken to have thumb at the opposite side, simply reverse the method of working.

Knitted Dolly

Any size thread may be used and suitable steel needles, but the finer the material and needles the smaller the finished work will be.

Begin by casting on 47 stitches.

1st row.—Sl. 1, k. 20, o. 2, p. 2 together, k. 1, o. 3 times, n. o., k. 2, turn.

2nd row.—K. 5, p. 1, k. 2, o. twice, p. 2 tog., k. 28, leave 2 sts., unknit, turn.

3rd row.—Sl. 1, k. 25, n. o. twice, n. k. 8, o. twice, p. 2, tog., k. 8, turn.

4th row.—K. 8, o. twice, p. 2, tog., k. 10, p. 1, k. 25, leave 4 unknit, turn.

5th row.—Sl. 1, k. 21, * n. o. twice, n., repeat once more from * k. 6, o. twice, p. 2, tog., k. 6, o. k. 2, turn.

6th row.—K. 8, o. twice, p. 2, tog., k. 8, p. 1, k. 3, p. 1, k. 21, leave 6, turn.

7th row.—Sl. 1, k. 17, * n. o. twice, n., repeat from * twice more, k. 4, o. twice, p. 2, tog., k. 9, turn.

8th row.—Bind off 4, k. 4, o. twice, k. 6, p. 1, (k. 3, p. 1,) twice, k. 17, leave 8, turn.

9th row.—Sl. 1, k. 13, n., (o. twice, n. n.,) repeat 3 times, o. twice, n., k. 2, o. twice, p. 2, tog., k. 1, o. 3 times, n. o. k. 2, turn.

10th row.—K. 5, p. 1, k. 2, o. twice, p. 2, tog., k. 4, p. 1, (k. 3, p. 1,) 3 times, k. 13, leave 10, turn.

11th row.—Sl. 1, k. 9, n., (o. twice, n. n.,) 4 times, o. twice, n., o. twice, p. 2, tog., k. 8, turn.

12th row.—K. 8, o. twice, p. 2, tog., k. 2, p. 1, (k. 3, p. 1,) 4 times, k. 9, leave 12, turn.

13th row.—Sl. 1, k. 9, n., (o. twice, n. n.,) 3 times, o. twice, n., k. 2, o. twice, p. 2, tog., k. 6, o. k. 2, turn.

14th row.—K. 9, o. twice, p. 2, tog., k. 4, p. 1, (k. 3, p. 1,) 3 times, k. 9, leave 14, turn.

15th row.—Sl. 1, k. 9, n., (o. twice, n. n.,) twice, o. twice, n., k. 4, o. twice, p. 2, tog., k. 9.

16th row.—Bind off 4, k. 4, o. twice, p. 2, tog., k. 6, p. 1, (k. 3, p. 1,) twice, k. 9, leave 16, turn.

5th row.—K. 4, o. n., o., k. 2.

6th row.—Bind off all but 6 sts., turn, k. plain. Repeat from 1st row.

For edging No. 2, with fine cotton and needles, cast on 12sts., knit plain.

1st row.—K. 2, o. twice, n., k. 2, o. twice, n., k. 2, o. k. 2, turn.

2nd row.—K. 4, p. 1, k. 3.

3rd row.—K. 2, o. twice, n., k. 2, o. twice, n., k. 2, o. k. 2, turn.

4th row.—K. 5, p. 6, k. 3.

5th row.—K. 2, o. twice, n., o. twice, n., k. 4, o. k. 2.

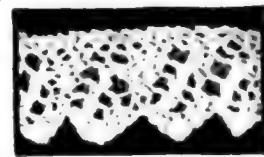
6th row.—Bind off all but 12 sts. and repeat from first row.

Knitted Roseleaf Bedspread

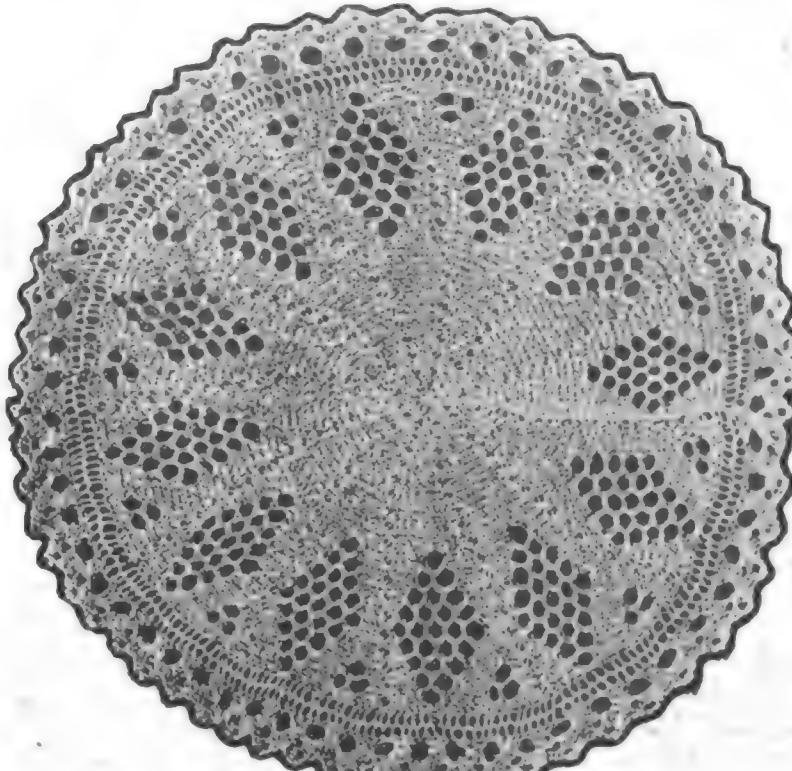
For making this a soft finished knitting cotton is preferable. Steel needles Nos. 12 or 14 according to the size of the cotton, or small bone needles, may be used.

Knit in sections of two or three; repeat the roseleaf pattern for this allowing seventeen stitches with two stitches for each purled strip between; excepting on outer edges, then three stitches make a better selvage.

To make a three-strip section as illustrated cast on sixty-one stitches and work as follows:



KNITTED EDDING. NO. 1.

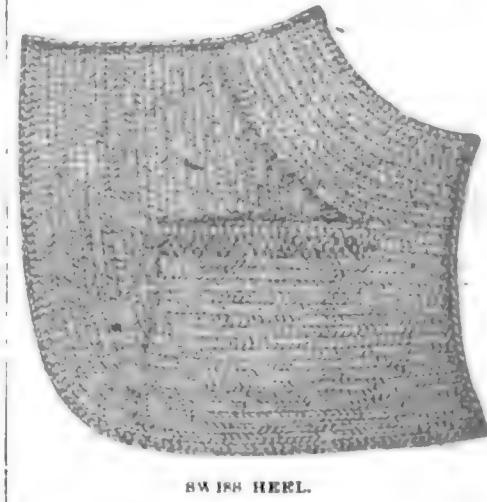


KNITTED DIAMOND POINT DOILEY.

in the usual way on two needles for the instep. Knit the last row of the ankle, p. the seam, k. 22, p. 2, k. 1, turn; sl. 1, p. 50, sl. 1, p. 2, k. 45, p. 2, k. 1, turn; sl. 1, p. 50.

Repeat these 2 last rows 12 times. Then sl. 1, p. 2, k. 33, turn; sl. 1, p. 20, turn; sl. 1, k. 21, turn; sl. 1, p. 22, turn; sl. 1, k. 23, turn; sl. 1, p. 24, turn; sl. 1, k. 25, turn; sl. 1, p. 26, turn; sl. 1, k. 26, sl. first st. from left-hand needle on to right-hand needle, and pass the stitch just knitted over it, turn; sl. first st., p. 26, sl. first st. from left-hand needle on to right-hand needle, and pass the stitch last knitted over it.

Repeat these last two rows till all the side stitches are knitted in; there should be 27 stitches left on the needle for the top of the



SWISS HERL.

heel. Knit these, and pick up the loops along the side of the flap as usual.

Bread Toe

After completing rounds for foot, see that the stitches are divided on a line with the gusset, half of stitches on instep needle, the other half equally divided upon two foot needles. * on the first foot needle, k. 4, sl. 1, k. 1, pass slipped stitch over. Knit to within six stitches of the end of second foot needle, k. 2 together, k. 4.

On instep needle k. 4, sl. 1, k. 1, pass slipped stitch over, k. 2 to within 6 sts. of the end of the needle, k. 2 together, k. 4, k. 3, rounds plain. Repeat from *, then knit 3 rounds plain. Repeat from * till reduced to 28 sts.

Slip all the foot stitches on to one needle, turn sock wrong side out, place the needles side by side and cast off by knitting a stitch from each needle at the same time.

Girl's Crocheted Hat

Materials required: Three skeins Elderdown and a No. 7 bone hook.

The wool is used double throughout the work. With colored wool, ch. 6, join.

1st row.—Make 18 s. c. in ring.

2nd row.—Using both loops at top of stitch make * 1 s. c. each in first 2 s. c., widen by making 2 s. c. in 3rd s. c. Repeat from * around row.

This gives you 6 sections.

Now make 11 rows of s. c., always making 2 s. c. in the 2nd s. c. of the widening of preceding row.

Next row, narrow 1 stitch in each section.

Your work should now measure 23 to 24 inches around.

Make 9 rows, making 1 s. c. in each s. c.

In the next 2 rows widen every 10th stitch.

Make 1 row without widening.



BROAD TOE.

Next row widen every 10th stitch. Make next row without widening.

Next row widen every 10th stitch.

Make 4 rows without widening.

Finish edge by making a loose slip stitch in each stitch.

For the trimming, take wool double and make a loose chain one yard long, finish with pompon.

Narrow Crocheted Edging

This dainty and simple little edging is very sweet for baby or children's clothes. Use 80 or 100 crochet cotton.

Begin with ch. 3 join in ring, ch. 5, 1 d. c. in



KNITTED ROSELEAF BEDSPREAD

ring, ch. 3, 1 d. c. in ring, ch. 3, 1 d. c. in ring, ch. 6, 1 d. c. under center, ch. 3, ch. 3, 1 d. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c., ch. 3, 1 d. c. all under same ch., ch. 7, turn, 3 d. c. with ch. 3 between each under center ch., ch. 8 and repeat, then ch. 3 and 1 d. c. under ch. 7, turn and repeat.

Stocking Knitting

CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH

This month we illustrate additional methods of toeing and heelings socks.

In working for the Red Cross their latest directions call for only an inch and a half of purling at top of socks, but if one is knitting to send direct, tops may be started with the usual amount of ribbing, although the less there is, is now considered the better, for several reasons.

In wool this pattern may be used for either a Baby Afghan or couch cover.

For the second finger take the next seven stitches from the inside of the hand, cast three stitches onto another needle, take the last eight stitches off the thread and pick up two stitches where the four stitches were cast on for the first finger, 20 stitches in all.

Work as with first finger but making it six rounds longer. For third finger take seven

rounds longer. For fourth finger take seven

rounds longer. For fifth finger take seven

rounds longer. For sixth finger take seven

rounds longer. For seventh finger take seven

rounds longer. For eighth finger take seven

rounds longer. For ninth finger take seven

rounds longer. For tenth finger take

Billy Bun's Easter Escapade

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“WON'T be ready for Easter! Ought to have been at it weeks ago! When I was young we never waited till the last minute!" So grumbled Grampy Gray, as he hobbled about among the groups of busy bunnies who were decorating Easter eggs.

"Now, now!" chided Grammie Gray, mildly, patting his long ears with a gentle paw. "It ain't going to help 'em any, talking like that! A little late, to be sure, but they're smart, Grampy, and they'll get 'em done in time, see if they don't!"

Ferdie Frisk and Sammie Springer, who had been ready to throw down their eggs at Grampy's scolding, cheered up at this, smiled at Grammie, and worked faster than ever.

It was a sight worth seeing—all the bunnies at work on the Easter eggs, getting them ready to fill the nests where the children might find them on Easter morning. Big fires were burning under the dye kettles, where the eggs were boiling. Rows of the colored eggs, red, pink, blue, yellow and green, were drying in the sun. Artistic bunnies were painting daisies and roses on the eggs, and stripes and stars of gold and silver paper were glued on to make them more beautifully dazzling.

The eggs were all finished, hundreds and hundreds of them, the night before Easter. Then, carefully carrying them in baskets, the bunnies started out, by the light of the moon, just past its fullness, to put them in the nests. Grampy and Grammie Gray stayed at home, and a few others, but most of them went—Lopey Longears and Nannie Nibbler, carrying a basket between them; Whaley Whitey, old Fleetfoot and Racer, Mrs. Bun, Ferdie Frisk, Sammie Springer, Callie Cottontail—oh, so many I couldn't name them all.

Little Billy Bun had pleaded to go with the rest.

"No, no," his mother had told him. "It's too far, and I can't be bothered with you. You'll be quite safe asleep in Grampy's house."

Billy whined. It wasn't safety he wanted, but fun.

Wherever the bunnies thought any children would look for the eggs—under bushes, in henhouses, sheds and barns, in clumps of grass, and sometimes right in the open paths, they made nests and left behind them their beautiful treasures.

Next morning, Lopey Longears was wakened from a delightfully exciting dream by a pounding at the door. He sat up, quite startled. The spring sunshine was flooding the place, and a bird somewhere nearby was trilling happily. At the door he found Mrs. Bun, her face quivering with grief.

"Oh, Lopey Longears!" she cried, "my little Billy! You must help me to get him home again. He did not stay behind as I told him to last night. I thought he was with Grampy until I went for him this morning. He must have followed us and got lost!"

Other rabbits joined them, and they started out on their search for little Billy.

All that day they looked for him, in the woods and fields, even venturing near some of the farmhouses, but nowhere was he to be found. "When night comes, I shall go into the village to look for him!" declared Mrs. Bun, her eyes red with weeping.

"I wouldn't dare!" shuddered timid Callie Cottontail. "I shall just go to bed and sleep, for I am tired."

"But you are not his mother!" said Mrs. Bun. "I shall go if I have to go alone!"

"I will go with you," promised Lopey Longears, "and so, I am sure, will Nannie Nibbler and Whaley Whitey."

"We will go, too," said Fleetfoot and Racer.

When night came, many others joined them, and they started out once more. As they came to the edge of the village, they found that the streets were brightly lighted, and many people were walking about. The town clock boomed out, striking eight, and the rabbits huddled together in fear, some of the more timid scurrying back toward the forest.

"We will wait," said Lopey Longears. "By and by the people will be asleep in their homes, and then we will be quite safe."

When the streets were deserted, the bunnies trotted about, poking their pink noses into many strange places. Sammie Springer ventured into

a henhouse where he remembered some eggs had been left, but was sharply pecked by a sleepy rooster, while all the hens set up a shrill outcry.

As they were passing through a large yard, Nannie Nibbler pointed to a little building in one corner, near the stable, under a bare-boughed locust tree.

"I know what that is," she said. "A rabbit-hutch. I pity the tame rabbits who live there,

my beautiful little Billy! He is shut up there, and he is crying for his mother! We will get him out, if we have to gnaw down the buildings."

"Wait!" cried Fleetfoot, who was fumbling with the wooden button that fastened the door.

"We need not do that. I can open the door for him. Help me here, somebody!"

A dozen paws were ready to help, and the rabbits were soon crowding in. Two tame rabbits

By Lena B. Ellingwood

"I wasn't crying!" he told her. "I was laughing. These rabbits are so funny, and so kind! I am going to live with them. You stay here too, mother, and we will be so happy!"

"What?" faltered poor Mrs. Bun. "Oh, Billy! Leave our nice little home in the forest, with all our friends around us?"

All the bunnies stared with wide-open round eyes.

"He is right," said one of the tame rabbits, whose name was Pinkie. "It is much better here than in the forest. In the winter, Fuzzy and I have a nice, warm place to stay, and we are never hungry; such quantities of food are brought to us—everything we like. And then, there are the children. They pet us, and we have fine times playing with them."

"The children!" cried Mrs. Bun, with terror in her eyes. "Oh, Billy! they must never get you! Come with me, quick!"

"But I like the children!" said little Billy. "They are good and kind to me, and smooth my fur. But I like you, too, and I like Lopey Longears, and all the others! Why can't you all stay here?"

"Yes!" urged Pinkie and Fuzzy. "All of you stay. Oh, what merry times we would have! You would never have to hunt around for food. No one would hurt you. You would have soft straw for beds, and be comfortable and happy. Think of the frolics and races we would have on this big, smooth lawn!"

"I will try it," said Mrs. Bun at last, fearfully. "If Billy likes it, perhaps I shall too, in time. And I will never leave him."

Ferdie Frisk laughed. "Let us all stay!" he urged. "It will be great fun."

"They could never shut us up—so many of us," said Whaley, "and if we did not like it, why, we could go back home any night."

"I am going back to the forest," said Racer, "not to stay, but to bring Grampy and Grammie Gray, Callie Cottontail and the rest. We must not leave them behind."

Morning was drawing near, and the eastern sky grew rosy as Racer went bounding away.

The bunnies all settled down to wait.

"I am hungry!" said Billy Bun. "I hope it is almost breakfast time. You will see what nice things the children can bring us."

After a while, Racer came back, bringing more of the forest bunnies back with him. Grampy Gray settled down on Fuzzy's nice bed.

"This is what I want for my old age," he said contentedly. "A good little house, warm and dry, and kind friends to bring me my food."

"Yes," said Grammie, carefully brushing some dust from the window, "we will live here always."

"Look, look!" called Little Billy. "The children are coming with our breakfast."

"They will have to bring a great deal this morning," said Pinkie, a little anxiously.

The children, whose names were Jackie and Flora, stopped in amazement when they saw the multitude of bunnies in and around the rabbit-hutch. Jackie, wide-eyed and half afraid, clutched at his sister's dress, and dropped the cabbage he was bringing.

"My sakeses!" gasped Flora. "Wherever did they all come from? What shall we do with so many?"

She had not long to wonder. Rover Dog came bounding out through the shed door, and seeing the bunnies, dashed among them, barking noisily.

"Run for your lives!" cried Grampy Gray shrilly. "We shall stay here!" And he barked the door, fastening it on the inside.

In fifteen seconds, not a rabbit was left in sight, excepting Pinkie and Fuzzy, who knew that Rover Dog would not hurt them.

When they were safe in the forest once more, the frightened bunnies stopped to rest a while and get their breath.

"I shall never go near the village again," gasped Callie Cottontail, "though I live to be old-old! I should have known better this time!"

Mrs. Bun was holding Billy firmly by the paw, and was the calmest one among them.

"Ah, well!" she said. "I have my little Billy safe with me again, and I am happy, for that was all I wanted!"

Watch for "Cubby Bear and the Frog Concert" in which Foxy Reynard gets into trouble, next month. Renew your subscription today, so to make sure not to miss this cute story in April COMFORT.



IT WAS A SIGHT WORTH SEEING.—ALL THE BUNNIES AT WORK ON THE EASTER EGGS.

poor things! I wonder they don't run away!"

"Perhaps they can't get out," said Lopey Longears. "We will go and look at them."

As the rabbits crowded around, Mrs. Bun cried, "Hark! Did you hear that? My Billy—it was his voice!"

"Where, where?" chorused the bunnies.

"In that rabbit-hutch!" cried Mrs. Bun. "Oh,

bits lived there, and with them was the lost Billy.

His mother rushed forward, and caught him in her arms.

"I heard you crying," she said. "We have come to take you home."

Billy kissed his mother, but hung back when she would have led him out.

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April COMFORT

will treat of timely topics in a practical manner, useful and helpful in meeting the changed conditions of these strenuous times, besides treating our readers to some excellent stories. Never was there a time when the family magazine was more useful or its help more needed in the home. The following are a few of the

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"Do You Get What You Pay For?"

This question, always important, assumes vital interest under pressure of present high cost and scarcity of food, which also increases the temptation to cheating by short weight, adulteration and substitution of inferior goods. This article tells how to detect and guard against imposition by such fraudulent practices.

"In the Enemy's Airplane"

A thrilling romance telling of the daring rescue of an American girl from the Germans by an American aviator in the French army.

"The Care and Value of Milk"

The Government is urging larger and better use of milk. This article tells how to care for milk and gives a variety of recipes for its use.

"How to Grow Garden Shrubs"

Flowering and ornamental shrubs cost little and add much to the attractiveness of the home. Learn how to grow them successfully.

"City of Dreams"

Don't miss the finish of this uncommonly fine story; it is sensational in the best and highest sense.

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Bitter pills cure bitter ills.

A fine cage cannot feed a bird.

Nature neither loves nor hates.

The brave know how to forgive.

Too hasty reaping ruins a harvest.

In a calm sea every man is a pilot.

Quaff pleasure in sips, not in gulps.

The poem of creation is never interrupted.

If you would keep friends, shun explanations.

Peace, not happiness, is the reward of virtue.

Fate has gilded pinnacles that give uneasy seats.

The first principle of success is to be willing to lose.

Frugality is never better displayed than in furnishing.

Birds with bright plumage do not always make a good pie.

The curse of every evil deed is that it brings forth more evil.

If we understood Death we should no longer care for Life.

Man has often thrown up his interest in two worlds for gold.

Our worst disappointments are when we disappoint ourselves.

To be angry is to revenge the faults of others upon ourselves.

Many an irksome noise, go a long way off, is heard as music.

We always grieve

THE AWAKENING

By Anna Bird Stewart

It is interesting to note that John Hay, Ellsworth's intimate and devoted friend, was a young man of strong character and marked ability and rose to take an important part in national and international affairs. As President Lincoln's private secretary he was trusted with the war secrets of the government. After Lincoln's death he attained celebrity as an author; with Nicolay he wrote the *Life of Abraham Lincoln*. Later, as Ambassador to England he reflected credit on himself and his country, and as Secretary of State in President Roosevelt's cabinet he became distinguished as one of the greatest if not the greatest of statesmen that ever held that exalted office.

Ellsworth and Hay are samples of the kind of men Lincoln called to assist him in administering the affairs of Government in war time.—EDITOR.

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PART II.

THREE days after the President's call for troops, six days after Sumter fell, a poster was distributed about New York City.

To the Members of the New York Fire Department:

The Government appeals to the New York Fire Department for one regiment in Zouaves. The subscriber is detailed in New York for the purpose of drilling and equipping the regiment after being organized. The companies will be allowed to select their own officers.

Colonel Ellsworth of the Chicago Zouaves.

Within forty-eight hours after the rolls were opened two companies had been formed for each letter of the regiment. It devolved upon Ellsworth, whom the men had unanimously chosen as their Colonel, to say which should go and which should stay behind. It was an unpleasant task, so eager were they all to be selected. He stood the companies opposite each other, and picked them from the books of the men.

Not till all his necessary work had been done to equip and uniform his men for the field, did Ellsworth listen to his heart and go whither his thoughts long before had flown.

Mary Somers welcomed him with a glad pride in her face. She had followed closely all the reports of his actions as they appeared in the New York papers. The enthusiasm and general praise which the very mention of his name evoked, stirred her more than she had dreamed possible.

She asked him about his work accomplished and yet to do.

"We have not yet been mustered into the service of the United States," he told her. "When we are, it will not be for three months or for a year, as the other volunteers will be, but for the duration of the war."

"How long will you be here?"

"We leave today. This is our good by. We must make the most of every minute. Don't stop, Elmer, tell me everything you have done. Tell me about the flag the Fire Department gave you. Don't look so amazed. The papers have kept track almost of the times you take a breath."

The President of the Fire Department gave us the colors this morning. No duty I have had to perform within these last ten days could compare to the task of thanking those firemen on behalf of their comrades in the regiment, the men who won the chance to go. What I said for myself, I said for all of them, that so long as one single arm responded to the promptings of the heart, that flag would not be disgraced by any act of the New York Fire Zouaves."

"You will carry that flag in battle?"

"Yes, and there's not a man in the regiment who would not die for it."

"Are they all so brave?"

"They are firemen, Mary, used to discipline and obedience, used to danger and destruction. Indeed they are brave."

"And you are brave. Think, Elmer, of the annoyances, the petty disasters, the obstacles that have been fairly thrown into your track in just this one enterprise."

"They were to be expected. Difficulties may turn out a real help. Furthermore, if you once set your will to anything, you have it."

"Your will, perhaps," she corrected. "But suppose someone else sets his will against the same thing?"

"Then it's a question of your will against the other fellow's."

She was serious in spite of his laughter. "I suppose it is your being prominent and brave and good which makes some persons jealous of you, isn't it?"

"It's not always a wise thing to be prominent," he returned smiling, "and I'm no better nor braver than most men. What makes you think any one is jealous of me?"

"I saw it in the newspapers."

"Oh! Then they have become infallible."

"Now, stop laughing," she insisted. "It is the people who are jealous of you who have purposely made things hard for you. I can guess more than the papers dare to hint. Why do you suppose you were supplied with no arms?"

"But we have our arms, now."

"Yes, but who got them? You did. You went out yourself and worked to get them."

"It was not much work. The rich men here in New York are generous as well as patriotic."

Mary sighed. "John Hay was right. He always told me that you had some enemies who were wicked just because you were too good to try to destroy them. He used to get so wrought up because he never could make you consider them seriously."

"John feels responsible for that enemy theory, since he invented it, so he proves it over again with everything that happens."

Feeling the uselessness of any further effort to warn him, Mary changed the subject abruptly.

"Turn around again," she said. "What is that badge?" She read the inscription on the metal shield, "Columbian Engine Company, No. 14."

"I was the only man in the regiment who was not a member of the Fire Department," he explained. "So I asked for a badge as a sign that I was with them in feeling, at least."

"Will you wear one for me, too, as a sign that—"

"Yes," he said, and he watched her departing figure with a half fear that once gone from his sight, she might not return. He could see so pitifully little of her, as it was. She was back again in a moment, however, tying a ribbon through a little golden medal.

"Here it is. See? It is very old. Father gave it to me a long time ago and an old man had given it to him years before. Can you make out the inscription?"

"Non solum nobis sed pro patria," he read. Then he added, smiling. "That covers about the widest extent of my Latin as he translated it 'Not for ourselves only' but for our country."

"It's enough for us all, if we know it by heart. I shall remember it always as the motto of my soldier boy."

Then he told her he must go, he had barely more than time to reach his regiment at the appointed hour. They said good by and he went down the steps. She was standing in the doorway, watching.

"Elmer," she called, almost involuntarily.

He came back into the hallway and closed the door.

"Yes, dear?"

"I just couldn't let you go. I had to say good by again." The tears welled up into her eyes. Then he too, felt that there were some words that cried out to be spoken.

"Mary, this is war. The country is as yet hardly awake to it, but some of us know what a

been doing their work with maddening thoroughness.

"Calumniators have been busy enough with our reputations, General Mansfield. I do not claim that my men are any better than the others, but at least they are no worse. Many acts committed by the men of other regiments have been falsely accredited to us."

"I know that, Colonel Ellsworth. I have watched how your men have been made the scapegoats without any success in discovering the real culprits. I'll do the best I can for you. You will readily understand, however, that my powers are to a great extent limited. If any doubt of your men remains in your mind, I should advise you not to go to Alexandria. My word would count for little should any breach of discipline occur. Your regiment would be mustered out of service."

"My men will be better soldiers in the field than in the camp," Ellsworth said simply.

"I wish that I could do more for you. You are a brave man."

"There will be no danger of our being mustered out, sir. Then we leave on the twenty-fourth."

"At two in the morning," said the General.

"Good luck, Colonel Ellsworth."

On the night of the twenty-third of May the young officer called his men into line.

"Boys," he said, "yesterday I understood that a movement was to be made against Alexandria I went to General Mansfield and told him that I would consider it as a personal affront if we were not allowed the right of the line, which is our due as the first volunteer regiment sworn in for the war. All I can say is, prepare yourselves for a nice little sail and at the end of it, possibly, a skirmish. Go to your tents, lie down and take your rest until two o'clock. At that hour the boat will arrive and we shall go forward. When we reach the place of destination, I hardly need bid you act as men. Do nothing to shame the regiment. Show the enemy that you are indeed men as well as soldiers. Prove to them that you will treat them with kindness until they force you to use violence. I want fairly to overcome them with good will. Go to your tents now and do as I have told you."

He went to his own tent where he found Major Oliver awaiting him.

"You sent for me, Colonel?"

"Yes, Major Oliver. I want you, in case anything should happen to me, to know just where we stand. We go to Alexandria on condition of good behavior. If any deeds of misbehavior or violence are committed by our men, we are to be mustered out of service."

"Threaten them with that disgrace," said the Major, "and they'll be lamb like."

"I don't threaten," said Ellsworth, "I don't need to do so. I fear nothing from my men. My purpose was simply to explain the thing to you in the event that—. One never knows, Major. That was all I wished to tell you. You'd better try to get some sleep."

When he was alone, he took from his breast a ribbon on which hung a golden medal. For a long time he looked at it, then, returning it to its place, he drew some paper toward him and began to write. His words were few, but so simple and so brave.

As he sealed the letter, he could almost see her before him, with the sunlight on her hair. It was thus that she dwelt always in his thoughts.

"She will understand," he said, as he began a second letter. "The last of the Ellsworths," he thought on. "Poor mother and father, if anything should happen, it would go hard with them. The only one left."

He read the second letter over to himself.

"My general instructions were to use the utmost celerity. My orders from Washington were to board this transport and sail tonight. This latest order is signed by the Major General commanding the militia of New York."

"Why do they wish to detain you?" asked Wool.

"The only reason that I know," answered Ellsworth, "is that I have a few more men than the state militia law recognizes."

"You are going into the service of the Federal Government, not the state," said the Major General.

"If that is all that is keeping you back, you have my permission to proceed, according to the instructions of the War Department." He scribbled a few words on a scrap of paper which he gave to the young officer.

"A pretty good leader of men," the old soldier said to himself as he watched the Fire Zouaves embarking, "and he's in right with the President and the War Department. His first battle ought to make him a brigadier general, and his second give him a division. There isn't a man in the service who could have equalled what he has just accomplished here in New York."

There was apparently no limit to the glory the world was anxious to accord to this vivid and compelling personality.

Upon his regiment reaching Annapolis, it was sent on by rail to Washington and there quartered.

John Hay lost no time in seeing his friend.

"You can't guess whom I ran across the day you left."

"Wescott?" suggested Ellsworth, "Brown? No. Well, I give up."

"Hermann!" There was a challenge in John Hay's tone.

"Everybody is turning up here in Washington," Ellsworth returned.

"He has some sort of a pull with somebody in the War Department," announced Hay. "I don't know with whom, and I don't know how he managed to get it. Do you remember that little fellow in Chicago named Johnson? Starfield Johnson? He was the one who made such a fuss at the time of your fencing match with Hermann. Well, he received a commission yesterday, and I know Hermann got it for him."

His listener nodded indifferently.

"That man hates you, Elmer, and you are so reckless, you take so little care—"

"My!" laughed Ellsworth. "You're as bad as—"

"—then he stopped short and blushed.

"Sure enough!" said John impulsively. "And how is she?"

CHAPTER IV.

Washington was full of unorganized, undisciplined troops who committed depredations without number and almost without punishment.

Hardly had the Fire Zouaves been encamped before some of these, which would formerly have passed without comment, were charged upon them. Without a word, Ellsworth paid the damage, though it took almost his last cent to do it. Not an act of plunder from this time on was laid to his men.

He, for his part, knew that they were restless, but he knew too well his power over them to imagine that they did all for which they were blamed. Could John and Mary have been right? Could some enemy be striking at him through his men? He knew that at his hint, an investigation would be made and the matter put to an end. But it seemed so childish to be running to tell tales. He felt that he ought to show his affection for the President, overburdened with anxiety, by keeping his own petty annoyances from him. The simplest way to end this trouble would be by getting his men away from camp and into the field.

Vague hints had been flying that the storm was about to break. Scouts were sent out, the novel business of war was about to be set in motion. The period of preliminary inactivity was almost over. With his first actual knowledge that the Federal Government was to make its first offensive movement, Ellsworth sought out the commanding officer.

"General Mansfield," he began, "I learn that orders have been sent out to advance into Virginia."

The General looked at him with curious intensity. Had he not known Ellsworth, he might have resented a young officer's apparent inquisitiveness. He had heard, moreover, one of the many current rumors that if the outbreak of the war had but been delayed a little longer, that young, clear-sighted and determined man might even now have been an influential factor in the War Department. His voice was kindly.

"Well, Colonel Ellsworth, what can I do for you?"

"Send the Fire Zouaves to Alexandria. It is their right," said Ellsworth quietly, and he told him why and how.

"The citizens of Alexandria, as you know, are held upon parole by the guns of the Passaic. I regret to tell you that they have sent in a request that if their town is to be occupied, the Fire Zouaves should not be sent among them."

Ellsworth flushed crimson. His detractors had

been doing their work with maddening thoroughness.

"Calumniators have been busy enough with our reputations, General Mansfield. I do not claim that my men are any better than the others, but at least they are no worse. Many acts committed by the men of other regiments have been falsely accredited to us."

"I know that, Colonel Ellsworth. I have watched how your men have been made the scapegoats without any success in discovering the real culprits. I'll do the best I can for you. You will readily understand, however, that my powers are to a great extent limited. If any doubt of your men remains in your mind, I should advise you not to go to Alexandria. My word would count for little should any breach of discipline occur. Your regiment would be mustered out of service."

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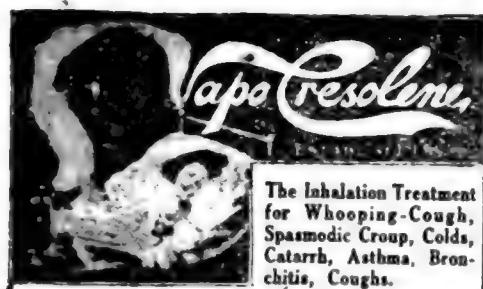
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shed, stable, barn, around hay, powder,

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without the slightest danger.

The Eveready is 6½ inches long, 1½ inches in diameter

and is just as useful outdoors as it is

indoors. Neither wind nor rain can put it out. When

riding or walking after nightfall, it throws a shaft of

brilliant light far in advance, showing up every object

long before you reach it. The loneliest road, the gloomy

depths of the woods, need have no terrors for you if

you go prepared with an Eveready.

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We will give you this Eveready Daylo or "flash

light" complete with battery and bulb, all ready

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Club Offer. For five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you

an Eveready Daylo complete as described above,

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of one battery for three one-year subscriptions at 25

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your own) at 25 cents (Premium No. 8131.)

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

City of Dreams

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

celebrity. "Here, my friend, is hidden treasure. The others—" Cecily sensed his eloquent shrug.

"I thought so once," was de Lille's softly-accented reply. "But me—I have given up. Eat is stagnate."

"It is bridled, if you like," the other corrected. "But it is indisputably there. That girl—it is a girl, de Lille—it should cut free."

"She indeed leaves a life without atmosphere," de Lille admitted; "but what can one do when one has poverty?"

"What can one? You surprise me, de Lille. In this magic city? Why, it is alive with possibilities for the intrepid of spirit. Let her get to the top and no one will pause to inquire by what ladder she ascended!"

"But," de Lille objected, "these are not Paris, and this young person happens to be a gentlewoman."

"Oh, if she cannot take care of herself that is another matter. If she must be hedged about with safety, But no! She needs to have her exits cut off—to be forced to take a mental escape. What she needs is life—life that will test her ability to hold on. Life and the boulevards and love—especially love. Tell her so, de Lille. Tell her so for me."

Cecily stood transfixed, listening to the dangerous but fascinating doctrine of freedom, her hands pressed against the beating pulse of her throat.

Whether or not the critic had meant her or the little Jewess would forever remain a mystery. But that did not matter. All that mattered was the fact that he had handed her the key to the city of her desires.

Along that same path of freedom her mind had stumbled on the previous wakeful night, but now she had arrived, full tilt, at her goal. It was as exquisite a physical relief as though the man had overtaken her, burdened, climbing steep and rocky slope and had picked her up and set her down, safe, at the summit. No longer would she fear—she would seek—and find.

She wasted no more regrets on the shabby hat, but pressing it down over her dusky hair, she donned her coat and went down to the street. Just where she walked she never afterward remembered, but she roamed the streets till darkness fell, and then, after a frugal supper, she went reluctantly back to the "home."

Once inside the halls, reeking in their cleanliness of soap and disinfectants, Cecily's spirit went suddenly cold. After all, she thought, as she toiled up to her cheerless room, what chance had she?

She found her roommate a clerk at Stacy's, mournfully nursing feet swollen and tortured from too long standing.

"Ida," began Cecily, impulsively, tossing her hat into a corner, "how can one find life?"

"Huh?" was Ida's inelegant response.

"I mean how can girls like us steer out of the ruts we're in—out of impossible places like this?"

Ida's eyes smoldered. "A fat chance we have to get out except by one route. I've seen other girls—good girls, too, only discouraged—take it and I've seen where it led them. I haven't wanted to go that way. Even when I've been hungry and my feet have been almost on the pavement and my coat has been too old for these winter winds, I've wanted to go straight. But I—don't—know. I can't stand much more of this."

She flung herself into bed and pulled the sleazy blanket over her head and Cecily saw that her shoulders were heaving, but she said nothing for she had no consolation to offer.

"There must be some way out," she sighed, after a thoughtful moment. "But I am so tired of groping. Why can't life's blind alleys have a 'this-way-out' sign to guide us?"

She sat late in the increasingly chilly atmosphere of her room, going drearily over the situation. The first thing, she decided, was to cut free from this cramping environment against which her whole nature protested. She would take a studio down in the enchanted quarter to the south.

But how? She bitterly considered that what was left of her inheritance would not last a quarter down there. She had gathered that from the gossip that had drifted to her ears.

Here and there her thoughts darted, as she sought escape from the mental cul-de-sac into which she had strayed. All the pride of her race forbade her return to the little Vermont village, defeated. Her exit had been too spiritually triumphant to admit of that.

Neither could she tolerate her present existence. Her soul was marking time when it strained to be off on its victorious march. Finally, when the room became too cold longer to sit up, she slipped into bed to pass another white night.

Cecily did not go to the studio the next day. She felt a nervous aversion to everything connected with it, especially to the self-poised Jewess whose easel was next to hers. So, in spite of the sharp-tongued matron, who threatened her head in at the door to remind her that girls were not supposed to stay in their rooms by day, she sat for hours, thinking.

Once she got out Noble's card and studied it, wondering what would be the effect of taking him at his word and calling upon him for counsel. It was almost the first time she had thought of Randolph Noble since her encounter with him on the night of her arrival.

Late in the afternoon she went into the street and wandered down to Washington Square. She sat on a bench and continued her endless planning, sitting there for a long time, till the Square, in the dusk, became a tender, mysterious mauve.

She glanced up, startled out of her reverie, as a man came to a staggering halt in front of her.

"Why, bless my

General Gibson Says Every Soldier

WHO GOES TO THE FRONT

Should Take Nuxated Iron

General John L. Clem, Who Was Sergeant in the U. S. Army at 12 Years of Age, General David Stuart Gordon, Hero of the Battle of Gettysburg, Judge Samuel S. Yoder, for 18 Years a Practicing Physician and Formerly Surgeon Major in the Army, Also Tell How They Were Benefited by a Short Course of This Remarkable Product.

Why Physicians Prescribe Nuxated Iron to Help Increase Strength and Endurance and Build up Weak, Nervous, Run-down Folks.

What every soldier most needs is tremendous "stay there" strength, power and endurance, with nerves of steel and blood of iron. To help produce this result there is nothing in my experience which I have found so valuable as organic iron—Nuxated Iron, says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.) New York, and the Westchester County Hospital. "I have personally found it of such great value as a tonic, strength and blood builder that I believe if General Gibson's advice were followed many of our fighting men would find it of great benefit. In my opinion there is nothing better than organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for enriching the blood and helping increase strength, energy and endurance.

General Horatio Gates Gibson says Nuxated Iron has brought back to him in good measure that old buoyancy and energy that filled his veins in 1847 when he made his triumphant entry with General Scott into the City of Mexico.

Another remarkable case is that of General David Stuart Gordon, noted Indian fighter and hero of the battle of Gettysburg. General Gordon says: "When I became badly run-down this year, I found myself totally without the physical power to 'come back' as I had done in my younger days. I tried different so-called 'tonics' without feeling any better, but finally I heard of how physicians were widely recommend-



General John L. Clem, U. S. A. (Retired), the drummer boy of Shiloh who entered the U. S. Army as a drummer boy at the age of eleven years. He was promoted to be Sergeant for gallantry at the battle of Chickamauga when only 12 years old. He says that Nuxated Iron is the one and ever-reliable tonic—that he obtained most surprising results from its use in two weeks' time.



Judge Samuel S. Yoder, Statesman, Jurist and for 18 years a practicing physician—formerly Surgeon Major in the Army and now Commander in Chief of the Union Veteran Union, says: "Nuxated Iron restores, revivifies and rehabilitates the system. To the man of 70 as I am it is just as certain, just as efficacious as to the youth in his teens."

Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital, (Outdoor Dept.) New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, says every soldier and civilian who wants something to help increase his strength and endurance should have this prescription filled and take Nuxated Iron three times daily as did Generals Gibson, Gordon and Clem and Judge Yoder.



General Horatio Gates Gibson, U. S. A. (Retired), who entered the City of Mexico in the war of 1847 with General Winfield Scott. General Gibson says: "Judging from the results in my own case, I feel that every soldier who goes to the front should take Nuxated Iron."



The above is Dr. Sullivan's prescription for enriching the blood and helping to make strong, keen, red-blooded Americans—men and women who dare and do.



General David Stuart Gordon, U. S. A. (Retired), promoted for gallant conduct in the battle of Gettysburg; well-known Indian fighter. General Gordon says: "Despite my own advanced age, Nuxated Iron has made me fit and ready for another campaign, and if my country needs me, I stand ready to go."

ing organic iron to renew red blood and rebuild strength in worn-out bodies. As a result I started taking Nuxated Iron and within a month it had roused my weakened vital forces and made me feel strong again, giving me endurance such as I never hoped to again possess.

Another interesting case is that of General John Lincoln Clem, who at the early age of 12 years was Sergeant in the U. S. Army and the last veteran of the Civil War to remain on the U. S. Army active list. General Clem says: "I find in Nuxated Iron the one and ever-reliable tonic. Two months after beginning the treatment I am a well man."

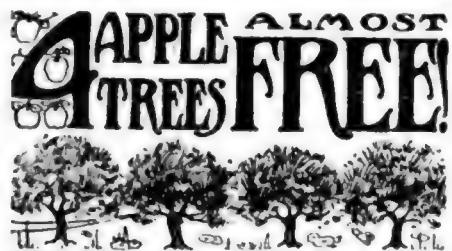
Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician, who has studied both in this country and great European Medical institutions said: "Nuxated Iron is a wonderful remedy. If people would only take it when they feel weak or run-down instead of dosing them-

selves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages, I am convinced that there are thousands who might readily build up their red blood corpuscles, increase their physical energy, and get themselves into a condition to ward off the millions of disease germs that are almost continually around us. It is surprising how many people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's

Hospital, New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

NOTE—Nuxated Iron which is prescribed by Dr. Sullivan, and which has been used by Generals Gibson, Gordon, Clem, Judge Yoder and others with such surprising results, is not a secret remedy but one which is well-known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser, or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.—Advertisement.



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Free Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this Stereoscope with 100 Views free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 6462.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be

W E now have with us March, the month supposed to be so lionlike in entrance but so lamblike in departure, but if it is any worse than the preceding months have been, it will break all previous records for lionlike behavior. But what do we care if it is? We have the blessed knowledge that Spring is on its way with the usual quota of spring breezes, spring flowers, spring clothes, spring poems, spring freckles, spring colds and spring tonics. And the last two items deserve more consideration than is usually accorded them. Moral: Wear your winter "undies" a while longer and help Nature a little by a good tonic and careful attention to diet—not forgetting to Hooverize a little. A healthy person is usually cheerful and better able to cope with difficulties than the person who has neglected his, or her, health, but goodness me, I must get to work immediately.

The first letter I open is from an Unloved Girl from Greenwood, Texas, who says she is a "nice young lady," but that another girl has stolen her beau and she knows it because the last time he called on her he never kissed her good by and always before he never could hug and kiss her too much, and that she kisses the boys because she "just can't resist their pleadings."

Isn't she the tender-hearted thing? For further proof of that she doesn't want to go with other boys because she is afraid it would hurt him and she doesn't want to cause him "a minute's pain." She is generous, too, for she asks me if I think a birthday

present would renew his love for her. I leave it to you, cousins, isn't she silly? In the first place, "nice young ladies" don't kiss boys, regardless of how much they plead, and some of them are great little plaiders, and it is very evident that she allowed herickle beau to kiss her too much, else he would not have tired of her. His conscience doesn't seem to trouble him very much, so far as hurting you is concerned, so why should you treat him with so much consideration? And above all things, don't send him a birthday present. You don't want to buy his love, do you? Love can't be bought. Forget him, and let this teach you to be less generous with your kisses. Don't chase after him or any other boy; it is a sure way to drive him off. Let the boys do the chasing.

I. A. B., Fuller's, N. C.—Don't accept money from any man, not even your fiance. Wait until you are his wife—provided he is as generous after marriage as before. Some men are not.

Oklahoma Maiden, Waynoka, Okla.—You are too young and too small to wear a shirt-waist and skirt, and, anyway, one-piece dresses are lots prettier. Can't you find something suitable among the COMFORT patterns?

Fair Beauty, Greenwood, Texas.—I don't think you feel so very badly because your soldier sweetheart has not written if you can console yourself with a thirty-seven year old grass widower. What's the matter? Aren't there any young men left in Greenwood? Of course you did wrong to sit in his lap, but I'll forgive you if you will promise not to do it again. (2) I should say it was very rude of a boy to put his foot in your lap while he, or you, laced his shoe—unless, of course, you like to be used as a footstool.

College Student, Greenwood, Texas.—If you are engaged to a nice young man who doesn't kiss you, you shouldn't let any other man kiss you. Perhaps your fiancé is saving his kisses until he is your husband, but I don't think you care much about either of them. When in doubt, don't marry; it is good, safe rule to follow, and I think it applies to your case.

Sammie and Johnnie, Marlow, Okla.—Tell the young man who threatens to "quit" you unless you let him kiss you that you value your self respect more than his particular brand of friendship, love or kisses and that the sooner he quits the better pleased you will be. It is perfectly proper to kiss your fiancé good by. (2) Don't feel badly if your soldier boy sends cards to two other girls, just as long as he writes to you every day and tells you all about it. I don't think he means any harm. But even if he should, don't worry about it, for there are lots of other boys.

E. A. Berry, Ky.—One hundred and sixty-four pounds weight for a girl five feet, five inches tall, doesn't sound as though her health were completely broken down, but I'll take your word for it. Your parents did wrong in keeping you out of school and if they are very unkind to you and overwork you now I think you are justified in finding work elsewhere. Don't decide too hastily, for, after all, home is a pretty good place.

N. B., Binghamton, N. Y.—I should think you would respect your mother's memory more than to chum with girls she objected to, even if you resented your fiancé's attitude in the matter. That shows he has your welfare at heart, though I do think he should

read our editorial on page 2. Then, if you favor a level second-class postage rate, one that will be uniform throughout the country regardless of distance, that will not favor some and discriminate against other localities, cut out the coupon below and paste it to the top of a sheet of writing paper. Thus it will serve as the heading to a petition.

Next fill in the date and the name of your congressman. If you don't know his name you can learn it from your postmaster.

Then write your name and place of residence on the blank paper below the heading.

Circulate the petition among your friends and neighbors and get them to sign, women as well as men.

Finally, mail the signed petition to your congressman at House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

Cut this out and paste it to the top of a sheet of writing paper.

Date _____ 1918.

Hon. _____

U. S. House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

We believe that the flat rate of a cent a pound for second-class postage has been of inestimable benefit by facilitating and promoting the dissemination of

knowledge, and that the magazines, which by means of this low flat rate have been

enabled to build up a nation-wide circulation spreading information to the remotest

nooks and corners of the land, constitute one of the greatest, most unifying and

beneficent educational forces in the country. We earnestly protest against grading

second-class postage on any zone rate basis as being class legislation aimed against

the magazines and an unjust sectional discrimination against the people dwelling in

parts remote from the large centers of population.

Therefore, we respectfully request you to exert your influence and give your

vote in Congress in favor of the repeal of the zone rate (before they take effect in

July), and for making the second-class postage rate, thereafter as heretofore, one

and the same, level and uniform throughout the Union regardless of distance.

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RESIDENCES _____

have asked you to discontinue their acquaintance, rather than commanded you to. Lots of girls don't use judgment and are not particular enough about their associates, and don't know the value of a dollar, and maybe he is right in saying all these things about you, but it seems to me that he is very tactless and critical—especially before you are married to him. Most of them reserve their criticisms until after marriage. Profit by his criticisms, my dear, even though they rankle, and tell him he has your permission to look elsewhere for a sweetheart with all the virtues you, apparently, do not possess. Hasn't he any faults?

Heartbroken Sweetheart, Greenville, Pa.—Such a silly little girl—in love with a soldier whom she has never seen and wants to know if she should promise to marry him if he returns from France. Don't you know that such foolishness as yours is one of the reasons why our government has put its foot down on correspondence between soldiers and women they are not personally acquainted with? When you mean "have to," please don't spell it "hafto."

Brown Eyes, Sulphur Springs, Texas.—The doctor, you mention, who puts his arm around you and gives you a "loving and friendly look," is guilty of gross impropriety and unprofessional conduct. Tell him you will change doctors and denounce him if he attempts that or any other familiarity with you. Doctors of his kind are the ruin of many girls, and married women, too.

Susan, Saline, Kans.—If you truly love each other and intended to be married soon anyway, don't hesitate because he may soon march away as a soldier. Instead, be proud that you are a soldier's wife, but don't marry just to be a "war bride."

C. C. Detroit, Mich.—I was much interested in your description of this, apparently, model young man, but, my dear, I don't know what you should say to him, because, you see, I don't know what he asked you. Tell him you will think it over, and in the meantime tell me what he said and I'll do my best to help you. And I'm quite curious to know what he said, too. Maybe it was something very important, as, for instance: "Do you pick the bones out of sardines before you eat them?" and in that case I wouldn't want you to answer hastily.

Tootsie, Little Rock, Ark.—No, you don't weigh too much. About right, I should say. Your spelling is good. About your penmanship is awful, positively awful, and your grammar likewise, but don't feel bad because I scold, for I'm hateful old thing, but just keep on trying to do better. Don't write to this boy too often and don't kiss him again.

Blue Eyes, Wilkinsville, S. C.—No, it isn't wrong for you to love a man who neglects you in the presence of others, but it is extremely foolish of you. Die for him if you want to, that's your privilege, but it would be more sensible to care for another who cared more for you, but suit yourself.

Talent, Oregon.—Don't you mind, honey, if your schoolmates don't like you and are unkind to you. It will be all right some day, I feel sure. Would personal letter help any? If so, send me your name.

Brown Eyes, Ramer, Tenn.—This poor girl's fiance "doesn't write but once a week and I don't feel like he appreciates me as he should." Isn't that just too pitiful for words? Well, Brown Eyes, all I have to say is this—if your letter to me is a fair sample of the kind you write to him, he deserves a medal for writing even once a week. If I were in his place I'd make it once a year, and leap-years at that.

There, most of your questions are answered and it has been a labor of love, too—in spite of the fact that I scolded—for I love the silly ones just as much as I do the sensible ones, and maybe a tiny bit more because they need it more, just as they need more scolding. I do that because I want all of you to be noble, sensible girls that I can be proud of and I know you are trying your very best to be all that and more, too.

Sincerely,

Cousin MARION.

The English Methuselah

"T HE English Methuselah," is a title deservedly applied to Thomas Parr, born in Shropshire, England, in the year 1483. He was a farmer's son and worked at home with his father till he was about fifteen years old, when he became a servant. At the age of thirty-five he inherited his father's land and returned to the farm. He did not marry until 1563, when he was eighty years old. His wife and two children having died, he worked again at his little farm until 1635, when he was 152 years old.

He had by this time become famous for his old age, and Lord Thomas Howard brought him to London, to be presented to the king and court. He was well received, but the change from his quiet country home to the strange, exciting scenes of London affected his health, and late in 1635 he died at Lord Howard's home in London.

He is buried in Westminster Abbey, and his epitaph reads:

"Thomas Parr of ye County of Salopp, Born in Ao (year) 1483. He lived in ye reigns of Ten

Princes, viz. K. Edw. 4, K. Edw. 5., K. Rich. 3, K. Hen. 7, K. Hen. 8, K. Edw. 6, Q. Eliz., K. Ja., and K. Charles. Aged 152 years and was buried here Nov. 15, 1635."

Truly, Thomas Parr was in his day the "grand old man" of England.

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

Bureau of Information, Washington, D. C., for Uncle Sam's war pamphlets, and request him to read from these and explain to you all the big words you cannot understand. From these talks you will learn history, and if teacher unrolls a map of Europe, as an intelligent teacher should, and points you out the battle lines of the various nations involved in this great world struggle, you will also learn geography, and think more of your country and what it stands for. You will learn too, pity and sympathy for little children like yourselves, who have been starved, outraged and butchered by inhuman devils without soul, compassion, conscience, honor or decency, who are tearing down not only all our forefathers came to this country to create and build, but are seeking to tear down the whole structure of civilization, so that they can grow fat on the toil of human slavery, and make all mankind bow the knee and pay tribute to a bunch of medieval robber barons who have no place in such a world as ours, and whose ideas, methods and bloodthirsty savagery would disgrace the dark ages. The war is knocking at every door and you children should know all about it. Then you can carry the truth home to your parents, many of whose minds have been poisoned by our enemies and who are ready to excuse every vile act because of a perverted and misplaced affection for their father or motherland or the lands of their ancestors. This war may last for years and you who are children now may be involved in it, so see how necessary it is to know what it is all about. I hope after teacher divides you up for your spelling contest that he puts you together again. You would have an awful spell if he didn't.

MINOT, NORTH DAKOTA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I live in Minot, North Dakota. I am a girl of nine years, and I can do many things. I can crochet and can tat, and I can bake cakes. My mother has joined the food pledge. She makes corn, and graham bread and cottage cheese. We have meat about once in two weeks. We eat quite lots of salmon. Papa is going to kill some hogs pretty soon, and then we can have meat once a day. My mother and father both belong to the Red Cross. My father has a war bond. My father has a Ford car. I like to ride in our car. It is fun I think. There are nine in our family. I have two brothers and four sisters. One of my sisters is sickly. I hope to see my letter in print.

IDA IRENE VAN FLEET.

Ida, I'm delighted to hear from you and to get in touch with the Van Fleet family. Three cheers for every one of you. The Van Fleet family is doing its level best to win this war and to keep Uncle Sam instead of the Kaiser from running this country. Ida's mama has "joined the food pledge" as she quaintly puts it. Signed the food pledge would be a more correct way of expressing it. A lot of people would not help our country even to the extent of signing that pledge, a lot who have signed it are not living up to it. It has got to be lived up to however, if we are to win this war. A very wrathy German lady wrote me that the saving of food should begin at the President's table. It has begun there and it will continue there. Your mother is wise, Irene, putting you on a diet of salmon for there is nothing better or more nutritious and appetizing. Billy the Goat makes the most delicious fish cakes of shredded codfish and potatoes, and we use these as our chief meal twice a week. We use war-bread only at breakfast and supper. Potatoes are plentiful and wheat is scarce. Papa is lucky to have hogs for table use. The hogs that I want to kill are all two legged and would make mighty poor eating. Irene, let me congratulate your family on belonging to the Red Cross and possessing a war bond. Everyone should belong to the Red Cross. It only costs a dollar a year and no matter whether in peace or war, in all corners of the earth it is doing Christ's work. It was the first to rush aid to the stricken city of Halifax and wherever disasters are to be met, the wounded and afflicted to be succored, plague, war or pestilence, famine and flood to be fought, the Red Cross is there. On the battlefields of France the Allies have 60,000 ambulances. Poor Russia had only 6,000 and most of these were supplied by the good Red Cross people of America. Imagine what suffering those poor souls endured for the lack of sufficient ambulances, dressing stations, hospitals and medical care. Yes, Ida, I understand it's lots of fun riding in a Ford car—but is it a pleasure? Everyone who can should own a war bond. They are the best and safest investment in the world.

ALLEGTON, R. R. 2, PA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am a girl fifteen years old, five feet six inches tall, gray eyes and brown hair. I go to school every day. Now here is what I want to ask you Uncle Charlie. Do you think it right for me to go with a soldier when my mother is against it, my father also. I love him and he said he loved me. I live on a farm about a mile from the car line. We have two horses, two cows and a lot of chickens, ducks, dogs and one goose. I wish you could have been with us last Thanksgiving, and have had a piece of the goose. I hope Billy the Goat doesn't get this. Your niece, ESTHER CORE.

For the next few years young lady, you take father's and mother's advice. They are older than you and have had infinitely more experience. Their love for you is the real thing, while soldier boy does not know any more what real love is than you do, and probably your parents know something about the soldier boy that you don't. Puppy love is like measles. It is all right if you pull through and death when you don't. Most of us go through it and if the old folks are watchful and the girl is not an utter fool and the boy a villain, no harm comes of it, and in after life we can look back at our puppy loves and yell and think what idiots we made of ourselves. When you are a woman you'll say: "Thank God my folks did not let me marry that nut of a boy so and so." And your man John will say: "Thank heaven my folks steered me away from that crack-brained, gabby, old, pie-faced Susan Smith." Go and play with your dolls Esther, and above all go and ponder over your books and educate your brain and build up your character, and develop your personality and leave your heart and emotions alone until you have acquired sense, wisdom and ability to know a man who loves you from a boy who is only jollying you. Don't rush things, take your time and heed what father and mother say. The girls who fill our potters' fields, the nameless and the shameless dead, always utter these words before death mercifully closes their eyes and seals their lips: "Oh, how different it all would have been if I had only taken father's and mother's advice!"

LONGFELLOW, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: How would you like to hear from a cowboy from the extreme southwestern part of Texas? I live sixty miles from the Mexican border. I wish you would have sent those "peace-at-any-price" lunatics down here when the Mexicans were killing so many of our people. I think perhaps it would have changed them a bit. They would be yelling yet for Uncle Sam to put some protection down here for them.

I am a chap eighteen years old, five feet eight inches tall, brown hair and eyes and dark complexion. I have twenty head of cows. My brand is AX. I hope to have quiet a few when I am twenty-one years old. I live in a mountainous country and there are some deer and antelope here.

Uncle, you all don't know what good meat is up there. We only ship the poor and old cows to you up there and keep the best at home. We have easy work on the ranch until fall, when we round up and brand, then we have to sit in the saddle about fourteen hours a day until we get through.

Uncle, I read your poem on General Prosperity and thought it was fine. If he ever comes your way I want you to tag him right on down here, for this country isn't in a very prosperous condition as it hasn't

rained in about seven months. There is no grass for the cattle and all the stockmen are having to feed.

J. R. SWEDDON.

Always glad to hear from cowboy Jack, and believe me if I could send the peace-at-any-price bugs and hand them over to Mr. Villa or turn them over to the Kaiser's Potsdam gang, I would love to do it. They know how to fix these white feather lunatics. Some of these people write and tell me that when we are smitten on one cheek, Christ said we should turn the other. I mentioned that to one of the greatest, most devout, saintly and scholarly ministers in this country the other day, a man many of you know by name, for he lectures all over the country. He told me to tell you that we had not only turned the other cheek to be smitten, but that we had turned our backs to be kicked, and we've not only been hammered all over the body but we've been murdered and slaughtered as well. It is quite true that the Bible says "Thou Shalt Not Kill," but as no peace-at-any-price fanatic ever had an atom of sense, it logically follows that he imagines God is devoid of sense as he is. God meant that we were not to commit murder, not to wantonly and willfully take life. He did not say that we were to quietly lie down and let anybody murder us, without offering resistance. Here's one for the peace fanatics to stew over: "And the Lord said thou shalt make no peace with the wicked." Wasn't it God who stopped the sun so as to give Joshua an opportunity to go on fighting and killing? It takes all sorts of people to make up a queer world like this, Jack, and somebody has to fill the lunatic asylums, so let the peace-at-any-price rainbow chasers go ahead, we have plenty of padded cells ready for them. I'm sorry we can't come down and assist you at the round up. With steak at forty dollars an inch those poor cows of yours would have some anxious moments if the whole crowd of us got headed for the Sweddon ranch. You say you have twenty head of cows, and your brand is AX., and you hope to have "quiet" a few when you are twenty years old. Do you mean "quiet" a few cows, or "quiet" a few brands? Jack, no one ever had a quiet cow in this world, a cow that couldn't moo her head off would not be a real cow. The Goat says he thinks you mean "Quite a few" instead of "quiet." Let us fervently hope so. Queer how people will get mussed up on that little simple word. We are not interested in meat, Jack, we have given it up and were living on oxtail soup. I thought I was helping Hoover until the Goat told me I could not have oxtail soup without killing cows. We have two canaries. We intended to eat one for Thanksgiving and the other for Christmas, but on thinking it over we decided if we ate canary we'd develop a yellow streak, and there are so many traitors and quitters that are yellow clean through that we didn't want to add to the number. So the canaries still live and we are filling up on war-bread and snowballs. You may be short of water Jack, but you've lots of sand, and without plenty of sand we can't win the war. Jack, you say you have to sit in the saddle about fourteen hours a day until you get through. What is your idea in trying to get through a saddle. Saddles are costly things Jack and leather is scarce and dear. Take my advice and try a sofa pillow.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber, but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for March

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

Written references from postmaster and physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Dortha Grigg, Glen Allen, Ala., R. R. 1, Box 80. Invalid for many years. Needy and worthy. Depends on charitable for support. Send her a dime shower. Genella Watte, R. R. 5, Box 27, Taylorsville, N. C. Has spinal trouble. Absolutely helpless. Father and mother dead. Send her some cheer. Laura Jones, Cambria, Va. Deformed and helpless. Aged mother her only support. Give them a boost. J. E. Simpson, N. Bradford, Maine. Helpless from rheumatism. No means of support. Send him a dime shower. Mrs. M. R. Dobbs, R. R. 1, Box 34, Walling, Tenn. Invalid for many years. Widow 70 years of age. Needy and worthy. Send her some cheer. James F. Essex, Nelsonville, Ky. Invalid for 16 years. Mother paralyzed. No means of support. Very needy and worthy case. Open your hearts and pocketbooks and give these poor souls a boost. Wm. V. Kinter, Indiana, Pa. Shut-in for many years. Lovely character. Send him a dime shower. Miss Sarah J. Plunkett, Shirley, N. C. Shut-in for nine years. Sister her only support and she is very poor. Send this poor soul some cheer. Well recommended. Joseph Rial, Rogersville, Mo. Eighty years of age. Poor and needy. Give him a boost. Rosa E. Joyce, R. R. 1, Spencer, Va., Box 51. Invalid for many years. Well recommended. Do something for her. Mrs. M. E. Knight, Prosperity, S. C. Widow, sick, old, poor and needy. Remember her. Mrs. Jean Neilson, Poor Farm, Buffalo, Ill. Shut-in. Send her some cheer. Libbie Rangler, Continental, Ohio. Invalid for many years. Send her some cheer. Rena Bayer, Mc. Nutt, Ark. Shut-in. Would appreciate postal shower. Mrs. Elsie Jamieson, Elamsville, Va. Would like cheery letters and postal cards.

Here's your chance to do some real good. Suffering, without money for proper nourishment, medical advice, expert nursing and necessary drugs, is hell. I know for I have been there. Give liberally and save these poor souls worry and torture.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

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Offer 8011. For one 1-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you any two books free by parcel post prepaid. Be sure to mention numbers of books wanted.

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The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address: The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

A. K. Munson, Pa.—If the abscesses or on the knee have been opened and are discharging, wash them out with a solution of Javelle water, using one teaspoonful of the Javelle water to a glass of water.

Mrs. L. S. Sumner, Ga.—There is no receipt for dieting suitable and useful in every case. Each case is a law unto itself, and must be treated from an individual standpoint.

In other words, the personal equation comes in, and also the personal idiosyncrasy must be consulted.

In general, skimmed milk is beneficial to an irritable stomachic condition, or some

modification of milk, such as Koumyns—fermented milk—or even ordinary buttermilk will in many cases be acceptable and beneficial.

Then again peptonized milk is indicated.

You might also try junket. As

you have a cough, you should carefully look into the cause of the cough, and if possible stop the cough with suitable remedies.

In the meantime try some of the milk modified as above indicated, and report again.

Mrs. F. S., Bridgeport, Conn.—Follicular stomatitis, or ordinary "canker" sores, are usually due to some disorder of digestion or uncleanness, especially in the care of the teeth, etc. The local application of silver nitrate one per cent. solution, met boracis—borax and honey—and some such mouth-wash as Dobell's solution will usually cure a given case.

Mrs. E. B. M., Buffalo Gap, S. D.—Would not advise the use of any reducing measure while you are nursing your baby. You probably mean to use a medical formula given in a bath. Epsom salts in pound quantities put in a bath will reduce your weight. It must be used with caution, as it often affects the heart.

Mrs. E. G., Rupert, Idaho.—A one per cent. solution of resorcin in alcohol and rose water applied twice a week sparingly will, in many cases, stop the falling out of the hair.

Hemorrhoids, or piles, are the usual cause of bleeding from the rectum. There are other conditions that may cause bleeding, such as malignant disease, polyp, ulcerations of the mucous membranes, presence of a foreign body, etc. Your pain in the region of the navel, and the gas in the bowels, are due, no doubt, to some secondary indigestion. Try a skinned milk diet for a week, with proper correction of the bowels, using some mild cathartic.

Mrs. Annie J., Roslyn, Wash.—Some aromatic castor mixture for your bowels, and a diet that contains some form of bran, would help. If not cure, your chronic constipation. Also drink plenty of good water between your meals, either hot or cold. Avoid strong coffee or tea. A simple diet of strained oatmeal porridge, plain skimmed milk, toast and fresh fruit might be added.

Mrs. M. P., Netty, Ky.—Your history as given would indicate the cause of your breakdown. Caring for four children, marriage at the age of fourteen, and doing your own work, would be sufficient to cause a nervous, if not a physical, wreck. You should have a good vacation, away from your family, where you can have a chance to recuperate. The boy's lumps mentioned are no doubt of strumous origin and he should have some good iron tonic prescribed for him by your local doctor.

S. A. Dexter, Ga.—Five-grain tablets of salicylate of soda, one taken three times a day after meals, will help your rheumatism. You should go to Atlanta, Ga., and have your eyes examined by an eye specialist there. COMFORT does not recommend or give names of specialists in any line.

F. K., Waverly, Va.—Carbolic acid burns, as a rule, are very superficial and do not cause a permanent scar.

Mrs. M. W., Adrian, Minn.—You must have your eyes carefully examined, under my direction, by a competent specialist. From what you write, it would seem that your condition is more likely to be due to eye strain than anything else. The ordinary examination, done by some local jeweler, will not do and in most cases is a poor makeshift for a real examination. Try this, and report further, if not relieved.

Mrs. L. S., Gallon, Ohio.—Some malt drink, such as the so-called Best Tonic or malt extract, is indicated, and will do all that can be done to help you nurse your child. Of course, drinking milk and good, nourishing food must also be taken.

Mrs. A. C. L., Rockham, S. D.—Use Lazar's paste diluted with vaseline, using ten parts of vaseline to one part of the paste. See, also, that your child does not eat indigestible food, or foods that are literally steeped in sugar. Pastry, candies and highly seasoned foods must be omitted from the child's diet absolutely, if you wish for results in case of this kind.

Mrs. D. P., Fernwood, Idaho.—There seems to be only one remedy for you, and that is a change of climate. Your pleurodynia is probably of malarial origin. Large doses of quinine sometimes will effect a cure, but a change of climate is the one best guess in your case. Your husband undoubtedly has a high blood pressure, and his urticaria is also due to the same cause that makes for high blood pressure. Some good cathartic, light meals, and drinking plenty of good spring water, should effect a cure in his case.

Mrs. M. W. B., Talbert, Texas.—Your numbness in the finger-tips is due, no doubt, to some neuritis, and may also have some connection with your age. Message at night, with a cold sponge douche to the spine, should help you.

L. D., Alto, Ga.—Go to some good eye specialist and have your eyes examined for glasses.

H. M., Oil Center, Ky.—You should have an operation for the falling of the womb, and all the tissues put in their normal condition. The spinal douche is as follows: Standing in the bath-tub, let the hot water run until it just covers your feet, then let the cold water from the bath-spray run down the spine for two or three minutes. Follow this with a brisk rub, using a large, coarse bath towel for the purpose.

A. K., 649 E. 223rd Street, N. Y. C.—The so-called Dobell's solution, which can be purchased at any drug store, is a good mouth wash. This, however, will not take the place of a good dentifrice for teeth.

Mrs. I. M. Casey, Ill.—Suppression of the periods for a more or less extended time, after confinement, may be due to a run-down physical condition, and may be due to malaria. Both require tonics and proper treatment along some medical line.

Mrs. R. L. M.—"Bed-wetting" is frequently due to adenoids, lack of circumcision, or some remote irritation of stomachic origin. If your children have been circumcised and have had their adenoids removed, try a light meal at night, and, if possible, see that the child passes his water during the night in the usual way, and not involuntarily, by arousing him at a stated time.

D. M., Dairys City, Ia.—The thyroid gland has a direct connection with growth and nutrition. It, however, must be taken only on the order of a physician, and its action must be carefully watched.

Mrs. E. E. E., Lynden, Wash.—On retiring, use the cold spinal douche so often described in COMFORT. This, combined with a general massage, will probably help your condition. For the body odor, you can use the following: Two teaspoonsfuls of salicylate of soda to a pint of water. Bathe the parts with this lotion once a day.

Mrs. M. C., Ludlow, Ky.—You are suffering from too much introspection. Many of your complaints are of your own imagination. You should go out-of-doors more. Take up some work that will cause you to meet other people and get rid of your many misgivings as to your health and relations to other people. It is of course impossible to get at the exact condition, but it is most probably, as before hinted at, purely personal and imaginative. Follow your physician's advice solely, and stop or curb your many and varied imaginings.

FREE
TRIAL
BOTTLE

GRAY HAIR RESTORED
TO ITS NATURAL COLOR

Not an experiment but an absolute success. Rhodes' Hair Rejuvenator will positively restore gray and faded hair to its original color, youthful beauty and rich luster.

It is a scalp and hair food that cures dandruff, and all scalp blemishes and undetectable. It is not a dye and will not stain the skin or linen. It curesitching and sore scalp.

MAKES HAIR GROW
Let us convince you. Send 5 cents in postage for free trial bottle. Book on the Care of the Hair, etc. Large bottle by parcel post \$1.00. Address: A. T. RHODES' & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

would like to adopt a child. I advise them to do so because the poor little orphans are hungry for a mother's love and for a home. I am so thankful that I have a home, and parents to love me.

Our farm is called "The Fairview Farm" and we can see the nearest town, Ironwood, two and one half miles from here, very plainly.

I am in the Freshman class in high school and enjoy it. I hope to be a teacher some day. Mamma and Papa are doing all they can to get me through school and I hope to repay them. I am taking algebra, English, general science and German this year and will take Latin the last two years. Almost all of us are doing Red Cross work at school. The girls are busy with needles and yarn, making warm garments for our boys in the Army and Navy. The boys are also knitting and do better than some of the girls. We are going to organize a Junior Red Cross soon and help keep the boys comfortable.

I enjoy farm work such as milking and taking care of the cows, and driving a team. We have seven head of cattle but our herd is young.

I like to crochet and knit and would be glad to receive patterns. I am not much use at home when I go to school because I get home so late in the evening and have to leave at seven o'clock in the morning. I live about three miles from school and as I do not like to stay in town I walk five or six miles every day.

I'll be fifteen years old the 28th day of April. I am large for my age, five feet, three inches tall and quite stout. Have dark blue eyes, brown hair and am sunburnt and freckles dot my nose.

I would like to receive letters from the COMFORT sisters, especially those near my own age, and will try to answer.

Your COMFORT sister, HULDA JOHNSON.

Hulda.—You are a girl after my own heart and your letter was very interesting. Tell us more about your Junior Red Cross. I think it is a splendid thing for you to do.

ROSCOMMON, MICH.

Mrs. WILKINSON: Will you allow me space for this letter? I suppose that when I asked for information about small farms in Virginia I should have said farms of from ten to thirty acres and up from the coast. I am deluged with letters, not only from Virginia, but all other states. I have answered those that might do but it would keep me busy if I should try to answer all, so those who wrote to me and received no answer, please accept my thanks and the assurance that the land offered was not what was desired. With my weak lungs, I must find a home in or near the mountains.

Another thing, when I asked for reading I expressed a desire that no religious papers be sent but up to the present time, all that I have received have been of that kind, religious papers and tracts, which is a waste of postage. I would, however, appreciate magazines devoted to the culture of flowers and fruits. I take Park's Floral World but there must be others printed on the care of flowers. Any good reading will be acceptable.

Again thanking one and all, I remain, A COMFORT Sister, MRS. E. A. DOYLE.

Mrs. DOYLE.—It looks as though you had to take religious papers, directly or indirectly, whether you wish to or not; if you receive magazines relating to the care and culture of flowers, for Henry Ward Beecher said, "Flowers are sent to do God's work in unrevealed paths, and to diffuse influence by channels that we hardly suspect,"—then the flowers you cultivate not only enrich your own life but the lives of those who enjoy them with you. Christina G. Rossetti tells us too that "Flowers preach to us if we will but hear."—ED.

To remove mildew, soak the clothes in a solution of chloride of lime and water.

To clean lamp burners, wash them in a strong solution of wood ashes and water.

Add a teaspoonful of water to the white of an egg and it will make it whip more quickly.

Put left-over toast into a glass jar and screw lid on tightly and it will keep fresh for hours.

To remove grease from wall paper, rub the spot with a piece of flannel dampened in alcohol.

When flower stems are too short for the vase you wish to use, fill the vase to desired height with wads of paper.

Wash your white silk gloves and stockings in cold water and dry them in the shade and you will find they will not turn yellow.

To remove paint from clothing, saturate the spot several times with equal parts of ammonia and turpentine, and then wash in warm soapsuds.

If a cake sticks when taking it from the baking pan, place it on a cloth wrung out of hot water and let it stand a few minutes. It will then come out without any trouble.

Requests

"Miss Curiosity," Utah, would like poem, "Flying Jim's Last Leap."

I would like to get the poem, "Frankness Between Friends." MRS. J. F. MAHILL,

Six New Crochet Books For Comfort Crochet Workers!

Over 300 Designs Never Before Offered To COMFORT Readers!

HERE is another wonderful offer that will bring joy to the hearts of our crochet and tatting workers. By special arrangement with the publishers we can now give as a premium this magnificent set of six new crochet and tatting books, containing over three hundred late handsome designs, illustrated by actual photographs, with full and explicit directions for working. Each book is 7 1/2 x 10 1/2 inches in size, and shows anywhere thirty-two to seventy different edgings, beadings, insertions and laces—patterns so unusual and so lovely they will hold you fascinated for weeks and months to come. To name them all would require a whole page but here is a brief description of what each book contains.

Volume A, Tatting Book has thirty-five beautiful designs, illustrated directly from photographs—a splendid assortment of edgings, beadings, insertions, medallions, centers, corners, table runners, yokes, bedspread squares, baby caps, candle shades, etc., etc., all with simple and complete directions.

Volume B, Complete Crochet Book

displays the latest ideas for bedspread squares, strips, borders and corners; pincushions, sash curtains, curtain edges and insertions; infant lap pads, centerpiece borders, tatted yokes, towel edges and borders, tidies, nightgowns, boudoir caps, sheet and pillow-case edges, pillow-case laces, lunch cloths; tatting edgings, insertions and motifs; lace collars, doilies—filet insertions and edges—sixty-five all different designs illustrated from photographs with complete directions for working.

Fine Shaggy Teddy Bear

The Best Playmate A Boy or Girl Ever Had

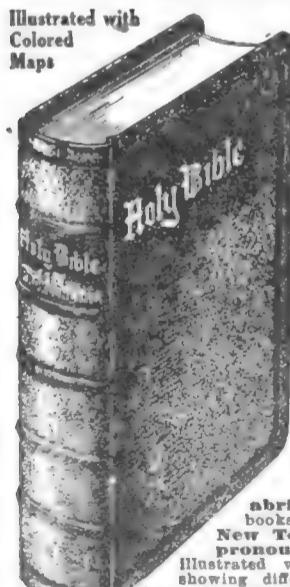


FOR A CLUB OF FOUR!

EVERY little boy and girl wants a **Teddy Bear** and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads **COMFORT** to get one without expense. "Teddy" looks exactly as you see him in the picture above. He is a shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, paws lined with felt, carefully stitched and finished and his head, arms and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit up, stand on his head, go on all four feet, in fact, you can make him assume all kinds of positions that are as **comical** and **lifelike** that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. "Teddy" is so well made that no matter how roughly he is handled he cannot become broken and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you "Teddy" free if you will accept the following special Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to **COMFORT** at 25 cents each, we will send you this **Teddy Bear** free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7514. Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

Self-Pronouncing Bible

Illustrated with Colored Maps



Given For A Club Of Four

SMALL enough to be carried conveniently in the hand or in pocket or hand bag, yet **complete** and **unabbreviated** containing full books of both the **Old and New Testaments**, is **self-pronouncing** and **handsomely** illustrated with **colored maps** showing different interesting portions of **Palestine** and surrounding country. It is 8 1/2 inches long, 3 1/2 inches wide and one inch thick, beautifully bound in black leatherette and contains over three hundred pages finished with round corners and red edges. The "Holy Bible" is stamped in gold on back and front cover. This is an unequalled opportunity for Sunday School workers, teachers, in fact all **Bible** students at home or in church to secure a **Bible** without cost, and we feel that among **COMFORT**'s readers there must be thousands who have been waiting for us to make just such an offer as this. Remember that you are not going to receive a cheap, paper-bound book, but a splendidly made **Bible**, finely printed, handsomely and durably bound, and absolutely refined and perfect in every detail. We will send to any address this self-pronouncing **Bible** exactly as illustrated and described upon the terms of the following special Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to **COMFORT** at 25 cents each we will send you this **Bible** free by mail postpaid. Premium No. 7444. Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.



Our Free Offer! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to **COMFORT** at 25 cents, we will send you your choice of any two of these books free and postpaid. When ordering be sure to give letter and title of each book wanted. Premium No. 8161. Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

Beautifully Illustrated With Photographs With Full Directions For Working!

Volume D, Crochet Edgings And Insertions shows a handsome variety of edges, insertions and beadings for every conceivable use—seventy different designs in all, each one illustrated directly from a photograph.

Volume D, New Designs In Filet Crochet

contains sixty-seven beautiful patterns, all of them illustrated with photographs and diagrams, accompanied with full and explicit directions. There are wide and narrow insertions, towel borders, table runners, pillows, bags, sheet and pillow-case insertions, corset bags, curtain bands and edges, alphabets, medallions, chair backs, tray cloths, tidies, luncheon sets, bed strips and borders besides many miscellaneous designs for every purpose.

Volume E, Maltese And Hairpin Crochet shows many new handsome edges, insertions, yokes, medallions, laces, fringe, doilies, lace collars, handkerchief edges, bungalow or dresser sets, etc., thirty-seven different designs, illustrated from photographs, with complete directions for working.

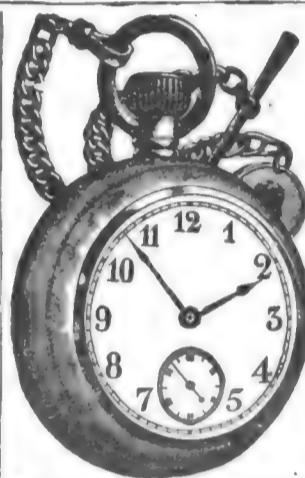
Volume F, Prize Yoke Designs contains thirty-two new beautiful ideas for nightgown, chemise, camisole and corset cover yokes in filet, daisy, knot stitch, astor and diamond, Irish, spider web and clover leaf, medallion, maltese, open diamond and hairpin crochet. Each design is illustrated directly from a photograph and the directions for working are full and complete.

WE GIVE THIS WATCH

For a Club of Six

Thirty Minutes is a short time, but many have earned one of these watches in less time than that. It is one of the very best watches for time ever offered to our readers, no matter what the price asked for it. We know, of course, there are watches that cost more money, because they are in gold or silver cases, but for practical everyday use they are no better timekeepers. This watch does not keep perfect time, we never saw the watch that did, but it keeps as near perfect time as watches usually do. We have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee just as binding as that given with any watch, no matter what make. We are willing to give you this watch if you will do us a slight service, which you can easily do in an hour. We wish to increase our subscription list, and we want the assistance of every reader of this paper to that end. We do not want you to do it for nothing, we will reward you for it. You can easily secure this valuable watch if you will accept the following

Special Offer. For only six one-year subscriptions to **COMFORT** at 25 cents each, we will send you this handsome guaranteed watch free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 7366. Or for seven one-year subscriptions we will send you the watch and a fine chain to go with it. Premium No. 7247. Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.



Silk Remnants



Premium No. 5561

All Sizes, Shapes and Colors—A Large Package Sent You For One Subscription

REMNANTS of real silk, in all shapes, sizes and colors. They are carefully trimmed and just what you need for an aking up beautiful quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork." We will send you a package containing more than one hundred of these beautiful silk pieces and 5 skeins embroidery cotton in different bright colors. If you order at once we will also send you, in addition to everything else an **Instruction Book** with eight full-page illustrations showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used. It tells you how to put pieces of patchwork together to get the best effect, how to cover up seams with fancy stitches, how to join the edges, etc. This book illustrates over one hundred and fifty of these borders containing full and explicit directions for working the **Outline** and **Kensington** Stitches, **Arrasene** and **Chenille** Embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch, also directions for **Kensington** painting. Remember you get one nice lot of these **Silk Remnants** (over 100 pieces), 5 skeins Embroidery Cotton and an **Instruction Book**, as above described, all sent to you free by Parcel Post prepaid if you will accept the following

Free Offer. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to **COMFORT** at 25 cents we will send you one package of these **Silk Remnants**, free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 5561. Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

BIRTHSTONE PENDANT AND CHAIN

Prem. No. 7283

Your Own Birth-Stone Set In This Beautiful Rolled-Gold Pendant!

ONE of the most sty- ments. Women and girls who like to be up-to-date are now wearing and Chain in preference while those who can afford it will buy both. We receive the handsome illustrated herewith will be greatly delighted with the prettiest designs we have submitted to our approval by the largest jewelry man- facturer in the United States. It has a 16-inch plate cable chain, the **rolled-gold plate** and set with **your own birthstone** and attached to the pendant underneath. The stone is a beautiful int. **Baroque pearl**. Following is a list of the twelve different birthstones and the month which each represents. When ordering be sure to mention birthstone wanted.

January The **Garnet**, Symbol of Power. **February** The **Amethyst**, Symbol of Pure Love. **March** The **Bloodstone**, Symbol of Courage. **April** The **Diamond**, Symbol of Purity. **May** The **Emerald**, Symbol of Immortality. **June** The **Agate**, Symbol of Health and Long Life. **July** The **Ruby**, Symbol of Charity. **August** The **Sardonyx**, Symbol of Happiness. **September** The **Sapphire**, Symbol of Constancy. **October** The **Opal**, Symbol of Hope. **November** The **Topaz**, Symbol of Friendship. **December** The **Turquoise**, Symbol of Prosperity.

All of the above named stones are solitaires and are the most perfect and beautiful imitation real gems that we have ever seen. Following is our free offer. When ordering be sure to mention birthstone wanted.

CLUB OFFER. For only three one-year subscriptions to **COMFORT** at 25 cents each, we will send you a Birthstone Pendant and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. Be sure to mention stone wanted. Premium No. 7283. Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

WARRANTY. For five one-year subscriptions to **COMFORT** at 25 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed rolled gold Pendant and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 7283. Address **COMFORT**, Augusta, Maine.

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\$30 a Week EASY
Men and Women
Wanted to Sell
PERFECTO
Kerosene Irons

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FREE TO YOU

Brand new, just out. This is positively the most beautiful Ring you have ever seen. Made of GENUINE STERLING SILVER—GUARANTEED. Suitable for either man, woman, girl or boy.

SEND NO MONEY I want to give one person in each locality one of these handsome patriotic Rings FREE for just a little easy work, which you can do in an hour or two. Be first to get one—write TODAY—quick—they are going fast—a post card will do—send correct size.

AMERICA FIRST RING CLUB,
Dept. 114, Topeka, Kan.

Sibyl's Influence

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

She acquired a brilliant education, being determined to make the most of her opportunities, and be fitted to assume the very highest position possible.

She made a great sensation in the world when she was introduced, and reigned a belle for a number of seasons; and, while the countess could not fail to be proud of her in a certain way, yet she missed the love which her childless heart was forever reaching out after.

And thus Ada Therwin grew to womanhood—beautiful, accomplished, and with powers of fascination which few women in the world possess.

Yet there was not one particle of good in her heart, though she often deceived people, as she was now striving to deceive Sibyl, into the belief that she was an angel of light.

She won hearts by the score, only to trample on them when they became her captives, and laugh over the conquests she had made; and she had never yet met the man to whom she could yield her will in a single point, or who could satisfy her ambition for position in the world.

She had begun to tire somewhat of London society and her conquests there, when the invitation came from her friend, Mrs. Maplewood, for her to spend the winter with her in Dumbries; and, upon her acceptance, they put forth every effort to make the season a brilliant one for her.

Thus it happened that Miss Ada Therwin, among other acquaintances, made that of Lady Prescott's beautiful ward, and, for reasons to be hereafter explained, became her bitterest and most implacable foe.

Toward Raymond Prescott she was instantly and strangely attracted.

His grand figure, his high-bred face, his polished manner, together with the glare of his prospective fortune—for Miss Therwin was greedy, even as Judith had said—all seemed to have a peculiar charm for her.

Perhaps this may have been caused somewhat by Raymond's apparent indifference to her usually all-conquering charms, and his evident admiration of his mother's protege, and thus all the antagonism of her nature was aroused to arms.

Be that as it may, she now bent all the powers of her strong will to the accomplishment of a twofold object—the ruin, utter and entire, of Sibyl, and the winning of the proud and handsome Raymond Prescott.

Sibyl had been profuse in her praises of Miss Therwin, and of the good she was doing so unobtrusively (?) upon her return from her very enjoyable drive; so much so, indeed, as to occasion the surprise of Lady Prescott, for the young girl was usually very reticent, and exceedingly shy of making intimate acquaintances.

Nevertheless, her ladyship was also very favorably impressed with her account of the beautiful stranger's goodness and charity, while she could but acknowledge her superior attractions, both of body and mind.

"I never knew any one to take your heart by storm before," Sibyl; did you, Raymond?" playfully remarked Lady Prescott, as they sat at the tea table after Sibyl's return.

"Yes, I think I do remember one instance of that kind, previous to this," he returned, smilingly.

Sibyl looked up in surprise, and colored deepest crimson as she met his admiring eyes.

"When was that?" demanded his mother.

"When? Your memory is not as good as mine, it seems. It was when my irresistible mother made a like conquest about six years ago," he replied, his eyes still reading the flushed and somewhat troubled face.

"I think the conquest was the other way, Ray—Sibyl took me by storm, and has held the fort ever since," Lady Prescott answered with a happy laugh, and a fond look at her lovely captor.

Sibyl heaved a sigh of relief.

Raymond had not then discovered, nor intended to cast any reflections upon her regard for him. "It has been a very delightful fort to hold, auntie, and I trust I shall never be so unfortunate as to lose possession of it," she replied, with a bright look, and carrying out their figure.

"It would be a sad day for me if you should ever vacate it," laughed her ladyship, while a little thrill of sadness pervaded her heart, as she

The Complete Story In Book Form

If you do not care to wait for the monthly installments of this new serial as they appear in COMFORT we will be glad to make you a present of the complete story in book form. You will enjoy this great story "Sibyl's Influence," with an elaboration of interesting detail and thrilling incidents, tells the hardships and trials of two true lovers harassed by a fiendish plot. This splendid romance, written in Mrs. George Sheldon's best style, is strong throughout, tragic in parts and dramatic in its conclusion. Send us only one year's subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents, and we will send you a copy of the book free and postpaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's Home Lawyer

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

P. C. Michigan.—We think the man who married a second time with a wife living from whom he was not divorced, was guilty of bigamy; we do not think the woman, who was the victim of his second marriage, was guilty of bigamy; we think she should have that marriage legally annulled, before marrying again.

Mrs. J. A. G., Nebraska.—Under the laws of Kentucky, we are of the opinion that if your mother left no will, her real estate descended, upon her death, in equal shares to her children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share, subject to the surviving husband's right to a one third interest for life; we do not think the heirs at law need any deed to their interest in the property, as they become entitled to their interest in the property by operation of law; we think they should proceed to exercise acts of ownership.

J. S. H., Missouri.—We do not think a clause in a long-term note providing that unpaid annual interest thereon shall be added to and become part of the principal of the note and bear a like rate of interest, would subject the owner of such note to the penalty of not being able to enforce immediate payment of such interest when the same becomes due.

Miss S. J., Alabama.—Your statements are too indefinite for us to form any opinion as to just where the governing power of the Union Church you mention is vested but we think it safe to assume that no one person has any legal right to dictate and exercise ownership rights over the property, simply because he volunteered and performed some service in connection with the building of the church.

Mrs. E. C. M., Pennsylvania.—We think the courts of your state have power to compel a husband to support his wife living separate from him in case she has been compelled to leave him because of his cruel and inhuman treatment of her.

Mrs. I. M. F., Indiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that in the absence of a will, the rights of a widow against children and the husband's relatives are as follows: To five hundred dollars in goods or money and in addition thereto the following: If two or more children survive the husband, the wife takes one third of the real and personal estate absolutely; if one child survives, the widow takes one half absolutely, provided, however, that if all the children surviving are children by a former wife, the children are the "forced heirs" of the widow, i. e., the widow cannot alienate her interest so as to prevent these children from inheriting it from her; and provided, further that real estate descending to a widow is rendered inalienable during her life by her remarrying while any of the children or descendants of the marriage by which she received the real estate, are living, unless the children or the descendants, when of full age, join in the deed. We think property belonging to a minor should, during such minority, be administered by a general guardian, appointed by the court for that purpose.

A. A. Michigan.—We think it would be better for you to settle your dispute with your aunt as to the amount due for your services and advancement for her support and maintenance, during her lifetime; we do not think such a claim is as easily proved against an estate as during the lifetime of the person, who received the benefit.

L. M. K., Colorado.—We think, as a general rule, it would be very bad judgment to make a contract to buy property if you have no money with which to make the first payment on account. We think you will encounter enough difficulty in meeting installment payments as they become due, even when you have your plans laid to meet them, without making a contract to make payments for which no provision is made in advance.

E. N., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a stepchild has no rights of inheritance from the stepfather's estate, unless some provision is made for the stepchild by will, except, of course, that in case the child's mother survives the stepfather and receives a share of her husband's estate, her child would upon her death receive a child's share from her estate.

Mrs. J. H. Y., Washington.—We do not think you can compel your neighbor to cut his shade tree if the same stands entirely upon his own property. We think, however, you can compel him to trim same so that the branches do not extend over your property.

Mrs. M. B. F., Ridgefield Park, N. J.—Upon your statements, we think that if the roof of the house you own extends over your neighbor's property, your neighbor is entitled to have that portion of the roof extending over his property removed. Just what your rights are in any claim for damages you may have against the company which sold you the house, we think depends upon matters not stated in your communication. We think you should have had this property surveyed at the time of your purchase and rejected title if the house did not stand entirely upon the property purchased by you.

Mrs. L. W., Shilburn, Ind.—We think that all claims for exemption from the draft law on the grounds of dependents were questions for the local exemption boards and that if the case of the young man you mention has been passed upon by such exemption board, it will be difficult now to obtain any different ruling in his case.

thought the time might come when she would lose her.

"That is a calamity which can only be remedied by taking captive the captor, and making her take the oath of allegiance," Raymond said, with a mischievous glance at Sibyl, but with a meaning which his mother alone understood.

Sibyl innocently thought she did not need to take any oath of allegiance; she could never be other than true to her heart's core. How could she help bowing in homage before a man like Raymond Prescott, or fondly loving a woman like his mother?

When in his presence, except for her varying color, she was always self-possessed and calmly courteous.

At first he was deeply hurt by this reserve and lack of freedom, and set himself to study her, and if possible discover the reason of it.

Her concession on the night of the birthday reception, in dropping the word "cousin," and calling him simply "Ray" had, he thought, been a great gain.

Still there seemed to be a barrier which he could not break through; and, as he became more and more interested in her, and found that she was to be the one woman in the world whom he could love, and give the first place in his heart and home, it troubled him exceedingly.

"It is evident that she does not regard me in the light of a brother, nor yet as a cousin, else she would be more free and unrestrained with me," he mused. "What, then, is the state of her feelings toward me? She does not dislike me, or she would avoid me. She will prove herself stronger than I if she succeeds in hiding her heart from me for so very long."

CHAPTER XIII.

TAKING HER TO HER DOOM.

"Sibyl," Raymond asked, a few days later, "will you go with me today to look at a picture which I think of purchasing? I want your opinion before I bring it home?"



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this home-coming. I have known all along that you were studying what I like best, that you enjoyed what I enjoy; and now, just when I was hoping to reap the fruits of it all, you draw within the walls of your 'Castle Reserve,' and hide your treasures from the eyes that most long to behold them. Sibyl, you are nineteen and I am twenty-six. There are seven years between us. Surely those years cannot have made me so venerable that you need to fear my criticisms, nor so learned that I am past learning anything more. Don't shut me out in the cold any longer, please."

TO BE CONTINUED.

HAIR-DYEING COMB

Produces any shade by simply combing, without staining the scalp; perfectly harmless, durable, undetectable. Saves time and money, and is the only practical way of coloring the hair. Write for particulars.

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FUN, fun, fun—that's what you'll have when you get this wonderful new toy town, with its streets, yards, houses, stores, shops and men, women and children, just like any real town. Only think! Twenty-five different buildings—and you can build them, take them down and build them again as often as you please. You can call it "your own town" and talk to the people living in the houses, walking and driving in the streets, and working in the shops—the blacksmith at his forge in the blacksmith shop, the customers in the stores and hotel and even the little boys and girls playing "Indian" and "soldier" in the dandy big tent on the bank of the beautiful river that flows under the bridge. Remember—twenty-five buildings make quite a big town—bigger than some real towns we know of.

In this wonderful toy town village there are thirteen handsome up-to-date houses, a tent, church, high school, savings bank, hotel, clubhouse, barber shop, bakery, blacksmith shop, express office, garage and police station, besides all the streets, yards and flowers, river and bridge. They are made of thick heavy cardboard printed in natural colors, so that they look like real houses while the streets, yards and flowers are colored true to life. Full directions tell you how to put all the different buildings together, how to lay out your town and place



Premium No. 8522

the houses on the streets. When the houses are all up your town will measure nearly three square feet in size. We will give you this wonderful toy town complete as described above on the terms of the following special Free Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this big toy town village of twenty-five different buildings free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 8522. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Wheel Chairs in February

451 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The continued severe winter weather has cut the wheel-chair subscriptions the past month much below the usual number so that only two wheel chairs can be awarded for February.

The two February wheel chairs go to Mrs. Mary Olsen, R. 2, Box 39, Bagley Minn. 109; Hazel Hunnicutt, R. 2, Box 67, Hurdle Mill, N. C. 106. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Mrs. Mary Olsen, age 44, has long been paralyzed in her lower limbs due to injury to her spine caused by falling down-stairs eighteen years ago. She has a husband and children, and the wheel chair will be a great help to them in caring for her as well as a source of much comfort to her.

Hazel Hunnicutt, a little girl of eight years, has suffered much from white swelling of the knee joint due to an injury caused by an unfortunate jump from the barn loft. She has not been able to walk since last April.

I hold to the hope, as expressed last month, that with the opening of spring and the advent of more favorable weather the wheel-chair subscriptions will again come in the usual numbers, or better to make up for the winter deficiency. Busy as probably you are with Red Cross work, don't forget and don't neglect to do something to help the poor, suffering shut-ins to obtain the COMFORT wheel chairs they are so much in need of.

A few letters of thanks and the month's Roll of Honor follow:

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 25 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums in which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Any shut-in who has friends to help him get subscriptions can obtain a wheel chair free. Write me for information.

Pleased and Grateful for Her Wheel Chair

SODA SPRINGS, IDAHO.

DEAR COMFORT,

I have received my COMFORT wheel chair, and it is doubtless dear to me, because I have a little sick granddaughter now and I share the use of it with her. I am so pleased with it that words or pen cannot express my gratitude to you and my friends for helping me to get it. My daughter is a widow with five little girls and my boy is in the army. Thanking you all, I remain, lovingly.

ADELLA ALBISTON.

Her Wheel Chair a Comfort to Her

FORT WHITE, FLORIDA.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

The wheel chair has come and I am much pleased with it. It surely is a comfort to me as I have been confined to my bed. I thank you and all kind friends who helped me to get it. Yours very truly,

CATHERINE FRAISER.

Very Much Pleased with COMFORT Wheel Chair

ROCKWOOD, TENN.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

I received my wheel chair all right and am very much pleased with it. I wish to thank you and my friends who helped me get the chair which is a great pleasure to me.

Your grateful little friend, SANFORD SHILLINGS.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Mrs. E. M. Harrell, Texas, for Mrs. Carolina Alford, 90; Mrs. Lillie Price, Miss., for Mrs. Nannie Jones, 50; Mrs. Walter Keen, Missouri, for Miss Celesta Mullins, 40; Miss Mary Clemons, Ga., for Mrs. Roy Wilson, 25; Mrs. Pearl Reynolds, Missouri, for Miss Celesta Mullins, 20; Lucy Somerset, Ala., for Mrs. Mary Green, 20; Mrs. T. J. Ragland, Texas, for Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Whittington, 13; Mrs. Frances Satterfield, W. Va., for General, 8; Mrs. Frederica S. Krapp, Pa., for General, 7; Lena Green, Ga., for Flora Weldon, 6; Susan Roberts, Missouri, for Clarence Clark, 6; Willie Price, N. C., for own wheel chair, 5; Mrs. S. M. Hunnicutt, N. C., for Hazel Hunnicutt, 5; Celesta Beckstead, Iowa, for General, 5; Miss Amanda Stevens, N. H., for General, 5.

Four Beautiful Ferns



PREMIUM NO. 6112

Given For Two Subscriptions

Of all indoor foliage plants, none give more lasting pleasure and satisfaction than these popular house ferns. They need but little care and live indefinitely, growing larger and more beautiful year by year. The collection offered you here comprise four of the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture. They are the Asparagus Plumo-sus or "lace" fern, the Roosevelt, the Boston or "Fountain" fern and the Whittemore or "Ostrich plume" fern. They will thrive in any dwelling room near a window and require almost no attention except a little sprinkling of water now and then. These ferns are guaranteed to be absolutely free from all injurious insects or diseases which destroy foliage plants of this type, and they will be packed carefully and mailed to you by Parcel Post so that you will be sure to receive them in just as good condition as though they were fresh from the greenhouse. We are able to illustrate only one variety, "The Roosevelt," but remember you get all four ferns free on this offer.

Free Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you by Parcel Post prepaid the above described collection of four beautiful ferns, each one of them a strong, healthy, well-rooted plant ready to pot and guaranteed to grow and develop into a fine specimen beauty. Premium No. 6112. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials # so requested.

A. V., Worcester, Mass.—Editorial offices are flooded today by the output of those that are in the writing game, and have had experience at it, too. We say this to let you know that there is but small chance of your story finding its way into print. But try it first on some of your local papers. It should be typewritten on one side of paper eight and one half by eleven inches, and in every case of submittal you must enclose sufficient postage for return. Typing is absolutely essential. The handwritten manuscript stands no possible chance of attention.

J. O. S., Orton, Ore.—You are right in your opinion that the opportunities in South America for new enterprises. Our bankers and capitalists are beginning to make a systematic study of the fields and closer trades are being drawn each year between this country and our sister republics in the south. Write to the South American Publishing Co., 165 Broadway, New York City. They publish a splendid periodical dealing entirely with Latin American affairs. They also publish many books upon South America, of which they will send you a list if you will ask for it. "South and Central American Trade Conditions Today," by A. Hyatt Verrill, is one of these books, and a good one.

Mrs. S. M. A., Kamiah, Ida.—Here is another COMFORT reader with a violin containing an interior inscription which makes her think it is a genuine Stradivarius. As we have stated before, it would have been impossible for old Antonio Stradivarius to have made all the violins that are cheerfully attributed to him by dealers who have something to sell and use a faked inscription to sell it. Experts differ as to the exact number of genuine Strads in existence today, but all agree that they are very few in number. There are about thirty well-authenticated instruments. Violins in those far-off days were made by slow and careful hand labor, and a great many have been lost and destroyed with the passage of two hundred years. From the letters that reach this department, many COMFORT readers are in possession of imitation Strads, and we can only say to Mrs. S. M. A., that, if her violin is a good one, it is not necessary to worry about the falsity of the inscription. Lyon & Healy, Chicago, Ill., could tell inquirers some hard facts about genuine Strads and their imitators.

G. S. G., Springfield, O.—We do not think that painting over the outside of your brick house in the place where dampness comes through would remedy the difficulty. We have known of this condition in many brick houses, and it is generally caused by the plastering having been done directly on the surface of the brick wall. We suggest that you have some furring strips nailed upon the wall of the room where this dampness occurs, and then place wallboard over this furring in such a manner that there is a dead air space left of an inch or more. Now paper upon the wallboard, and you will be safe from the dampness for all time. Lath and plaster could be used instead of wallboard, if preferred, but the latter would be cheaper, and easier to put on.

Mrs. Inquier, Florida.—The addresses of animal show companies could be secured from the editor of The Billboard, Broadway and 42nd Street, New York City. You might write also to the director of the Bronx Zoological Gardens, New York City, regarding this out-of-the-ordinary opossum that you wish to find a market for.

E. H. Rutland, Fla.—There is no better way to dispose of tin foil than to sell it to a junkman in your own vicinity. They all buy it, at least the ones we know do. You might be interested in a sample copy of the Waste Trade Journal, which is published at 136 Liberty Street, New York City.

I. E., New Iberia, La.—We think the Texas periodical you mean is the Southwestern Historical Quarterly. This is published by the Texas Historical Association, Austin, Texas. Ridgway and Co., Spring and McDougal Sts., New York City, publish a monthly known as Adventure. There is a periodical known as the National Commercial Traveler, published at 638 Canal St., New Orleans, La. If this is not the one you want, the editor might be able to secure the address of the other that you require. We are able to tell you that the Gulf States Farmer is published from 629 Audubon Bldg., New Orleans, La.

City of Dreams

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

"Oh, very well; I'll send the medicine right around." And after careful instructions and a promise to run in each morning to make Noble comfortable for the day, the doctor left Cecily alone with her patient.

Followed days of amazing inspiration for her. To be sure Noble required much of her time, but there were still many moments to be snatched for her work and it made no difference to her whether they were by night or by day.

She gave up, for a time, her study with de Lille. She dragged an idle easel into the best light and bought recklessly of materials, experimenting with brush and crayon.

Her brain cells were clogged with undigested impressions. Everything which she had read—and it was much—every work of art which she had seen—and since coming to New York she had seen many—lay in a disordered mass in her mind, but in the favorable atmosphere of Noble's apartment, unguided save by what she had subconsciously mastered, bearing her creative birth pangs alone, she began to bring her impressions into sequence.

Her Latin spirit afire, she worked like a war horse and during the doctor's visits, which were her periods for exercise, she rounded up odd specimens of the alien races near the Square, bringing them home with her for sittings.

More than anything else, Noble's friends annoyed her. They were forever dropping in to enquire for his progress—the doctor forbade them seeing him—and she could see that they were curious about her. That she vastly amused them, she was too self-absorbed to see. While the unconventionality of the situation was a matter of complete indifference to them, Noble's departure from a hitherto unimpeachable judgment surprised them. In her gingham smock she did not fit into the picture.

Leah Belloc came nearly every day and she did not take at all kindly to Cecily's presence in the studio.

She was a tall, willowy girl, with reddish hair and curious green eyes. She did daring postures, some of which Cecily remembered to have seen in an art store window.

"How long have you known Randolph Noble?" Leah asked one day. She had waited long enough for Cecily to show her hand and she was determined to break the deadlock.

"If you care to know, we came down together last fall."

Leah's eyes narrowed. "Where in the world has he kept you?" she asked insolently. Cecily met her eyes in silence.

"I think it is high time that some of his friends investigated his condition. You do not permit us to see him—"

"Oh, but it is the doctor who forbids that. He wishes him kept very quiet. It is time for me to go up to him now. If you will excuse me, Miss Belloc . . ."

"I am going up to see him."

"Oh, no!" Cecily's voice was very firm and Miss Belloc looked at her furiously.

"You are very sure of yourself, aren't you?" she sneered. Then she whitened.

"Ranny hasn't married you? But no." She recovered herself swiftly. "Ranny wouldn't marry one of his father's factory hands."

With that thrust, she picked up her gold mesh bag and departed, leaving Cecily to stare after her with dilated eyes.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN APRIL COMFORT.)

Thoughtlessly, foolishly recklessly, Cecily has drifted into a position that has destroyed her reputation, though she is as yet sinless. What will happen when Noble recovers his health? Her character is wavering on the verge of the precipice. With her reputation gone will her character descend to the depths? Her troubles are further complicated by the jealous hatred of a cunning and unscrupulous woman, Leah Belloc, but the climax is reached when Noble's angry father asserts his authority.

Don't miss the sensational conclusion of this fine story in April COMFORT. Renew your subscription today.

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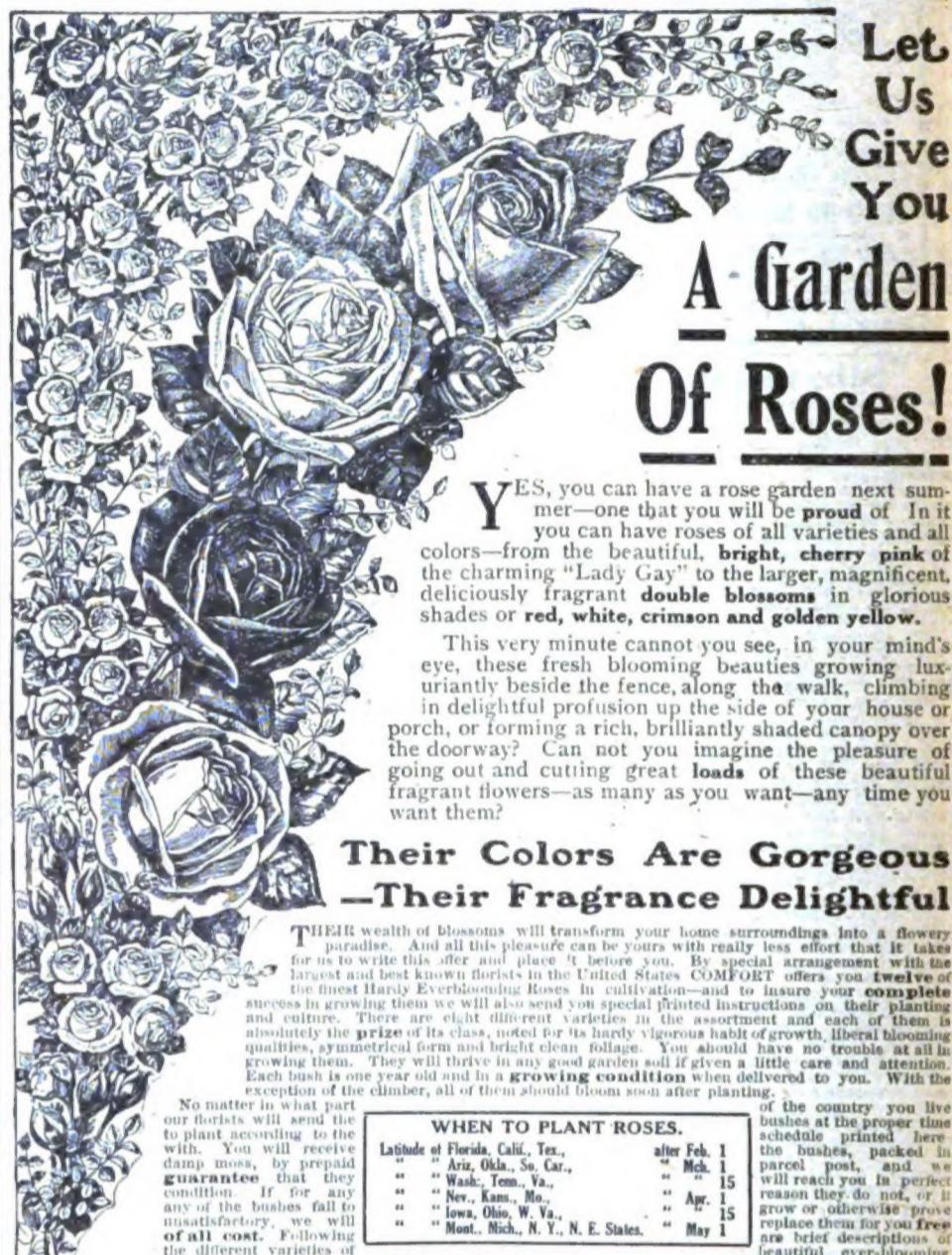
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This very minute cannot you see, in your mind's eye, these fresh blooming beauties growing luxuriantly beside the fence, along the walk, climbing in delightful profusion up the side of your house or porch, or forming a rich, brilliantly shaded canopy over the doorway? Can not you imagine the pleasure of going out and cutting great loads of these beautiful fragrant flowers—as many as you want—any time you want them?

Their Colors Are Gorgeous—Their Fragrance Delightful

THEIR wealth of blossoms will transform your home surroundings into a flowery paradise. And all this pleasure can be yours with really less effort than it takes for us to write this offer and place it before you. By special arrangement with the largest and best known florists in the United States COMFORT offers you twelve of the finest Hardy Everblooming Roses in cultivation—and to insure your complete success in growing them we will also send you special printed instructions on their planting and culture. There are eight different varieties in the assortment and each of them is absolutely the pride of its class, noted for its hardy vigorous habit of growth, liberal blooming, qualities, symmetrical form and bright, clean foliage. You should have no trouble at all in growing them. They will thrive in any good garden soil if given a little care and attention. Each bush is one year old and in a growing condition when delivered to you. With the exception of the climber, all of them should bloom soon after planting.

No matter in what part our florists will send the to plant according to the with. You will receive damp moss, by prepaid guarantee that they condition. If for any of the bushes fail to unsatisfactory, we will of all cost. Following the different varieties of rose bushes given you free on this great offer. Please read them and remember that it is not too early to send in your order today. You will receive the bushes at precisely the right time for planting.

WHEN TO PLANT ROSES.

Latitude of Florida, Calif., Tex.,	after Feb. 1
" Ariz., Okla., So. Cal.,	Mch. 1
" Wash., Tenn., Va.,	" 15
" Nev., Kans., Mo.,	Apr. 1
" Iowa, Ohio, W. Va.,	" 15
" Mo., Mich., N. Y., N. E. States.	May 1

of the country you live bushes at the proper time schedule printed here the bushes, packed in parcel post, and we will reach you in perfect reason they do not, or if grow or otherwise prove replace them for you free brief descriptions of beautiful ever-blooming roses given you free on this great offer. Please read them and remember that it is not too early to send in your order today. You will receive the bushes at precisely the right time for planting.

These Roses Will Bloom And Bloom All Summer!

Mrs. Folly Hobbs

A DELICATE ivory white rose—one of the most delightful and showiest of recent years and absolutely distinct—there is no other white rose quite like it. Its rich green foliage is unusually thick and close set, forming a plant of rare beauty. Its fragrance is superb and it produces an abundance of large magnificent blossoms with thick shell-shaped petals on long stiff stems.

Etoile De Lyon

THIS is a deep golden yellow rose, marvelously rich and pure, with an exquisite fragrance. The blossoms are beautifully formed, large, full and double and of splendid substance—the texture being very thick and lasting. It is an unusually strong grower, quickly forming a stout hardy bush and producing a profusion of glorious flowers on long stems all summer. Grace of form, charm of color and vigor of growth are three characteristics which make this one of the finest roses ever offered.

Rosemary

A RICH silvery pink rose that is as beautiful as its name. It is very vigorous and hardy, will withstand all extremes of climate and quickly forms a handsome shapely bush the first season planted. It flowers practically all the time—from early spring until late fall—producing masses of blossoms brilliant in effect and exquisitely lovely

The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Make a dollar an hour. Sell Mendits, a patent patch for instantly mending any article. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 488-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Agents wanted to sell Pure Food Products and Popular Household necessities. Easy selling articles, big profits, quick repeater. C. H. Stuart, 7 Broadway, Newark, N. J.

Agents—Steady Income Large manufacturer of Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Address Freeport Mfg. Co., 50 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Would \$150 Monthly as general agent for \$150,000 corporation and a Ford auto of your own, introducing stock and poultry remedies, dips, disinfectants, sanitary products, insecticides, etc. Then write Royceleen Co-Operative Mfg. Co., Dept. 28, Monticello, Ind.

Hennant Store, 1510 G-Vine, Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted for New, Profitable Business.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, \$30 to \$200 weekly, operating our "New System Candy Factories." Book free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N.J.

Large Manufacturer wants agents to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York City.

Agents to Travel by Automobile to introduce our fast selling, popular priced household necessities. The greatest line on earth. Make \$10 a day. Complete outfit and automobile furnished free to workers. Write today for exclusive territory. American Products Co., 6315 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

Agents—Sell rich looking 3x35 imported rugs, \$1 each; Carter, Tex., sold 100 in 4 days, profit \$5; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid 30c. M. Condon, Importer, St. Johnsbury, Maine.

Big Profits and repeat business selling new money saving household products. Free sample. Macrae, Dept. G-12, 50 W. Lake, Chicago.

Naptha Washing Tablets clean clothes without rubbing. Harmless to finest fabrics. Factory to you price. Cash refund guarantee. N. W. T. Co., 726 So. Dearborn, Chicago.

Agents: Big Hit: Our 8-Piece Aluminum Set is all the rage. Cheaper than Enamel Ware. Bell-like will fire. Guaranteed 20 Years. Retail value \$5.00. You sell housewives for only \$1.50. Biggest seller of the age. 9 sure sales out of every 10 shown. Others cleaning up \$10.00 to \$20.00 a day. Answer this quick to secure your territory. Div. E. X. & American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Lemon, Ill.

\$1000 Per Man Per County—Strange invention started world. Agents amazed. Ten inexperienced men divide \$40,000. Kordit, a farmer, \$2,000. 14 days. Schleicher, a man, \$100 first 10 hours. \$1,000 cold cash, paid, banked by St. Peterman in 30 days; \$1,000 to date. A hot oil cold running water bath equipment for any home at only \$6.50. Self-heating. No plumbing or waterworks required. Investigate. Exclusive sale. Credit given. Send no money. Write letter or postal. Allen Mfg. Co., 437 Allen Bldg., Toledo, O.

Hosiery and Underwear Manufacturer offers permanent position supplying regular customers at mill prices in home town. \$50.00 to \$100.00 monthly. All or spare time. Credit. G. Parker Mills, 2735 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Sell Inurdy Tyres, inner armour for auto tires, double mileage, prevents punctures and blow-outs, big profits. Details free. American Accessories Co., Dept. 1110, Cincinnati.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toiletries. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 31 So. Main, St. Louis.

Do You Want To Travel At Our Expense? We want good men and women for traveling general agents. Must have fair education and good references. Will make contract for three months, six months or year at salary \$32.50 per week and necessary expenses. Can assign most any territory desired. For full particulars address George G. Clova Company, Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 4-F.

I Want 100 Men And Women To Act as my agents and take orders for "Kantibuk" records. I paid Eli Bridge \$66.95 for orders taken during his spare time in one week. Cooper made \$314 last month. Wonderful values. A dandy coat for \$3.98. Four average orders a day gives you \$2.00 a year profit and an automobile free at the end of six months. No delivering or collecting. I'll give you a sample coat and complete outfit for getting orders. Hurry. Write for my liberal offer. Comer Mfg. Co., J-18, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents Profits—Our plan beats anything ever before offered. Goods practically sell themselves. Horoco, 131 Locust, St. Louis, Mo.

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. G-20, Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Agents—New Kerosene Burner. Makes any stove a gas stove. Absolutely safe. Every home a prospect. Easy to carry and demonstrate. Big profits. Write quick for territory. Thomas Burner Co., 3019 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

\$250,000,000 Spent yearly in U. S. for goods representing one of our lines. Free samples. Alfalfa, 206 N. Fifth Ave., Chicago.

Sell beautiful, fragrant, California Rose-buds. Absolutely new. Big profits. Catalog free. Mission, A-2619 West Pico, Los Angeles, Cal.

Agents make big money selling portraits and frames. Catalog and sample outfit free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 6, Chicago.

Earn \$5 daily selling Peck's Perfect Egg Saver and other products. Sample 10c, catalog free. Premiums given. Peck Specialty Co., Dept. 9, North Haven, Conn.

Agents. I want twenty men and women to act as my agents and take orders for fast selling Goodyear raincoats. We deliver and collect. Sample coat and outfit free. Write quick for wonderful offer. Goodyear Manufacturing Company, Department 228, Kansas City, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—\$50 a week introducing new heatless vulcanizer. For repairing rubber boots, hot water bottles, rubber tires, inner tubes. Absolutely guaranteed. Write for terms and samples. Thomas Mfg. Co., 2019 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

Service Buttons. Just like service flags. Agents grow this, biggest 10c seller in U. S. Sell to stores. Send 10c for sample. Service Buttons, Goff Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

Paints, \$1.00; Nails, \$3.75; Made To Measure. Ask for free samples and styles. Knickerbocker Tailoring Co., Dept. 998, Chicago.

Sells Like Hot Cakes. Big profits. New ironing wax. Perfumes clothes. Working outfit 10c. Perfume Gloss 13A. Water St., N. Y.

Get Davis' 1918 Prosperity Offer—Best in 21 years—Our Food, Soap and Toilet Goods cut store prices 1/2 to 1/3. Everybody buys to lower living cost. E. M. Davis, Dept. 605, 910 Lake St., Chicago.

Agents Wanted—New Egg Preservative the greatest wonder of the age. Keeps eggs natural like fresh gathered from the nest. You can get a better percentage of hatchets. Hand package that will make preservative to treat 50 Doz. Eggs 40 cts. Weights less than an ounce, is clean and healthy to use and will positively preserve eggs. Ship to any part of the world. Write to secure territory. H. D. Stockton, 628 Stockton St., Jacksonville, Fla.

One Thousand Dollars Reward If N. R. G. Laundry Tablets will not wash clothes without Rubbing. Contains no paraffin wax or injurious chemicals. Cannot possibly injure clothes or hands. The Wonder of the Age Sells like hot cakes. 10c package enough for 5 family washings. We supply free samples. Every housewife you give one to becomes your steady customer. We guarantee the sale. Secure territory at once. Write for free sample and full particulars. Farquhar Moon Manufacturing Co., Dept. A-6, Van Buren & LaSalle Sts., Chicago.

Agents Have a Permanent Profitable Business with our waists, skirts, house dresses, aprons, rompers, children's dresses, and raincoats. Send for particulars. Hamilton & Co., Dept. C-334 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Medallions, Patriotic Pictures, Pennants. Rejects credited. Prompt shipment; samples & cat. free to agents. 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Dept. S-4, Chicago, Ill.

FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed &c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 3122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

FOR SALE MISCELLANEOUS

Safety Razors. All Makes. Sold On 15 day approval. Send no money. Vulcan Elec. Equip. Co., 1026 Woodward bldg., Wash., D. C.

ON INTEREST TO WOMEN

Responsible Woman Wanted—Unusual opportunity for someone of refinement to utilize spare time introducing Priscilla Fabrics, Hosiery, Corsets, Etc. Beautiful samples furnished. Fitz-Charles Company, 21 Montgomery Street, Trenton, New Jersey.

MISCELLANEOUS

Records Exchanged—(78c & \$1.25 Victor Columbia 15c & 25c) Choice Selection, Excellent Condition. Send for Lists. N. Y. Record House, Box 44, West Brighton, N. Y.

INVENTIONS

Cash for Inventions and patents. Square deal assured. Send sketch or patent to Fisher Mfg. Co., 2091 Railway Exchange, St. Louis, Mo.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. \$25-\$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

NOTES WHICH COUNT

City Minister—"Do you preach without notes?"

Country Minister—"Not entirely. I get a \$5 note once in a while."—Chicago Record.

Fixing a Dime

"What have you there?"

"A diploma from the school of experience."

"What do you mean?"

"A deed to a gold mine that isn't worth two cents."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Catty Comment

Belle—"William proposed to me last night."

Nell—"I knew by his expression after I refused him he was going to do something desperate."—Portland Express.

Correct

In the course of a lesson on the subject of domestic economy and hygiene, a school teacher got a singularly smart and apt answer from a girl.

Speaking of milk and its importance as a food, the teacher asked: "Where is the best place in which to keep milk

POULTRY

Day Old Chicks For Sale, 10 varieties, thousands per week, strong, healthy, hatched circular fire. Old Honesty Hatchery, Dept. G, New Washington, Ohio.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors:—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit MSS. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

HELP—MALE AND FEMALE

Earn \$25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details free. Press Syndicate, 401 St. Louis, Mo.

MOTORCYCLES

Motorcycles all makes \$25.00. Bicycles \$23.00 up. Motor Wheels and attachments \$25.00 up. Guards, Repairing. Write for big Bargain Bulletin. American Motor Cycle Co., Chicago.

ROOTS, HERBS, ETC.

Cash Paid For Medicinal Roots, Barks, Herbs, etc. Easily gathered. Write for circular. Grind Co., Logan Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

Collect Roots, Barks, Herbs, Increase \$1 to \$6 lb. Learn business. Stamp for list 900 plants. "Facts," Badger Medical Plant Growers. Plants sold. Box 2009 Rhinelander, Wis.

FOR THE LAME

The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. No unattractive cork soles, irons, etc. needed. Wear with ready-made shoes. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet. H. J. Lotz, 323 Fourth Ave., New York.

FAKE TEETH

Old False Teeth Wanted—Don't matter if broken. We pay up to 15 dollars per set. Also cash for Old Gold, Silver and broken Jewelry. Check sent by return mail. Goods held 10 days for sender's approval of our offer. Maxer's Tooth Specialty, 2007 S. 5th St., Phila., Pa.

POST CARD CLUBS

Don't Be Lonesome receive letters and postcards from everywhere. Membership 10c. Friendship Club, Logansport, Ind.

MICHIGAN FARM LAND

Our Hardwood Land in Michigan makes you independent. 10, 20, 40, 80 acres; \$15 to \$30 per acre. Grain, stock, poultry or fruit. Down payments small; bal. Monthly payments. Big booklet free. Swigart Land Co., C1246 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

MALE HELP WANTED

Thousands Government War Positions Open. \$100 month. List free. Franklin Institute, Dept. M-9, Rochester, N. Y.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggage men, 8 hours, \$1.10. Colored Porters wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 828 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

Foremen, Shopmen and Officers wanted to work spare time as special representative of large, well-known mail-order house, selling Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry on Credit. Liberal commissions and exclusive sales rights granted. No investment deposit required for outfit or samples. Write at once for details. Address S. D. Miller, Dept. 41, Agency Division, Miller Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Government Pays \$900 to \$1800 yearly. Prepare for coming "exam" under former Civil Service Examiner. New Book Free. Write Patterson Civil Service School, Box J-16, Rochester, N. Y.

A War Job For You! Civil Service needs thousands! Men, women, fine salaries; paid vacations, promotions. No "pull" needed.

Free information, money back guarantee and special offer to citizens over 18. Ask for book "Q-N" and name position wanted. Washington Civil Service School, 2004 Marden Bldg., Washington, D. C.

SHIRT MUSIC

Three Best War Songs, "A Baby's Prayer for Her Daddy Over There," "Sweet Little Buttercup," "Somewhere in France is the Lily." Piano Copies, 15 cents each, all three 40 cents. Broadway Music Service, Dept. 4, 1482 Broadway, New York.

HELP WANTED

Wanted—Men-women: 18 or over. Govt. positions. \$100 month. List free. Franklin Institute, Dept. M-12, Rochester, N. Y.

PIGS FOR SALE

O. I. C. Hogs. Large, Prolific Kind. All ages. Fed. pure. Pigs no kin \$20. S. C. W. Leghorn Chickens. W. D. Ruebush, Macomb, Ill.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

Wanted—Stories, poems, etc. We pay on acceptance. Handwritten MSS. acceptable. Woman's Nat'l Magazine, Desk 152, Wash., D. C.

"Jest for Fun"

me that the worst mistresses get the best cooks."

Cook—"Ah, go on wid yer blarney?"—London Opinion.

The Doctor's Rite

Tattered Tim—"I've been trampin' four years, ma'am, an' it's all 'cause I heard the doctors recommended walkin' as the best exercise."

Mrs. Prim—"Well, the doctors are right. Walk along."—Kansas City Star.

How About Slippers

Mrs. Hive—"Why are children so much worse than they used to be?"

Mrs. Bee—"I attribute it to improved ideas in building."

Mrs. Hive—"How so?"

Mrs. Bee—"Slippers are scarce, and you can't spank a boy with a tin roof!"—Boston Post.

SEND ONLY

One dollar is all you need to send now for each of the bargains shown here. This is the offer from the House of Hartman which brings you the most amazing values on easiest credit terms. Make your selection. Tell us which article to send. Use it 30 days before you decide whether to keep it or not. Then if absolutely satisfactory, send the balance on the liberal monthly terms stated here. You have nearly a year to pay.

If you are not satisfied for any reason whatever, ship the goods back. We will refund your money and pay freight both ways. (Order more than one article on these terms if you wish.) No fairer, no more liberal offer ever made than this. And it comes from an old established house. 62 years of merchandising experience and \$12,000,000 capital are back of every offer from Hartman's. You get values which only a gigantic purchasing power makes possible—and you must be satisfied or back come the goods to us and any money you have paid is promptly refunded without argument or question. Your decision is final. Try this way of buying. If you don't see what you want here, get our big catalog—the wonderful book of bargains, which is constantly used as a guide to values by hundreds of thousands of people. It is free.

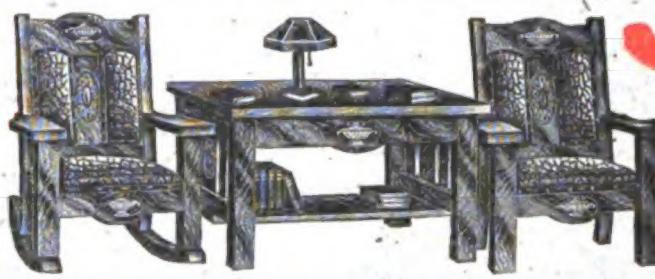


5-Piece Bed Outfit Shipped for \$1

Complete outfit—full size bed, spring, mattress, two pillows. Bed has heavy 11-16 in. continuous posts. Seven $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. upright grouped fillers. Head end 54 in., foot end 34 in. from floor. Choice of White or Gold Bronze (Vernis Martin) finish. Bed is a real family outfit, on heavy angle iron frame, is supported at ends by resilient steel helical coil springs. Mattress good grade sanitary cotton top well filled with wood fibre. Covered with neat striped ticking. Weighs 125 lbs., lapped, about 50 lbs. Pillows are special blend selected by us, feathers and measure full 18x26 in. Covered with durable striped ticking. Shipped from our Chicago warehouse. Order this remarkable bargain on our liberal credit terms. Remember, if you decide not to keep it, after 30 days' trial, return and we will refund your payment and pay freight charges both ways.

Order white finish by No. 153RMA19. Price for Complete Outfit only \$14.75. Order Vernis Martin finish by No. 153RMA20. Price \$14.83. Send \$1 now. Balance \$1.50 monthly for either finish.

Shipping weight about 190 lbs.



3-Piece Mission Library Set Shipped for \$1

Send for this remarkable 3-piece set and see what a stunning value it is. Try to match it anywhere. You have 30 days' trial to find out what a wonderful bargain it is. Solid oak, with quarter-sawed oak arms on chair and rocker. Fumed finish. Adam period design. Table top is 38x26 inches; 29 inches high. Has 7 inch shelf. Legs from 2 inch stock. Chair is 41 inches high. Rocker 37 inches high. Width 26 inches. Arms 4x21 inches; 19 inches between arms. Seats 19 $\frac{1}{4}$ x20 inches, filled with wood fibre and moss and with 6 heavy steel springs on steel channel bars. Upholstered in imitation Spanish brown leather. Shipping weight about 130 pounds. One of the most superb bargains ever offered. Carefully crated and shipped direct from factory in Western New York State.

Order by No. 111RMA5. Price for the complete set \$16.89. Send only \$1.00 now. Balance in monthly payments of \$1.75 each.



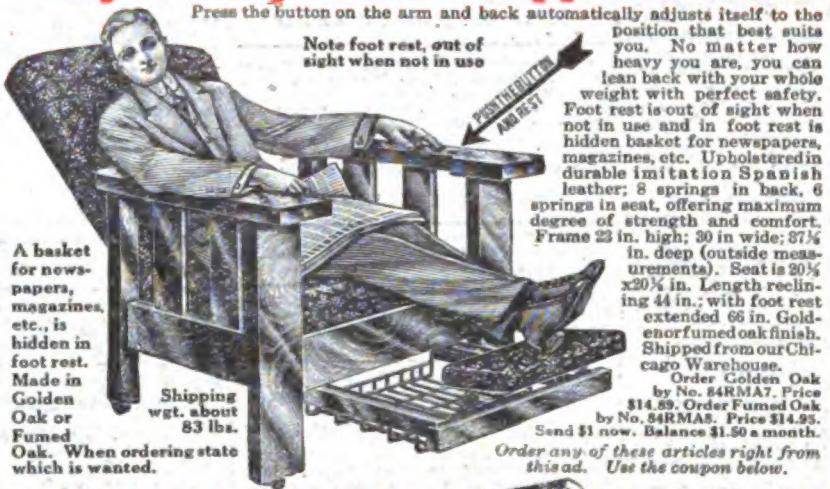
Handsome Dresser Shipped for \$1



See what an extra value this dresser is. Made of seasoned hardwood finished to resemble quarter-sawed oak. Rich golden oak finish. Large French bevelled mirror 20x16 in. with two artistic standards braced by back-guard. Base top 40x19 in. Two overhanging drawers and two full length drawers. At our low price this is one of the most splendid bargains that at ever this great house could offer. Send and see for yourself on our guarantee offer. Shipping weight about 110 lbs. Shipped from our factory in Central Illinois.

Order by No. 189RMA9. Price \$10.89. Send \$1 now. Balance \$1.25 monthly.

Royal Easy Chair Shipped for \$1



Press the button on the arm and back automatically adjusts itself to the position that best suits you. No matter how heavy you are, you can lean back with your whole weight with perfect safety. Foot rest is out of sight when not in use and in foot rest is hidden basket for newspapers, magazines, etc. Upholstered in durable imitation Spanish leather; 8 springs in back, 6 springs in seat, offering maximum degree of strength and comfort. Frame 23 in. high; 30 in wide; 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep (outside measurements). Seat is 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Length reclining 44 in.; with foot rest extended 60 in. Gold-fumed oak finish. Shipped from our Chicago Warehouse.

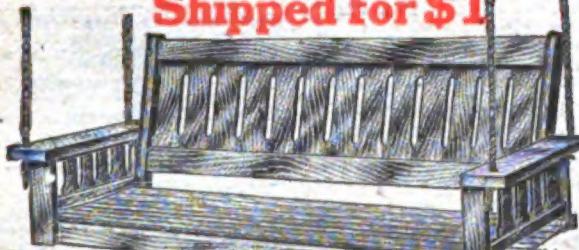
Order Golden Oak by No. 84RMA7. Price \$14.89. Order Fumed Oak by No. 84RMA8. Price \$14.95. Send \$1 now. Balance \$1.50 a month. Order any of these articles right from this ad. Use the coupon below.

Overstuffed Rocker Shipped for \$1



A superb design. Two panel back. Overstuffed arms. Mahogany finish. Upholstered in imitation Spanish brown leather. Seat 19x20 in. Back 28 in. from seat. Seat 15 in. from floor. Total height 40 in. Seat rests on nine strong springs. Back and seat reinforced with steel bands. A big, roomy, easychair that gives comfort to body and elegance to the room. Shipping weight 50 lbs. Shipped from our Chicago warehouse or factory in Western N. Y. State. Order by No. 94RMA7. Price \$16.95. Send only \$1 now. Balance in monthly payments of \$1 each.

Splendid Porch Swing Shipped for \$1



Here is a full 48-inch Porch Swing, strongly constructed of solid oak, equipped with non-rustable, galvanized chains and ceiling hooks. Has attractive pine ends and back. Fully padded comfortable seat. Comes in the popular fumed finish. Measurements are as follows: length 48 in.; height of back 29 in.; arms are 23 in. long by 3 inches wide; seat is 17 in. deep. A splendid value. Shipped from our Chicago warehouse or factory in Indiana. Order by No. 347RMA17. Price \$3.49. Send \$1 now. Balance \$0.50 monthly.

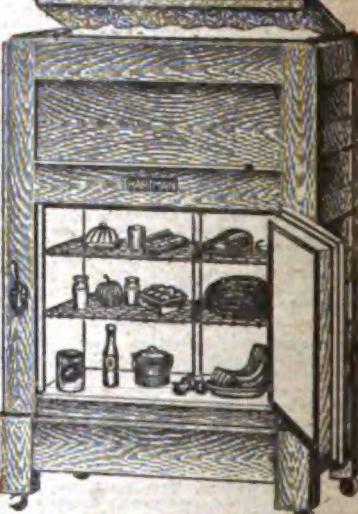
Lawn Swing Shipped for \$1



Well made four-passenger lawn swing. Solidly constructed throughout of good hardwood. Derrick finished in red enamel; seats natural varnish. Shaped seats and high backs easily adjustable to different positions. Thoroughly braced and re-inforced. Set up in 10 minutes. Seats 33 in. between arms. Back 30 in. high. Seats 8 ft. high with 8 ft. in. x 6 ft. spread. Frictionless notched bearings. Shipped direct from factory in Indiana. Shipping weight 115 lbs. Order by No. 347RMA15. Price \$4.98. Send \$1 now. Balance \$0.50 a month.

Canopy top to fit. Order by No. 347RMA16. Price \$2.45. Send \$1 now. Balance \$0.50 per month.

Special Refrigerator Bargain Shipped for \$1



White Enamel Lined Refrigerator. Made in popular lift-lid design of genuine ash-rich golden oak finish with solid brass trim. Nickel-plated. Has 2 nickel-wire shelves. Holds 50 lbs. of ice. Is 42 in. high, 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide, 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep. Provision compartment measures 18 $\frac{1}{4}$ x14 $\frac{1}{4}$ x11 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. Has siphon drip cup. Special automatic back fastener. Shipping weight about 50 lbs.

Order by No. 339RMA43. Price only \$14.65. Send \$1.00 now. Balance \$1.50 per month.

FREE
502-Page Bargain Catalog

We believe we are justified in saying that the new Hartman Catalog is the finest ever published. It contains more than 500 pages. You should see this catalog, with its hundreds of pictures, showing carpets, rugs, dishes, furniture, etc., in most beautiful color work. Superb bargains in everything in Furniture, Stoves, Silverware, Jewelry, Clocks, Watches, Curtains, Talking Machines, Sewing Machines, Kitchen Cabinets, Ice Boxes, Kitchen Utensils, Washing Machines, Baby Carriages, Carpets, Rugs, Vacuum Cleaners—everything needed in the home and all on the easiest Credit Terms. Send for it now and select from its thousands of bargains. It is free. Just send a post card asking for it.

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.
3964 Wentworth Ave., Dept. 1129, Chicago, Ill.

Hartman Furniture and Carpet Co.,
3964 Wentworth Ave., Dept. 1129, Chicago, Ill.

Send me the merchandise marked X it being understood that I am to have the use of it for 30 days and if, for any reason, I do not want to keep it I can return it at the end of that time and you will pay freight both ways and refund my payment. If I keep it I am to have the benefit of the terms given in this advertisement. I enclose \$1 on each article marked.

Bed Outfit No. 153RMA19. Bed Outfit No. 153RMA20. 3-Piece Library Set. Vernis Martin Finish.
 Rocker. Easy Chair No. 84RMA7. Easy Chair No. 84RMA8. Fumed Oak Finish.
 Dresser. Porch Swing. Refrigerator. Catalog Only.
 No. 189RMA9. No. 347RMA17. No. 347RMA43.
 Lawn Swing. Canopy Top for Swing. No. 347RMA16.

Name.....
Address.....
Nearest Shipping Point.....
If you do not wish to order direct from the ad and only wish the 502-Page Free Catalog, simply write your name and address above or send post card request.

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Aluminum Sets
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Chairs
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Couches
Curtains
Decks
Dinner Sets
Dishes
Enamelware
Engines
Farm Necessities
Go-Carts
Hammocks
Hog Oilers
Ice Boxes
Jewelry
Kitchen Cabinets
Knives
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Trunks
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Washing Machines
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